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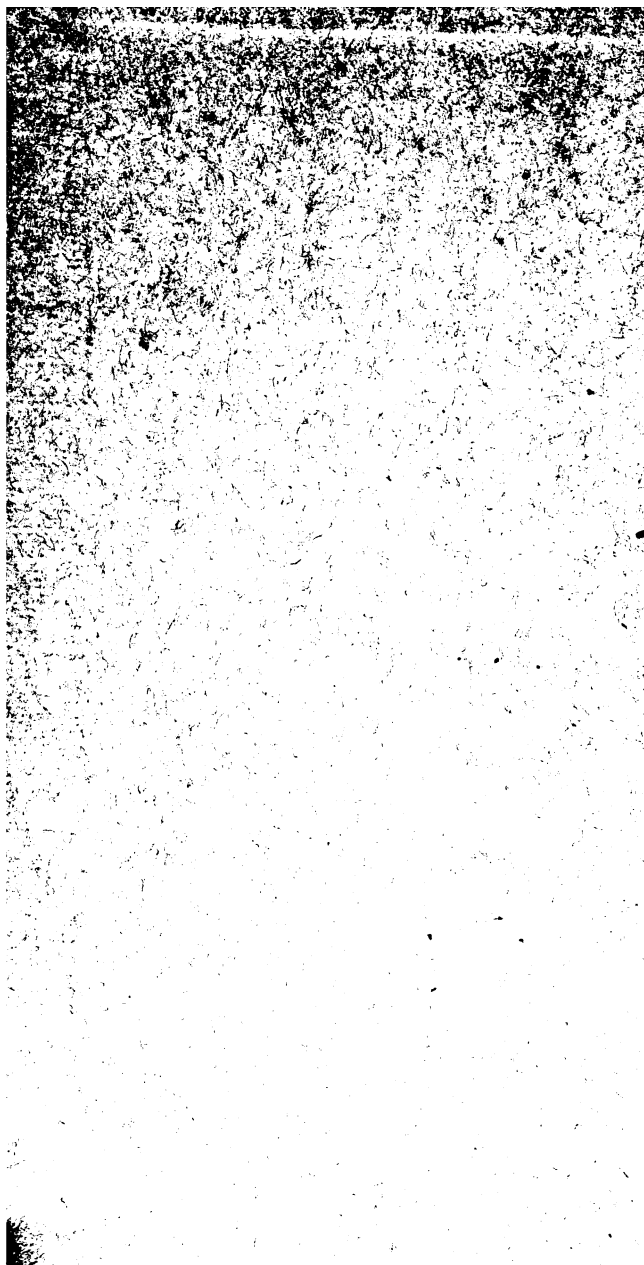
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Garrett
1798

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THE
DRAMATIC WORKS.

OF
DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

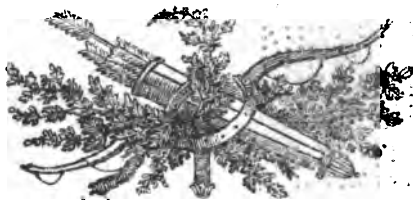
TO WHICH IS PREFIXED
A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.
IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

CONTAINING

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.
A PEEP BEHIND THE CURTAIN.
ARTHUR and EMMELINE.
BON TON, or HIGH LIFE ABOVE
STAIRS.

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.
THE IRISH WIDOW.
MAY DAY, or the LITTLE GIRL.
SY.
THEATRICAL CANDIDATES.



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THE
CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Ogleby, Mr King.
Sir John Melvil, Mr Hol-
land.
Sterling, Mr Yates.
Lovewell, Mr Powell.
Canton, Mr Baddeley.
Bush, Mr Palmer.
Serjeant Flower, Mr Love.
Traverse, Mr Lee.

Trueman, Mr Aickin.
Mrs Heidelberg, Mrs Clive.
Miss Sterling, Miss Pope.
Fanny, Mrs Palmer.
Betty, Mrs —
Chambermaid, Miss Plyn.
Trusty, Miss Mills.

A C T I.

S C E N E, *A Room in STERLING's House.*

Miss FANNY and BETTY meeting.

BETTY running in.

MA'AM! miss Fanny, ma'am!
Fan. What's the matter! Betty!

Bet. Oh la! ma'am! as sure as I'm alive, here is your husband——

Fan. Hush! my dear Betty! if any body in the house should hear you, I am ruined.

Bet. Mercy on me! it has affrighted me to such a degree, that my heart is come up to my mouth.——But as I was a saying, ma'am, here's that dear, sweet——

Fan. Have a care! Betty.

Bet. Lord! I'm bewitched, I think.——But as I was a saying, ma'am, here's Mr Lovewell just come from London.

Fan. Indeed!

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A

Bet.

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Bet. Yes, indeed; and indeed, ma'am he is. I saw him crossing the court-yard in his boots.

Fan. I am glad to hear it. — But pray m^r, my dear Betty, be cautious. Don't mention that word again on any account. You know, we have agreed never to drop any expressions of that sort for fear of an accident.

Bet. Dear ma'am, you may depend upon me. There is not a more trustier creature on the face of the earth than I am. Though I say it, I am as secret as the grave — and if it's never told, till I tell it, it may remain untold till doomsday for Betty.

Fan. I know you are faithful — but in our circumstances we cannot be too careful.

Bet. Very true, ma'am! — and yet I vow and protest there's more plague than pleasure with a secret; especially if a body may'nt mention it to four or five of one's particular acquaintance.

Fan. Do but keep this secret a little while longer, and then I hope you may mention it to any body — Mr Lovewell will acquaint the family with the nature of our situation as soon as possible:

Bet. The sooner the better, I believe: for if he does not tell it, there's a little tell-tale, I know of, will come and tell it for him.

Fan. Fie, Betty! [*blushing*.]

Bet. Ah! you may well blush. — But you're not so sick, and so pale, and so wan, and so many qualms —

Fan. Have done! I shall be quite angry with you.

Bet. Angry! — bless the dear puppet! I am sure I shall love it, as much as if it was my own. — I meant no harm heaven knows.

Fan. Well — say no more of this — It makes me uneasy — All I have to ask of you, is to be faithful and secret, and not to reveal this matter, till we disclose it to the family ourselves.

Bet. Me reveal it! — if I say a word, I wish I may be burned. I would not do you any harm for the world — And as for Mr Lovewell, I am sure I have loved the dear gentleman ever since he got a tide-waiters place for my brother — But let me tell you both, you must leave off your soft looks to each other, and your whispers, and your glances, and your always sitting next to one another at dinner

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and your long walks together in the evening—For my part, if I had not been in the secret, I should have known you were a pair of lovers at least, if not man and wife,

Fan. See there now! again. Pray be careful.

Bet. Well—well—nobody hears me.—Man and wife—I'll say no more—what I tell you is very true for all that—

Love. [*Calling within.*] William!

Bet. Hark! I hear your husband—

Fan. What!

Bet. I say, here comes Mr Lovewell—Mind the caution I give you—I'll be whipped now, if you are not the first person he sees or speaks to in the family.—However, if you chuse it, it's nothing at all to me—as you sow, you must reap—as you brew, so you must bake.—I'll e'en slip down the back stairs and leave you together. [*Exit.*]

FANNY alone.

I see, I see I shall never have a moment's ease till our marriage is made public. New distresses crowd in upon me every day. The solicitude of my mind sinks my spirits, preys upon my health, and destroys every comfort of my life. It shall be relieved, let what will be the consequence.

Enter LOVEWELL.

Love. My love!—how's this?—In tears?—Indeed this is too much. You promised me to support your spirits, and to wait the determination of our fortune with patience.—For my sake, for your own, be comforted! why will you study to add to our uneasiness and perplexity?

Fan. Oh, Mr Lovewell! The indelicacy of a secret marriage grows every day more and more shocking to me. I walk about the house like a guilty wretch; I imagine myself the object of the suspicion of the whole family; and am under the perpetual terrors of a shameful detection.

Love. Indeed, indeed, you are to blame. The amiable delicacy of your temper, and your quick sensibility, only serves to make you unhappy.—To clear up this affair properly to Mr Sterling, is the continual employment of my thoughts. Every thing now is in a fair train. It begins

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now

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now to grow ripe for a discovery, and I have no doubt of its concluding to the satisfaction of ourselves, of your father, and the whole family.

Fan. End how it will, I'm resolv'd it will end soon—very soon.—I would not live another week in this agony of my mind to be mistress of the universe.

Love. Do not be too valiant neither. Do not let us disturb the joy of your sister's marriage with the tumult this matter may occasion!—I have brought letters from Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil to Mr. Sterling.—They will be here this evening—and, I dare say, within this hour.

Fan. I am sorry for it.

Love. Why so?

Fan. No matter.—Only let us disclose our marriage immediately!

Love. As soon as possible,

Fan. But directly.

Love. In a few days you may depend on it.

Fan. To-night—or to-morrow morning.

Love. That, I fear, will be impracticable.

Fan. Nay, but you must.

Love. Must! why?

Fan. Indeed, you must.—I have the most alarming reasons for it.

Love. Alarming indeed! for they alarm me, even before I am acquainted with them.—What are they?

Fan. I cannot tell you.

Love. Not tell me?

Fan. Not at present. When all is settled, you shall be acquainted with every thing.

Love. Sorry they are coming!—Must be discovered!—What can this mean?—Is it possible you can have any reasons that need be concealed from me?

Fan. Do not disturb yourself with conjectures—but rest assured, that though you are unable to divine the cause, the consequence of a discovery, be it what it will, cannot be attended with half the miseries of the present interval.

Love. You put me upon the rack.—I would do a thing to make you easy.—But you know your father's temper.—Money, (you will excuse my frankness) the spring of all his actions, which nothing but the idea

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acquiring nobility or magnificence can ever make him forego — and these he thinks his money will purchase. — You know too your aunt's, Mr Heidelberg's notions of the splendour of high life, her contempt for every thing that does not relish of what she calls quality, and that from the vast fortune in her hands, by her late husband, she absolutely governs Mr Sterling and the whole family; now, if they should come to the knowledge of this affair too abruptly, they might, perhaps be incensed beyond all hopes of reconciliation.

Fan. But if they are made acquainted with it otherwise than by ourselves, it will be ten times worse; and a discovery grows every day more probable. The whole family have long suspected our affection. We are also in the power of a foolish maid servant; and if we may even depend on her fidelity, we cannot answer for her discretion. — Discover it therefore immediately, lest some accident should bring it to light, and involve us in additional disgrace.

Love. Well — Well — I meant to discover it soon, but would not do it too precipitately. — I have more than once sounded Mr Sterling about it, and will attempt him more seriously the next opportunity. But my principal hopes are these. — My relationship to lord Ogleby, and his having placed me with your father, have been, you know, the first links in the chain of this connection between the two families; in consequence of which, I am at present in high favour with all parties: while they all remain thus well effected to me, I propose to lay our case before the old lord; And if I can prevail on him to mediate in this affair, I make no doubt but he will be able to appease your father; and, being a lord and a man of quality, I am sure he may bring Mrs Heidelberg into good-humour at any time. — Let me beg you, therefore, to have but a little patience, as you see, we are upon the very eve of discovery, that must probably be to our advantage.

Fan. Manage it your own way. I am persuaded.

Love. But in the mean time make yourself easy.

Fan. As easy as I can, I will. — We had better not remain together any longer at present. — I think of this business, and let me know how you proceed.

Love. Depend on my care! but, pray, be cheerful.

Fan. I will.

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As she is going out, Enter STERLING.

Ster. Hey-day! who have we got here?

Fan. [confused.] Mr Lovewell, Sir!

Ster. And where are you going hussey!

Fan. To my sister's chamber, Sir!

Ster. Ah, Lovewell! what! always getting my foolish girl yonder into a corner!—well—well—let us but only see her elder sister fast married to Sir John Melvil, we soon provide a good husband for Fanny, I warrant you.

Love. Would to heaven, sir, you would provide her one of my recommendation!

Ster. Yourself? eh, Lovewell!

Love. With your pleasure, sir!

Ster. Mighty well!

Love. And flatter myself, that such a proposal would not be very disagreeable to Miss Fanny.

Ster. Better and better!

Love. And if I could but obtain your consent, sir!—

Ster. What! you marry Fanny!—no—no—that will never do, Lovewell!—You're a good boy to be sure—I have a great value for y—u—but can't think of you for a son-in-law.—I here's no *stuff* in the case; no money, Lovewell!

Love. My pretensions to fortune, indeed, are but moderate: but they are not equal to splendour, sufficient to keep us above distress.—Add to which, that I hope by diligence to increase it—and have love, honour—

Ster. But not the *stuff*, Lovewell! Add one little round o to the sum total of your fortune, and that will be the finest thing you can say to me.—You know I've a regard for you—would do any thing to serve you—any thing on the footing of friendship—but—

Love. If you think me worthy of your friendship, sir, be assured, that there is no instance in which I should rate your friendship so highly.

Ster. Psha! psha! that's another thing, you know.—Where money or interest is concerned, friendship is quite out of the question.

Love. But where the happiness of a daughter is at stake you would not scruple, sure, to sacrifice a little to her inclinations.

Ster.

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Ster. Inclinations! why, you wou'd not persuade me that the girl is in love with you—eh, Lovewell!

Love. I cannot absolutely answer for Miss Fanny, sir; but am sure that the chief happiness or misery of my life depends entirely upon her.

Ster. Why, indeed, now, if your kinsman, lord Ogleby, would come down handsomely for you—but that's impossible—no, no—'twill never do—I must hear no more of this—Come, Lovewell, promise me that I shall hear no more of this.

Love. [*hesitating.*] I am afraid, sir, I shou'd not be able to keep my word with you, if I did promise you.

Ster. Why, you wou'd not offer to marry her without my consent! wou'd you, Lovewell?

Love. Marry her, sir! [*Confused.*]

Ster. Ay marry her, sir!—I know very well that a warm speech or two from such a dangerous young spark, as you are, will go much farther towards persuading a silly girl to do what she has more than a month's mind to do, than twenty grave lectures from fathers or mothers, or uncles or aunts, to prevent her—But you wou'd not, sure, be such a base fellow, such a treacherous young rogue, as to seduce my daughter's affections, and destroy the peace of my family in that manner.—I must insist on it, that you give me your word not to marry her without my consent.

Love. Sir—I—I—as to that—I—I—I beg sir—Pray, sir, excuse me on this subject at present.

Ster. Promise then, that you will carry this matter no further without my approbation.

Love. You may depend on it, sir, that it shall go no further.

Ster. Well—well—that's enough—I'll take care of the rest, I warrant you.—Come, come, let's have done with this nonsense?—what's doing in town?—any news upon 'change?

Love. Nothing material.

Ster. Have you seen the currants, the soap, and Madeira, safe in the warehouses? have you compared the goods with the envoice and bills of lading, and are they all right?

Love. They are, sir?

Ster. And how are stocks?

Love. Fell one and half this morning.

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Ster. Well—well—some good news from America, and they'll be up again,—But how lord O'leby and sir John Melvil? when are you to expect them?

Love. Very soon, sir! I came on purpose to bring you their commands. Here are letters from both of them:

[*Giving letters.*]

Sterl. Let me see—let me see—'slife, how his lordship's letter is perfumed! it takes my breath away.—[*opening it.* And French paper too! with a fine border of flowers and flourishes—and a slippery gloss on it that dazzles one's eyes.—*My dear Mr Sterling*—[*reading.*—]—Mercy on me! his lordship writes a worse hand than a boy at his exercise.—But how's this?—eh!—*with you to-night*—[*reading.*—]—*Lawyers to-morrow morning.*—To-night!—that's sudden indeed.—Where's my sister Heidleberg? she would know of this immediately.—Here John! Harry! Thomas! [*calling the servants.*] Hark ye, Lovewell!

Love. Sir!

Ster. Mind now, how I'll entertain his lordship and sir John—We'll shew your fellows at the other end of the town how we live in the city—They shall eat gold—and drink gold—and lie in gold—Here! cook, butler! [*Calling.*] What signifies your birth and education, and titles? Money, money, that's the stuff that makes the great man in this country.

Love. Very true, Sir!

Ster. True sir?—Why then, have done with your nonsense of love and matrimony. You're not rich enough to think of a wife yet. A man of business should mind nothing but his business.—Where are these fellows? John! Thomas! [*Calling.*]—Get an estate, and a wife will follow of course.—Ah! Lovewell! an English merchant is the most respectable character in the universe. 'Slife, man, a rich English merchant may make himself a match for the daughter of a Nabob.—Where are all my rascals? here, William!

[*Exit calling.*]

LOVEWELL alone:

So!—As I suspected—Quite averse to the match, and likely to receive the news of it with great displeasure.—What's best to be done?—Let me see!—Suppose I get sir John Melvil to interest himself in this affair. He may mention

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Don it to Lord Ogleby with a better grace than I can, and more probably prevail on him to interfere in it. I can open my mind also more freely to sir John. He told me, when I left him in town, that he had something of consequence to communicate, and that I could be of use to him. I am glad of it: for the confidence he reposes in me, and the service I may do him, will ensure me his good offices.—Poor Fanny! it hurts me to see her so uneasy, and her making a mystery of the cause adds to my anxiety.—Something must be done upon her account, for at all events, her solicitude shall be removed. [Exit.]

[Exit.]—*Scene changes to another Chamber.*

[Enter Miss STERLING, and Miss FANNY.]

Miss Ster. Oh, my dear sister, say no more! This is downright hypocrisy.—You shall never convince me that you don't envy me beyond measure.—Well, after all it is extremely natural.—It is impossible to be angry with you.

Fan. Indeed, sister, you have no cause.

Miss Ster. And you really pretend not to envy me?

Fan. Not in the least.

Miss Ster. And you don't in the least wish that you was just in my situation?

Fan. No, indeed, I don't. Why should I?

Miss Ster. Why should you?—what! on the brink of marriage, fortune, title—But I had forgot.—There's that dear sweet creature Mr Lovewell in the case.—You would not break your faith with your true love now for the world, I warrant you.

Fan. Mr Lovewell—always Mr Lovewell!—Lord, what signifies Mr Lovewell, Sister?

Miss Ster. Pretty peevish soul!—Oh, my dear, grave, romantic sister!—a perfect philosopher in petticoats!—love and a cottage!—eh, Fanny!—ah, give me indifference and a coach and six!—

Fan. And why not the coach and six without the indifference?—But, pray, when is this happy marriage of your's to be celebrated?—I long to give you joy.

Miss Ster. In a day or two—I can't tell exactly.—Oh, my dear sister!—I must mortify her a little. [Aside.]—I

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you have a pretty taste. Pray give me your opinion of these jewels.—How d'ye like the style of this esclavage?

[Shewing jewels.]

1. Extremely handsome indeed, and well fancied.

ss *Ster.* What d'ye think of these bracelets? I shall have a miniature of my father, set round with diamonds, and sir John's to the other.—And this pair of earrings set transparent!—here, the tops, you see, will take away in a morning, or in an undress—how d'ye like

[Shewing jewels.]

1. Very much, I assure you—Bless me! sister, you have a prodigious quantity of jewels—You'll be the queen of diamonds.

ss *Ster.* Ha, ha, ha! very well, my dear;—I shall be as a little queen indeed.—I have a bouquet to come to-morrow—made up of diamonds, and rubies, emeralds, and topazes, and amethysts—jewels of all sorts, green, red, blue, yellow, intermixt—the prettiest you ever saw in your life!—the jeweller says I shall have it with as many diamonds as any body in town, exactly Brilliant, and Polly *What d'ye call it*, lord Squan-kept mistress.

1. But what are your wedding cloaths, sister?

ss *Ster.* Oh, white and silver to be sure, you know.—I bought them at sir Joseph Lutestring's, and sat above an hour in the parlour behind the shop, consulting lady Lutestring about gold and silver stuffs, on purpose to mortify

1. Fie, sister; how could you be so abominably proud?

ss *Ster.* Oh, I have no patience with the pride of your night ladies.—Did you never observe the airs of lady

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Miss Ster. Never do I desire it—never, my dear Fanny, I promise you.—Oh, how I long to be transported to the dear regions of Grosvenor-Square—far—far from the dull districts of Aldersgate, Cheap, Candlewick, and Farringdon Without and Within—My heart goes pit-a-pat at the very idea of being introduced at court—gilt chariot—pyeballed horses—laced liveries—and then the whispers buzzing round the circle—“Who is that young lady! who is she?”—“Lady Melvil, ma’am,”—Lady Melvil! my ears twingle at the sound.—And then at dinner, instead of my father perpetually asking—“Any news upon ‘change?”—to cry—well, Sir John; any thing new from Arthur’s?—or—to say to some other woman of quality, was your ladyship at the dutchess of Rubber’s last night?—did you call in at lady Thunder’s? In the immensity of crowd I swear I did not see you—scarce a soul at the opera last Saturday—shall I see you at Carlisle-house next Thursday?—Oh the dear Beau-Monde! I was born to move the sphere of the great world.

Fan. And so, in the midst of all this happiness, you have no compassion for me—no pity for us poor mortals in common life.

Miss Ster. [*affectedly.*] You?—you’re above pity.—You would not change conditions with me—you’re over head and ears in love, you know.—Nay, for that matter, if Mr. Lovewell and you come together, as I doubt not you will, you will live very comfortably, I dare say.—He will mind his business—you’ll employ yourself in the delightful care of your family—and once in a season perhaps you’ll sit together in a front-box at the benefit play, as we used to do at our dancing-master’s, you know—and perhaps I may meet you in the summer with some other citizens at Tunbridge.—For my part, I shall always entertain a proper regard for my relations.—You shan’t want my countenance I assure you.

Fan. Oh, you’re too kind, sister.

Enter Mrs. HEIDELBERG.

Mrs Heidel. [*at entering.*] Here this evening!—I vow and protest we shall scarce have time to provide for the n—
—Oh, my dear; [*To Miss Ster.*] I am glad to see you’re

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not quite in dish-abilite. Lord Ogleby and Sir John Melvil will be here to-night.

Miss Ster. To-night, ma'am?

Mrs Heidel. Yes, my dear, to-night.—Do put on a smarter cap, and change those ordinary ruffles.—Lord, I have such a deal to do, I shall scarce have time to slip on my Italian lutestring.—Where is this dwadle of a house-keeper?—[*Enter Mrs Trusty.*] Oh, here, Trusty! do you know that people of quality are expected here this evening?

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. Well—do you be sure now that every thing is done in the most genteelest manner—and to the honour of the family.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. Well—but mind what I say to you.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. His lordship is to lie in the chintz bed-chamber—d'ye hear?—and Sir John in the blue damask room—his lordship's valet-de-shamb in the opposite—

Trusty. But Mr Lovewell is come down—and you know that's his room, ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. Well—well—Mr Lovewell may make shift—or get a bed at the George—But hark ye, Trusty.

Trusty. Ma'am?

Mrs Heidel. Get the great dining-room in order as soon as possible. Unpaper the curtains take the covers off the couch and the chairs, and put the china figures on the mantle-piece immediately.

Trusty. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. Be gone then; fly, this instant; where's my brother Serling—

Trusty. Talking to the butler, ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. Very well [*Exit Trusty.*] Miss Fanny—I protest I did not see you before—Lord, child, what is the matter with you?

Fan. With me? Nothing, ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. Bless me! why, your face is as pale, and black, and yellow—of fifty colours, I protest.—And then you have diest yourself as loose and as big—I declare there is not such a thing to be seen now, as a young woman with a fine waist—You all make yourselves as round as Mr Deputy

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puty Barter. Go, child.—You know the quality will be here by and by—Go, and make yourself a little more fit to be seen. [*Exit Fanny.*] She is gone away in tears—absolutely crying, I vow—and protest.—This ridiculous love; we must put a stop to it. It makes a perfect natural of the girl.

Miss Ster. Poor soul! she can't help it. [*Affectedly.*

Mrs Heidel. Well, my dear; now I shall have an opportunity of convincing you of the absurdity of what you was telling me concerning Sir John Melvil's behaviour to you.

Miss Ster. Oh, it gives me no manner of uneasiness. But, indeed, ma'am, I cannot be persuaded but that Sir John is an extremely cold lover. Such distant civility, grave looks, and lukewarm professions of esteem for me and the whole family! I have heard of flames and darts, but Sir John's is a passion of mere ice and snow.

Mrs Heidel. Oh, fie, my dear! I am perfectly ashamed of you. That's so like the notions of your poor sister; what you complain of as coldness and indifference, is nothing but the extreme gentility of his address, an exact picture of the manners of quality.

Miss Ster. Oh, he is the very mirror of complaisance; full of formal bows and set speeches!—I declare, if there was any violent passion on my side, I should be quite jealous of him.

Mrs Heidel. I say jealous indeed—Jealous of who, pray?

Miss Sterl. My sister Fanny. She seems a much greater favourite than I am, and he pays her infinitely more attention, I assure you.

Mrs Heidel. Lord! d'ye think a man of fashion, as he is, can't distinguish between the genteel and the vulgar part of the family?—Between you and your sister, for instance—or me and my brother?—Be advised by me, child; it is all politeness and good breeding.—Nobody knows the quality better than I do.

Miss Sterl. In my mind the old lord, his uncle, has ten times more gallantry about him than Sir John. He is full of attentions to the ladies, and smiles, and grins, and leers, and ogles, and fills every wrinkle in his old wizen face with
comical

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comical expressions of tenderness. I think he would make an admirable sweet-heart.

Enter STERLING.

Sterl. [*at entering.*] No fish? why the pond was dragged but yesterday morning—There's carp and tench in the boat.—Pox on't, if that dog Lovewell had any thought, he would have brought down a turbot, or some of the land-carriage mackarel.

Mrs Heidel. Lord, brother, I am afraid his lordship and Sir John will not arrive while it's light.

Sterl. I warrant you.—But, pray, sister Heidelberg, let the turtle be drest to-morrow, and some venison, and let the gardener cut some pine apples—and get out some ice.—I'll answer for wine, I warrant you—I'll give them such a glass of Champagne as they never drank in their lives—no, not at a dukes table.

Mrs Heidel. Pray now, brother, mind how you behave. I am always in a fright about you with people of quality. Take care that you don't fall asleep directly after supper, as you commonly do. Take a good deal of snuff; and that will keep you awake.—and don't burst out with your horrible loud horse-laugh. It is monstrous vulgar.

Sterl. Never fear, sister:—who have we here?

Mrs Heidel. It is mons. Canton the Swish gentleman, that lives with his lordship, I vow and protest.

Enter CANTON.

Sterl. Ah, mounseer! your servant—I am very glad to see you mounseer.

Canton. Mosh oblige to mons. Sterling—ma'am, I am yours—matemoiselle, I am yours. [*Bowing round.*]

Mrs Heidel. Your humble servant, Mr Canton!

Cant. I kiss your hands, ma'am!

Sterl. Well, mounseer!—and what news of your good family! when are we to see his lordship and Sir John?

Cant. Mons Sterling! Milor Ogleby and Sir Jean Melvil will be here in one quarter hour.

Sterl. I am glad to hear it.

Mrs Heidel. O, I am prodigious glad to hear it. Being so late I was afraid of some accident.—Will you please to have any thing, Mr Canton, after your journey?

Cant.

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Cant. No, I tank you ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. Shall I go and shew you the apartments, sir.

Cant. You do me great honeur, ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. Come then—come, my dear ! [To Miss. Sterling.]
[Exeunt.]

Manet STERLING.

Sterl. Pox on't, it's almost dark—It will be too late to go round the garden this evening.—However, I will carry them to take a peep at my fine canal at least, I am determined.
[Exit.]

A C T II.

SCENE, *an anti-chamber to lord OGLEBY's bed-chamber*
—Table with chocolate, and small case for medicines.

Enter BRUSH, *my lords valet-de-chambre, and* STERLING's *chamber-maid.*

BRUSH.

YOU shall stay, my dear, I insist upon it.

Cb. Maid. Nay, pray, sir, don't be so positive ; I can't stay indeed.

Brush. You shall take one cup to our better acquaintance.

Cb Maid. I seldom drinks chocolate ; and if I did, one has no satisfaction, with such apprehensions about one—if my lord should wake, or the Swiss gentleman should see one, or madam Heidelberg should know of it, I should be frighted to death—besides, I have had my tea already this morning—I'm sure I hear my lord. [in a fright.]

Brush. No, no, madam, don't flutter yourself—the moment my lord wakes, he rings his bell, which I answer sooner, or later, as it suits my convenience.

Cb. Maid. But should he come upon us without ringing—

Brush. I'll forgive him if he does—This key [takes a pin out of the case] locks him up till I please to let him out.

Cb Maid. Law, Sir ! that's a pothecary's-stuff.

Brush. It is so—but without this he can no more get out of bed, than he can read without spectacles—[sips.] What with qualms, age, rheumatism, and a few surfeits in his youth, he must have a great deal of brushing, oyling, screwing, and winding up to set him a going for the day.

Cb Maid.

Cb Maid. [*sips.*] That's prodigious indeed—[*sips.*]—
 lord seems prodigiously in a decay,

Brush. Yes, he's quite a spectacle, (*sips.*) a mere cor-
 till he is revived and refresh'd from our little magazine—
 —When the restorative pills, and cordial waters warm
 stomach, and get into his head, vanity frisks in his head
 and then he sets up for the lover, the rake, and the
 gentleman.

Cb Maid. (*sips.*) Poor gentleman!—but should the
 Swish gentleman come upon us. [*frighten'd*]

Brush. Why then the English gentleman would be ver-
 angry. —No foreigner must break in upon my privacy.
 (*sips.*) But I can assure you monsieur Canton is other-
 wise employ'd. He is obliged to skim the cream of his
 a score news-papers for my lords' breakfast—my ha, ha
 Pray, madam, drink your cup peaceably—My lord's
 chocolate is remarkably good, he won't touch a drop but
 what comes from Italy.

Cb Maid. [*sipping.*] 'Tis very fine indeed—(*sips.*)—
 and charmingly perfum'd—it smells for all the world like
 our young ladies' dressing-boxes.

Brush. You have an excellent taste, madam, and I must
 beg of you to accept of a few cakes for your own drinking.
 [*Takes 'em out of a drawer in the table.*] and in return I
 desire nothing but to taste the perfume of your lips—[*kisses*
her.]—A small return of favours, madam, will make, I
 hope, this country and retirement agreeable to both. [*He*
bows, she curtsies.] Your young ladies are fine girls, faith?
 (*sips.*) though upon my soul, I am quite of my lord's
 mind about them; and were I inclin'd to matrimony, I
 should take the youngest. (*sips.*)

Cb Maid. Miss fanny's the most affablest and the most
 best natur'd creature!

Brush. And the eldest a little haughty or so—

Cb Maid. More haughtier and prouder than Saturn him-
 self—but this I say quite confidential to you, for one would
 not hurt a young lady's marriage, you know. [*sips.*]

Brush. By no means, but you can't hurt it with us—we
 don't consider tempers—we want money, Mrs Nancy—
 give us enough of that, we'll abate you a great deal in o-
 ther particulars—ha, ha, ha.

Cb Maid. Bless me! here's somebody—(*Bell rings.*)—

O! 'tis

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O! 'tis my lord—Well, your servant, Mr Brush—I'll clean the cups in the next room.

Brush. Do so—but never mind the bell—I shan't go this half hour.—Will you drink tea with me in the afternoon?

Cb Maid. Not for the world, Mr Brush—I'll be here to set all things to rights—but I must not drink tea indeed—and so your servant. [*Exit maid with tea board.*]

[*Bell rings again.*]

Brush. It is impossible to stupify one's self in the country for a week without some little flirting with the Abigails:—this is much the handsomest wench in the house, except the old citizen's youngest daughter, and I have not time enough to lay a plan for her.—(*Bell rings.*) And now I'll go to my lord, for I have nothing else to do. [*going.*]

Enter CANTON with news-papers in his hand.

Cant. Monsieur Brush—maister Brush—my lor stirra yet?

Brush. He has just rung his bell—I am going to him.

Cant. Depechez vous donc. [*Exit Brush.*]

(*Puts on spectacles.*) I wish de devil had all dese papiers—I forget, as fast as I read—de advertise put out of my head de gazette, de gazette de chronique, and so dey all go l'un apres l'autre—I must get some nouvelle for my lor, or he'll be enrage contremoi—voyons!—[*Reads in the papers.*]
Here is nothing but Anti-Sejanus and advertise—

Enter maid with chocolate things.

Vat you vant, child?—

Cb Maid. Only the chiccolate things, sir.

Cant. O ver well—dat is good girl and ver prit too!

[*Exit Maid.*]

Lord OGLEBY *within.*

L Cgle. Canton hee—(*coughs.*)—Canton!

Cant. I come my lor—vat shall I do?—I have no news—He vill make great tintamarre!—

L Ogle. (*within.*) Canton, I say, Canton! where are you?

Enter Lord OGLEBY leaning on BRUSH.

Cant. Here my lor, I ask pardon my lor, I have not finish de papiers—

L Ogle

L Ogle. Dem your pardon, and your papers; I want you here, Canton.

Cant. Den I run, dat is all (*shuffles along.*)—lord Ogleby leans upon Canton too, and comes forward.

L Ogle. You Swiss are the most unaccountable mixture—you have the language and the impertinence of the French, with the laziness of Dutchmen.

Cant. 'Tis very true, my lor—I can't help—

L Ogle. (*cries out*) O diavolo!

Cant. You are not in pain, I hope, my lor,

L Ogle. Indeed but I am, my lor—that vulgar fellow Sterling, with his city politeness, would force me down his slope last night to see a clay coloured ditch, which he calls a canal; and what with the dew, and the east-wind, my hips and shoulders are absolutely screwed to my body.

Cant. A littel veritable. cau'd, aquibusade vil set all to right again— [*My lord sits down, Brush gives chocolate.*]

L Ogle. Where are the palsy drops, Brush?

Brush. Here, my lord!

[*Pouring out,*]

L Ogle. Quelle nouvelle avez vous, Canton?

Cant. A great deal of papier but no news at all.

L Ogle. What! nothing at all, you stupid fellow?

Cant. Yes, my lor, I have littel advertise here vil give you more plaisir den all de lyes about nothing at all. La voila! [*Puts on his spectacles.*]

L Ogle. Come read it, Canton, with good emphasis, and discretion.

Cant. I vil, my lor— (*Cant reads.*) Dere is no question, but dat de cosmetique royale vil utterlie take away all heats, pimples, frecks, and oder eruptions of de skin, and likewise de wrinkle of old age, etc. etc.—A great deal more, my lor—be sure for to ask de cosmetique royale, signed by de docteur own hand—Dere is more reason for dis caution dan good men vil tink—En bain, my lor!

L Ogle. En bien, Canton!—will you purchase any?

Cant. For you, my lor?

L Ogle. For me, you old puppy! For what?

Cant. My lor?

L Ogle. Do I want cosmeticks?

Cant. My lor!

L Ogle. Look in my face come, be sincere—Does it want the assistance of art?

Cant.

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Cant. (*with his spectacles*) En verite, non—'Tis very smooth and brillian—but I tote dat you might take a little by way of prevention.

L Ogle. You thought like an old fool, monsieur, as you generally do—The surfelt-water, Brush! (*Brush pours out.*) What do you think, Brush, of this family, we are going to be connected with?—Eh!

Brush. Very well to marry in, my lord! but it would not do to live with.

L Ogle. You are right, Brush—There is no washing the Blackamoor white—Mr Sterling will never get rid of Black-Fryars, always taste of the Borathio—and the poor woman his sister is so busy, and so notable, to make one welcome, that I have not yet got over her first reception; it almost amounted to suffocation! I think the daughters are tolerable—Where's my cephalic snuff?

[*Brush gives him a box.*]

Cant. Dey tine so of you, my lor, for de look at nothing else, ma foi!

L Ogle. Did they?—Why, I think they did a little—Where's my glass? (*Brush puts one on the table.*) The youngest is delectable.

[*Takes snuff.*]

Cant. O, ouy, my lor—very delect, inteed; she made doux yeaux at you, my lor.

L Ogle. She was particular—the eldest, my nephew's lady, will be a most valuable wife; she has all the vulgar spirits of her father and aunt, happily blended with the termagant qualities of her diseased mother. Some pepper-mint water, Brush!—how happy is it, *Cant*, for young ladies in general, that people of quality overlook every thing in a marriage-contract but their fortune.

Cant. C'est bien heureux, et commode aussi.

L Ogle. Brush, give me that pamphlet by my bed-side—(*Brush goes for it.*) *Canton*, do you wait in the anti-chamber, and let nobody interrupt me till I call you.

Cant. Mush goot may do your lordship!

L Ogle. (*To Brush, who brings the pamphlet.*) And now, Brush, leave me a little to my studies. [*Exit Brush.*]

Lord OGLEBY alone.

What can I possibly do among these women here, with this confounded rheumatism! It is a most grievous enemy to gallantry

gallantry and address—(*Gets off his chair.*)—He!—courage, my lor! by heav'n's, I'm another creature—(*Hums and dances a little.*) It will do, faith—Bravo, my lor! these girls have absolutely inspir'd me—If they are for a game of romps—*Me voila prit!* (*Sings and dances.*) O—that's an ugly twinge—but it's gone—I have rather too much of the lily this morning in my complexion; a faint tincture of the rose will give a delicate spirit to my eyes for the day. (*Unlocks a drawer at the bottom of the glass, and takes out rouge: while he's painting himself, a knocking at the door.*) Who's there? I won't be disturb'd.

Cur. (*without.*) My lor, my lor, here is mounsieur Sterling, to pay his devoir to you this morn in your chamber.

L Ogle. (*softly.*) What a fellow! (*aloud.*) I am extremely honour'd by Mr Sterling—Why dont you see him in, monsieur?—I wish he was at the bottom of his stinking canal—(*door opens.*) Oh, my dear Mr Sterling, you do me a great deal of honour.

Enter STERLING and LOVEWELL.

Sterl. I hope, my lord, that your lordship slept well in the night—I believe there are no better beds in Europe than I have—I spare no pains to get 'em, nor money to buy 'em—His majesty, God bless him, don't sleep upon a better out of his palace, and if I said in too, I hope no treason, my lord.

L Ogle. Your beds are like every thing else about you, incomparable!—They not only make one rest well, but give one spirits, Mr Sterling.

Sterl. What say you then, my lord, to another walk in the garden? You must see my water by day-light, and my walks, and my slopes, and my clumps, and my bridge, and my flowering trees, and my bed of Dutch tulips—Matters look'd but dim last night, my lord; I feel the dew in my great toe—but I would put on a cut shoe that I might be able to walk you about—I may be laid up to-morrow.

L Ogle. I pray heav'n you may! (*Aside.*)

Sterl. What say you, my lord?

L Ogle. I was saying, Sir, that I was in hopes of seeing the young ladies at breakfast: Mr Sterling, they are, in

my

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my mind, the finest tulips in this part of the world—he
he.

Cant. Bravissimo, my lord!—ha, ha, he.

Sterl. They shall meet your lordship in the garden—we won't lose our walk for them; I'll take you a little round before breakfast, and larger before dinner, and in the evening you shall go to the Grand Tower, as I call it, ha, ha, ha.

L Ogle. Not a foot, I hope, Mr Sterling—consider your gout, my good friend—You'll be laid by the heels for your politeness—he, he, he.

Cant. Ha, ha, ha—his admirable!—en verite! *(Laughing very heartily.)*

Sterl. If my young man *(to Lovewell)* here, would but laugh at my jokes, which he ought to do, as monsieur does at yours, my lord, we should be at life and mirth.

L Ogle. What say you, *Cant*, will you take my kinsman under your tuition? You have certainly the most companionable laugh I ever met with, and never out of tune.

Cant. But when your lordship is out of spirits.

L Ogle. Well, said *Cant*—but here comes my nephew to play his part.

Enter Sir John Melvil.

Well, Sir John, what news from the island of love? have you been sighing and serenading this morning?

Sir John. I am glad to see your lordship in such spirits this morning.

L Ogle. I'm sorry to see you so dull, Sir.—What poor things, Mr Sterling, these *very* young fellows are! they make love with faces, as if they were burying the dead—though, indeed, a marriage sometimes may be properly called a burying of the living—eh, Mr Sterling?

Sterl. Not if they have enough to live upon, my lord—ha, ha, ha.

Cant. Dat is all monsieur Sterling tink of.

Sir John. Prithee, Lovewell, come with me into the garden; I have something of consequence for you, and I must communicate it directly.

Love. We'll go together—

If your lordship and Mr Sterling please, we'll pare the ladies to attend you in the garden.

[Exeunt Sir John and Lovewell]

Sterl

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Sterl. My girls are always ready, I make 'em rise soon and to-bed early; their husbands shall have them with good constitutions, and good fortunes, if they have nothing else, my lord.

L Ogle. Fine things, Mr Sterling!

Sterl. Fine things, indeed, my lord!—Ah, my lord, had not you run off your speed in your youth, you had not been so crippled in your age, my lord.

L Ogle. Very pleasant, I protest, he, he, he.—

[*Half laughing.*]

Sterl. Here's monsieur now, I suppose, is very near your lordship's standing; but having little to eat, and little to spend, in his own country, he'll wear three of your lordship out—eating and drinking kills us all.

L Ogle. Very pleasant, I protest—what a vulgar dog!

[*Aside.*]

Cant. My lor so old as me!—He is shicken to me—and look like a boy to pauvre me.

Sterl. Ha, ha, ha. Well said, mounseer—keep to that and you'll live in any country of the world—Ha, ha, ha. —But, my lord, I will wait upon you into the garden; we have but a little time to breakfast—I'll go for my hat and cane, fetch a little walk with you, my lord, and then for the hot rolls and butter!

[*Exit Sterling.*]

L Ogle. I shall attend you with pleasure—Hot rolls and butter, in July!—I sweat with the thoughts of it—What a strange beast it is!

Cant. C'est un barbare.

L Ogle. He is a vulgar dog, and if there was not so much money in the family, which I can't do without, I would—leave him and his hot rolls and butter directly—Come along, monsieur!

[*Exeunt lord Ogleby and Canton.*]

Scene changes to the garden.

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL and LOVEWELL.

Love. In my room this morning? Impossible.

Sir John. Before five this morning, I promise you.

Love. On what occasion?

Sir John. I was so anxious to disclose my mind to you, that I could not sleep in my bed—But I found that you could

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could not sleep neither—The bird was flown, and the nest long since cold—where was you, Lovewell?

Love. Pooh! prithee! ridiculous!

Sir John. Come now; which was it? Miss Sterling's maid? a pretty little rogue!—dr Miss Fanny's Abigail? a sweet soul too!—or—

Love. Nay, nay, leave trifling, and tell me your business.

Sir John. Well, but where was you, Lovewell?

Love. Walking—writing—what signifies where I was?

Sir John. Walking! yes, I dare say. It rained as hard as it could pour. Sweet refreshing showers to walk in! no no, Lovewell.—Now would I give twenty pounds to know which of the maids—

Love. But your business! your business, Sir John!

Sir John. Let me a little into the secrets of the family.

Love. Psha!

Sir John. Poor Lovewell! he can't bear it, I see. She charged you not to kiss and tell.—Eh, Lovewell! however, though you will not honour me with your confidence, I'll venture to trust you with mine.—What dy'e think of Miss Sterling?

Love. What do I think of miss Sterling?

Sir John. Ay; what dy'e think of her?

Love. An odd question!—but I think her a smart, lively girl, full of mirth and sprightliness.

Sir John. All mischief and malice, I doubt.

Love. How?

Sir John. But her person—what dy'e think of that?

Love. Pretty and agreeable.

Sir John. A little grisette thing.

Love. What is the meaning of all this?

Sir John. I'll tell you. You must know, Lovewell, that notwithstanding all appearances—(seeing Lord Ogleby, etc.) We are interrupted—When they are gone, I'll explain.

Enter Lord OGLEBY, STERLING, Mrs HEIDELBERG, Miss STERLING, and FANNY.

L Ogle. Great improvements indeed, Mr Sterling! wonderful improvement! the four seasons in lead, the flying Mercury, and the basin with Neptune in the middle, are all

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in the very extreme of fine taste. You have as many rich figures as the man at Hyde-Park Corner.

Sterl. The chief pleasure of a country house is to make improvements, you know, my lord. I spare no expence, not I.—This is quite another guess-sort of a place than it was when I first took it, my lord. We are surrounded with trees. I cut down above fifty to make the lawn before the house, and let in the wind and the sun—smack-smooth as you see.—Then I made a greenhouse out of the old laundry, and turned the brew-house, into a pinery. The high Octagon summer-house, you see yonder, is raised on the mast of a ship, given me by an East-India captain, who has turned many a thousand of my money. It commands the whole road. All the coaches and chariots, and chaises, pass and repass under your eye. I'll mount up there in the afternoon, my lord. 'Tis the pleasantest place in the world to take a pipe and a bottle,—and so you shall say, my lord.

L Ogle. Ay—or a bowl of punch, or a can of flip, Mr Sterling! for it looks like a cabin in the air.—If flying chairs were in use, the captain might make a voyage to the Indies in it still, if he had but a fair wind.

Cant. Ha! ha! ha! ha!

Mrs Heidel. My brothers a little comical in his ideas, my lord!—But you'll excuse him.—I have a little gothic dairy, fitted up entirely in my own taste.—In the evening I shall hope for the honour of your lordship's company to take a dish of tea there, or a sullabub warm from the cow.

L Ogle. I have every moment a fresh opportunity of admiring the elegance of Mrs Heidelberg—the very flower of delicacy, and cream of politeness.

Mrs Heidel. O my lord!

L Ogle. O madam!

} *leering at each other.*

Sterl. How dy'e like those close walks, my lord?

L Ogle. A most excellent serpentine! It forms a perfect maze, and winds like a true lovers knot.

Sterl. Ay—here's none of your strait lines here—but all taste—zig-zag—crinkum crankum—in and out—right and left—to and again—twisting and turning like a worm, my lord!

L Ogle. Admirably laid out indeed, Mr Sterling! one can hardly see an inch beyond one's nose any where in these walks.—You are a most excellent œconomist of your land.

land, and makes little go a great way. — It lies together in as small parcels as if it was placed in pots out at your window in Gracechurch Street.

Cant. Heh ha! ha! ha!

L. Ogle. What d'ye laugh at Canton?

Cant. Ah! que cette similitude est drôle! So clever what you say, milord!

L. Ogle. [to Fanny.] You seem mightily engaged, madam. What are those pretty hands so busily employed about?

Fan. Only making up a nosegay, my lord! — Will your lordship do me the honour of accepting it?

L. Ogle. I'll wear it next my heart, madam! — I see the young creature does on me. [presenting it. *Apart.*

Miss Ster. Lord, sister! you've loaded his lordship with a bunch of flowers as big as the cook or the nurse carry to town on Monday morning for a beauspot. — Will your lordship give me leave to present you with this rose and, a sprig of sweet-briar?

L. Ogle. The truest emblems of yourself, Madam! all sweetness and poignancy. — A little jealous poor soul!

[*Apart.*
Ster. Now, my lord, if you please, I'll carry you to see my ruins.

Mrs Heidel. You'll absolutely fatigue his lordship with overwalking, brother!

L. Ogle. Not at all, madam? We're in the garden of Eden, you know; in the region of perpetual spring, youth, and beauty. [leering at the women.

Mrs Heidel. Quite the man of quality, I perjest. [*Apart.*

Cant. Take a my arm, milor!

[*Lord Ogleby leans on him.*

Ster. I'll only shew his lordship my ruins, and the cascade, and the Chinese bridge, and then we'll go to breakfast.

L. Ogle. Ruins, did you say, Mr Sterling?

Ster. Ay, ruins, my lord! and they are reckoned very fine ones too. You would think them ready to tumble on your head. It has just cost me a hundred and fifty pounds to put my ruins in thorough repair. — This way, if your lordship pleases.

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L Ogle. [*going stops.*] What steeple's that we see yonder? the parish-church, I suppose.

Ster. Ha? ha! ha! that's admirable. It is no church at all, my lord! it is a spire that I have built against a tree a field or two off, to terminate the prospect. One must always have a church, or an obelisk, or a something, to terminate the prospect, you know. That's a rule of taste my lord!

L Ogle. Very ingenious indeed! For my part, I desire no finer prospect, than this I see before me. [*leering at the women.*]—Simple, yet varied; bounded, yet extensive—Get away, Canton! [*pushing away Canton.*] I want no assistance.—I'll walk with the ladies.

Ster. This way, my lord!

L Ogle. Lead on sir!—We young folks here will follow you.—Madam! Miss Sterling! Miss Fanny! I attend you
[*Exit after Sterling, gallanting the ladies*

Cant. [*following.*] He is cock o' de game, ma foi!

[*Exit*

Manet Sir John Melvil, and Lovewell.

Sir John. You must know then, notwithstanding all appearances, that this treaty of marriage between Miss Sterling and me will come to nothing:

Love. How!

Sir John. It will be no match, Lovewell.

Love. You amaze me. What should prevent it.

Sir John. I.

Love. You! wherefore?

Sir John. I don't like her.

Love. Very plain indeed! I never supposed that you was extremely devoted to her from inclination, but though you always considered it as a matter of convenience, rather than affection.

Sir John. Very true. I came into the family without any impressions on my mind—with an unimpassioned indifference ready to receive one woman as soon as another. I looked upon love, serious, sober, love, as a chimæra, and marriage as a thing of course, as you know most people do. But I who was lately so great an infidel in love, am now one of its sincerest votaries.—In short, my defection from Miss Sterling proceeds from the violence of my attachment to another.

Love

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Love. Another ! So ! so ! here will be fine work. And pray who is she ?

Sir John. Who is she ! who can she be ? but Fanny, the tender, amiable, engaging Fanny.

Love. Fanny ! What Fanny ?

Sir John. Fanny Sterling. Her sister—Is not she an angel, Lovewell ?

Love. Her sister ? Confusion ?—You must not think of it, Sir John.

Sir John. Not think of it ? I can think of nothing else. Nay, tell me, Lovewell ! was it possible for me to be indulged in a perpetual intercourse with two such objects as Fanny and her sister, and not find my heart led by insensible attraction towards her ?—You seem confounded—Why don't you answer me ?

Love. Indeed, Sir John, this event gives me infinite concern.

Sir John. Why so ?—Is not she an angel, Lovewell ?

Love. I foresee that it must produce the worst consequences. Consider the confusion it must unavoidably create. Let me persuade you to drop these thoughts in time.

Sir John. Never—never, Lovewell !

Love. You have gone too far to recede. A negotiation, so nearly concluded, cannot be broken off with any grace. The lawyers, you know, are hourly expected ; the preliminaries almost finally settled between lord Ogleby and Mr Sterling ; and Miss Sterling herself ready to receive you as a husband.

Sir John. Why, the bans have been published, and nobody has forbidden them, 'tis true—but you know either of the parties may change their minds even after they enter the church.

Love. You think too lightly of this matter. To carry your addresses so far—and then to desert her—and for her sister too !—it will be such an affront to the family, that they can never put up with it.

Sir John. I don't think so : for as to my transferring my passion from her to her sister, so much the better !—for then, you know, I don't carry my affections out of the family.

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Love. Nay, but prithee be serious, and think better of it.

Sir John. I have thought better of it already, you see. Tell me honestly, Lovewell! can you blame me? Is there any comparison between them?

Love. As to that now—why that—that is just—just as it may strike different people. There are many admirers of Miss Sterling's vivacity.

Sir John. Vivacity! a medley of Cheapside pertness, and Whitechapel pride.—No—no—if I do go so far into the city for the wedding-dinner, it shall be upon a turtle at least.

Love. But I see no probability of success; for, granting that Mr Sterling wou'd have consented to it at first, he cannot listen to it now. Why did not you break this affair to the family before?

Sir John. Under such embarrassed circumstances as I have been, can you wonder at my irresolution or perplexity? Nothing but despair, the fear of losing my dear Fanny, could bring me to a declaration even now: and yet, I think I know Mr Sterling so well, that, as strange as my proposal may appear, if I can make it advance to him as a money-transaction, as I am sure I can, he will certainly come into it.

Love. But even suppose he should, which I very much doubt, I don't think Fanny herself wou'd listen to your addresses.

Sir John. You are deceived a little in that particular.

Love. You'll find I am in the right.

Sir John. I have some little reason to think otherwise.

Love. You have not declared your passion to her already?

Sir John. Yes, I have.

Love. Indeed!—And—and—and how did she receive it?

Sir John. I think it is not very easy for me to make my addresses to any woman, without receiving some little encouragement?

Love. Encouragement! did she give you any encouragement?

Sir John. I don't know what you call encouragement—but she blushed—and cried—and desired me not to think of

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of it any more: upon which I prest her hand—kissed it—swore she was an angel—and I cou'd see it tickled her to the soul.

Love. And did she express no surprise at your declaration?

Sir John. Why faith, to say the truth, she was a little surprised—and she get away from me too, before I cou'd thoroughly explain myself. If I should not meet with an opportunity of speaking to her, I must get you to deliver a letter from me.

Love. I!—a letter!—I had rather have nothing—

Sir John. Nay, you promised me your assistance—and I am sure you cannot scruple to make yourself useful on such an occasion.—You may, without suspicion, acquaint her verbally of my determined affection for her, and that I am resolved to ask her father's consent.

Love. As to that, I—your commands, you know—that is, if she—Indeed, Sir John, I think you are in the wrong.

Sir John. Well—well—that's my concern—Ha! there she goes, by heav'n! along that walk yonder, d'ye see?—I'll go to her immediately.

Love. You are too precipitate. Consider what you are doing.

Sir John. I would not lose this opportunity for the universe.

Love. Nay, pray don't go! your violence and eagerness may overcome her spirits.—The shock will be too much for her.

[*detaining him.*]

Sir John. Nothing shall prevent me.—Ha! now she turns into another walk.—Let me go! [*breaks from him.*] I shall lose her.—[*going, turns back.*] Be sure now to keep out of the way.—If you interrupt us, I shall never forgive you.

[*Exit hastily.*]

LOVEWELL alone.

'Sdeath! I can't bear this. In love with my wife! acquaint me with his passion for her! make his addresses before my face!—I shall break out before my time. This was the meaning of Fanny's uneasiness. She could not

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encourage him—I am sure she could not.—Ha! are they turning into the walk, and coming this way. Shall I leave the place?—leave him to solicit my wife?—I can't submit to it.—They come nearer and nearer.—If I stay, it will look suspicious.—It may betray us, and incense him.—They are here—I must go—I am the most unfortunate fellow in the world. [Exit.

Enter FANNY and Sir JOHN.

Fan. Leave me Sir John, I beseech you leave me!—nay, why will you persist to follow me with idle solicitations, which are an affront to my character, and an injury to your own honour?

Sir John. I know your delicacy, and tremble to offend it: but let the urgency of the occasion be my excuse! Consider, madam, that the future happiness of my life depends on my present application to you! consider that this day must determine my fate; and these are perhaps the only moments left me to incline you to warrant my passion, and to intreat you not to oppose the proposals I mean to open to your father.

Fan. For shame, for shame, Sir John! Think of your previous engagements! Think of your own situation, and think of mine!—What have you discovered in my conduct that might encourage you to so bold a declaration? I am shocked that you should venture to say so much, and blush that I should even dare to give it a hearing.—Let me be gone?

Sir John. Nay, stay, madam! but one moment!—Your sensibility is too great.—Engagements! what engagements have even been pretended on either side than those of family convenience? I went on in the trammels of matrimonial negotiation with a blind submission to your father and Lord Ogleby; but my heart soon claimed a right to be consulted. It has devoted itself to you, and obliges me to plead earnestly for the same tender interest in your's.

Fan. Have a care, Sir John! do not mistake a depreaved will for a virtuous inclination. By these common pretences of the heart, half of our sex are made fools, and a greater part of your's despise them for it.

Sir John. Affection, you will allow, is involuntary. We cannot always direct it to the object on which it should fix
—But

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—But when it is once inviolably attached, inviolably as mine is to you, it often creates reciprocal affection.—When I last urged you on this subject, you heard me with more temper, and I hoped with some compassion.

Fan. You deceived yourself. If I forebore to exert a proper spirit, nay, if I did not even express the quickest resentment of your behaviour, it was only in consideration of that respect I wish to pay you, in honour to my sister: and be assured, Sir, woman as I am, that my vanity could reap no pleasure from a triumph, that must result from the blackest treachery to her. [Going.]

Sir John. One word, and I have done. [stopping her].—Your impatience and anxiety, and the urgency of the occasion, oblige me to be brief and explicit with you.—I appeal therefore from your delicacy to your justice.—Your sister, I verily believe, neither entertains any real affection for me, or tenderness for you.—Your father, I am inclined to think, is not much concerned by means of which of his daughters the families are united.—Now, as they cannot, shall not be connected, otherwise than by my union with you, why will you, from a false delicacy, oppose a measure so conducive to my happiness, and, I hope, your own?—I love you, most passionately and sincerely love you—and hope to propose terms agreeably to Mr Sterling.—If then you don't absolutely lothe, abhor, and scorn me—if there is no other happier man—

Fan. Hear me, Sir! hear my final determination.—Were my father and sister as insensible as you are pleased to represent them;—were my heart forever to remain disengaged to any other—I could not listen to your proposals.—What! You on the very eve of marriage with my sister; I living under the same roof with her, bound not only by the laws of friendship and hospitality, but even the ties of blood, to contribute to her happiness,—and not to conspire against her peace—the peace of a whole family—and that my own too!—Away! away, Sir John!—At such a time, and in such circumstances, your addresses only inspire me with horror.—Nay, you must detain me no longer.—I will go.

Sir John. Do not leave me in absolute despair!—Give me a glimpse of hope! [Falling on his knees.]

Fan. I cannot, Pray, Sir John! [struggling to go.]

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Sir John. Shall this hand be given to another? [*Kissing her hand.*] No—I cannot endure it.—My whole soul is yours, and the whole happiness of my life is in your power.

Enter Miss STERLING.

Fan. Ha! My sister is here. Rise for shame, Sir John;

Sir John. Miss Sterling! [*rising.*]

Miss Ster. I beg pardon, Sir!—You'll excuse me, madam!—I have broke in upon you a little unopportunately, I believe—But I did not mean to interrupt you—I only came, Sir, to let you know that breakfast waits, if you have finished your morning's devotions.

Sir John. I am very sensible, Miss Sterling, that this may appear particular, but—

Miss Ster. Oh dear, Sir John, don't put yourself to the trouble of an apology. The thing explains itself.

Sir John. It will soon, madam! In the mean time I can only assure you of my profound respect and esteem for you, and make no doubt of convincing Mr Sterling of the honour and integrity of my intentions. And—and—your humble servant, madam! [*Exit in confusion.*]

Manent FANNY and Miss STERLING.

Miss Ster. Respect?—Insolence!—Esteem?—Very fine truly!—And you, madam! my sweet, delicate, innocent, sentimental sister! will you convince my papa too of the integrity of your intentions?

Fan. Do not upbraid me, my dear sister! Indeed, I don't deserve it. Believe me, you can't be more offended at his behaviour than I am, and I am sure it cannot make you half so miserable.

Miss Ster. Make me miserable! you are mightily deceived, madam! It gives me no sort of uneasiness, I assure you.—A base fellow!—As for you, Miss! the pretended softness of your disposition, your artful good-nature, never imposed upon me. I always knew you to be sly, and envious, and deceitful.

Fan. Indeed you wrong me.

Miss Ster. Oh, you are all goodness, to be sure!—Did not I find him on his knees before you? Did not I see him kiss your sweet hand? Did not I hear his protestations?

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tions? Was not I witness of your dissembled modesty?
—No—no, my dear! don't imagine that you can make
a fool of your elder sister so easily.

Fan. Sir John, I own, is to blame; but I am above the
thoughts of doing you the least injury.

Miss Ster. We shall try that, madam!—I hope, Miss,
you'll be able to give a better account to my papa and my
aunt—for they shall both know of this matter, I promise
you. [Exit.

FANNY alone.

How unhappy I am! my distresses multiply upon me,—
Mr Lovewell must now become acquainted with Sir John's
behaviour to me—and in a manner that may add to his un-
easiness.—My father, instead of being disposed by for-
tunate circumstances to forgive any transgression, will be
previously incensed against me.—My sister and my aunt
will become irreconcilably my enemies, and rejoice in
my disgrace.—Yet, at all events, I am determined on a dis-
covery. I dread it, and am resolved to hasten it. It is
surrounded with more horrors every instant, as it appears
every instant more necessary. [Exit.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A HALL.

*Enter a servant leading in Serjeant Flower, and Coun-
sellors Traverse and Tauman,—all booted.*

SERVANT.

THIS way, if you please, gentlemen! my master is at
breakfast with the family at present—but I'll let him
know, and he will wait on you immediately.

Flow. Mighty well, young man, mighty well!

De Serv. Please to favour me with your names, gentlemen.

Flow. Let Mr Sterling know, that Mr Serjeant Flower,
and three other gentlemen of the bar, are come to wait on
him according to his appointment.

De Serv. I will, Sir. [Going.

Flow. And harkee, young man? [servant returns] De

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sire my servant—Mr Serjeant Flower's servant—to bring in my green and gold saddle-cloth and pistols, and lay them down here in the hall with my portmantua.

Serv. I will, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Manent LAWYERS.

Flow. Well, gentlemen! the settling of these marriage-articles falls conveniently enough almost just on the eve of the circuits—Let me see—the Home, the Midland, Oxford, and Western, ay, we can all cross the country well enough to our several destinations. Traverse, when do you begin at Abingdon?

Trav. The day after to-morrow.

Flow. That is commission-day with us at Warwick too.—But my clerk has retainers for every cause in the paper, so it will be time enough if I am there the next morning.—Besides, I have about half a dozen cases that have lain by me ever since the spring assizes, and I must tack opinions to them before I see my country clients again—so I will take the evening before me—and then *currente calamo*, as I say—eh, Traverse!

Trav. True Mr Serjeant.

Flow. Do you expect to have much to do on the home-circuit these assizes?

Trav. Not much *nisi prius* business, but a good deal on the crown side, I believe.—The goals are brimful—and some of the felons in good circumstances, and likely to be tolerable clients—Let me see! I am engaged for three highway robberies, two murders, one forgery, and half a dozen larcenies, at Kingston.

Flow. A pretty decent goal-delivery!—Do you expect to bring off Darkin, for the robbery on Putney-Common? Can you make out your *alibi*?

Trav. Oh, no! the crown witnesses are sure to prove our identity. He shall certainly be hanged: but that don't signify.—But, Mr serjeant, have you much to do?—any remarkable cause on the Midland this circuit?

Flow. Nothing very remarkable,—except two rapes, and Rider and Western at Nottingham, for *crim. con*—but, on the whole, I believe, a good deal of business.—Our associate tells me, there are above thirty *venires* for Warwick.

Trav.

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Trav. Pray, Mr Serjeant, are you concerned in Jones and Thomas at Lincoln?

Flow. I am—for the plaintiff.

Trav. And what do you think on't?

Flow. A nonsuit.

Trav. I thought so.

Flow. Oh, no manner of doubt on't—*luce clarius*—we have no right in us—we have but one chance.

Trav. What's that?

Flow. Why, my lord-chief does not go the circuit this time, and my brother Puzzle being in the commission, the cause will come on before him.

True. Ay, that may do, indeed, if you can but throw dust in the eyes of the defendant's counsel.

Flow. True.—Mr Trueman, I think you are concerned for lord Ogleby in this affair? [to Trueman.]

True. I am, Sir;—I have the honour to be related to his lordship, and hold some courts for him in Summersetshire, go to the Western circuit—and attend the sessions at Exeter, merely because his lordships interest and property lie in that part of the kingdom.

Flow. Ha!—and pray, Mr Trueman, how long have you been called to the bar?

True. About nine years and three quarters.

Flow. Ha!—I dont know that I ever had the pleasure of seeing you before.—I wish you success, young gentleman!

Enter STERLING.

Ster. Oh, Mr Serjeant Flower, I am glad to see you—Your servant, Mr Serjeant! gentlemen, your servant—Well, are all matters concluded? Has the snail-paced conveyancer, old Ferret of Gray's Inn, settled the articles at last? Do you approve of what he has done? Will his tackle hold? tight and strong?—Eh, master Serjeant?

Flow. My friend Ferret's slow and sure, Sir—but then *serius aut citius*, as we say,—Sooner or later, Mr Sterling, he is sure to put his business out of hand as he should do—My clerk has brought the writings, and all other instruments along with him, and the settlement is, I believe, as good a settlement as any settlement on the face of the earth!

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Ster. But that damn'd mortgage of £60,000.—There don't appear to be any other incumbrances, I hope?

Trav. I can answer for that, Sir—and that will be cleared off immediately on the payment of the first part of Miss Sterling's portion—You agree, on your part, to come down with £80,000. —

Ster. Down on the nail.—Ay, ay,—my money is ready to-morrow, if he pleases—he shall have it in India-bonds, or notes, or how he chuses.—Your lords, and your dukes, and your people at the court-end of the town stick at payments sometimes—debts unpaid, no credit lost with them—but no fear of us substantial fellows—eh, Mr Serjeant!

Flow. Sir John having last term, according to agreement, levied a fine, and suffered a recovery, has thereby cut off the entail of the Ogleby estate for the better effecting the purposes of the present intended marriage; on which above-mentioned Ogleby estate, a jointure of £1000. per ann. is secured to your eldest daughter, now Elizabeth Sterling, spinster; and the whole estate, after the death of the aforesaid Earl, descends to the heirs male of Sir John Melvil on the body of the aforesaid Elizabeth Sterling lawfully to be begotten.

Trav. Very true—and Sir John is to be put in immediate possession of as much of his lordship's Somersetshire estate, as lies in the manors of Hogmore and Cranford, amounting to between two and three thousands per ann. and at the death of Mr Sterling, a further sum of seventy thousand—

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

Ster. Ah, Sir John!—Here we are—hard at it—paving the road to matrimony—We'll have no jolts; all upon the nail, as easy as the new pavement.—First the lawyers, then comes the doctor—Let us but dispatch the long-robe, we shall soon set Pudding-sleeves to work, I warrant you.

Sir John. I am sorry to interrupt you, Sir, but I hope that both you and these gentlemen will excuse me—having something very particular for your private ear, I took the liberty of following you, and beg you will oblige me with an audience immediately.

Ster.

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Ster. Ay, with all my heart— Gentlemen, Mr Serjeant, you'll excuse it— Business must be done, you know. — The writings will keep cold till to-morrow morning.

Flow. I must be at Warwick, Mr Sterling, the day after.

Ster. Nay, nay, I shan't part with you to-night, gentlemen, I promise you— My house is very full, but I have beds for you all, beds for your servants, and stabling for all your horses— Will you take a turn in the garden, and view some of my improvements before dinner? Or will you amuse yourself in the green, with a game of bowls and a cool tankard?— My servants shall attend you— Do you chuse any other refreshment?— Call for what you please;— do as you please;— make yourselves quite at home, I beg of you.— Here, — Thomas, Harry, William, wait on these gentlemen! — *follows the lawyers out, bawling, and talking, and then returns to Sir John.* And now, Sir, I am entirely at your service.— What are your commands with me, Sir John?

Sir John. After having carried the negotiation between our families to so great a length, after having assented so readily to all your proposals, as well as received so many instances of your chearful compliance with the demands made on our part, I am extremely concerned, Mr Sterling, to be the involuntary cause of an uneasiness.

Sterl. Uneasiness! what uneasiness?— Where business is transacted as it ought to be, and the parties understand one another, there can be no uneasiness. You agree, on such and such conditions, to receive my daughter for a wife; on the same conditions I agree to receive you as a son-in-law; and as to all the rest, it follows of course, you know, as regularly as the payment of a bill after acceptance.

Sir John. Pardon me, Sir; more uneasiness has arisen than you are aware of. I am myself, at this instant, in a state of inexpressible embarrassment; Miss Sterling, I know, is extremely disconcerted too; and unless you will oblige me with the assistance of your friendship, I foresee the speedy progress of discontent and animosity through the whole family.

Sterl. What the deuce is all this? I don't understand a single syllable.

Sir John. In one word then— it will be absolutely impossible

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impossible for me to fulfil my engagements in regard to Miss Sterling.

Sterl. How, Sir John? do you mean to put an affront upon my family? What! refuse to—

Sir John. Be assured, Sir, that I neither mean to affront nor forsake your family.—My only fear is, that you should desert me; for the whole happiness of my life depends on my being connected with your family by the nearest and tenderest ties in the world.

Sterl. Why, did not you tell me, but a moment ago, that it was absolutely impossible for you to marry my daughter?

Sir John. True.—But you have another daughter, Sir—

Sterl. Well?

Sir John. Who has obtained the most absolute dominion over my heart. I have already declared my passion to her; nay, Miss Sterling herself is also apprized of it, and if you will but give a sanction to my present addresses, the uncommon merit of Miss Sterling will no doubt recommend her to a person of equal, if not superior rank to myself, and our families may still be allied by my union with miss Fanny.

Sterl. Mighty fine, truly! Why, what the plague do you make of us, Sir John? Do you come to market for my daughters, like servants at a statute-fair? Do you think that I will suffer you, or any man in the world, to come into my house, like the Grand Signior, and throw the handkerchief first to one, and then t'other, just as he pleases? Do you think I drive a kind of African slave-trade with them? and—

Sir John. A moment's patience, Sir! Nothing but the excess of my passion for Miss Fanny shou'd have induced me to take any step that had the least appearance of disrespect to any part of your family; and even now I am desirous to atone for my transgression, by making the most adequate compensation that lies in my power.

Sterl. Compensation! what compensation can you possibly make in such a case as this, Sir John?

Sir John. Come, come, Mr Sterling; I know you to be a man of sense, a man of business, a man of the world. I'll deal frankly with you: and you shall see that I do not desire

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desire a change of measures for my own gratification, without endeavouring to make it advantageous to you.

Sterl. What advantage can your inconstancy be to me, Sir John?

Sir John. I'll tell you, Sir,—You know, that by the articles at present subsisting between us, on the day of my marriage with Miss Sterling, you agree to pay down the gross sum of eighty thousand pounds..

Sterl. Well!

Sir John. Now, if you will but consent to my waving that marriage——

Sterl. I agree to your waving that marriage? Impossible, Sir John!

Sir John. I hope not, Sir; as on my part, I will agree to wave my right to thirty thousand pounds of the fortune I was to receive with her.

Sterl. Thirty thousand, d'ye say?

Sir John. Yes, Sir; and except of Miss Fanny with fifty thousand, instead of fourscore.

Sterl. Fifty thousand——

[pausing.

Sir John. Instead of fourscore.

Sterl. Why——why——there may be something in that.—Let me see; Fanny with fifty thousand instead of Betsey with fourscore—But how can this be, Sir John? —For you know I am to pay this money into the hands of my lord Ogleby; who, I believe——between you and me, Sir John,——is not overstocked with ready money at present; and threescore thousand of it, you know, is to go to pay off the present incumbrances on the estate, Sir John.

Sir John. That objection is easily obviated.—Ten of the twenty thousand, which would remain as a surplus of the fourscore, after paying off the mortgage, was intended by his lordship for my use, that we might set off with some little *eclat* on our marriage; and the other ten for my own. Ten thousand pounds therefore I shall be able to pay you immediately, and for the remaining twenty thousand, you shall have a mortgage on that part of the estate which is to be made over to me, with whatever security you shall require for the regular payment of the interest, till the principal is duly discharged.

Sterl. Why—to do you justice, Sir John, there is something fair and open in your proposal; and since I find you do not mean to put an affront upon my family——

Sir

Sir John. Nothing was ever farther from my thoughts, Mr Sterling.—And after all, the whole affair is nothing extraordinary—such things happen every day—and as the world has only heard generally of a treaty between the families, when this marriage takes place, nobody will be the wiser, if we have but discretion enough to keep our own counsel.

Sterl. True, true; and since you only transfer from one girl to the other, it is no more than transferring so much stock, you know.

Sir John. The very thing.

Sterl. Odso! I had quite forgot. We are reckoning without our host here. There is another difficulty—

Sir John. You alarm me. What can that be?

Sterl. I can't stir a step in this business without consulting my sister Heidelberg.—The family has very great expectations from her, and we must not give her any offense.

Sir John. But if you come into this measure, surely she will be so kind as to consent—

Sterl. I don't know that—Betsey is her darling, and I can't tell how far she may resent any slight that seems to be offered to her favourite niece.—However, I'll do the best I can for you.—You shall go and break the matter to her first, and by that time that I may suppose your rhetoric has prevailed on her to listen to reason, I will step in to reinforce your arguments.

Sir John. I'll fly to her immediately: you promise me your assistance?

Sterl. I do.

Sir John. Ten thousand thanks for it! and now success attend me! [going.]

Sterl. Harkee, Sir John!

Sir John returns.

Sterl. Not a word of the thirty thousand to my sister! Sir John.

Sir John. Oh, I am dumb, I am dumb, Sir, [going.]

Sterl. You remember it is thirty thousand.

Sir John. To be sure I do. [going.]

Sterl. But, Sir John!—one thing more [Sir John re-

turns

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turns.] My lord must know nothing of this stroke of friendship between us.

Sir John. Not for the world.—Let me alone! let me alone!
[Exit hastily.]

Sterl. [holding him.]—And when every thing is agreed, we must give each other a bond to be held fast to the bargain.

Sir John. To be sure. A bond by all means! a bond, or whatever you please.
[Exit hastily.]

STERLING alone.

I should have thought of more conditions—he's in a humour to give me every thing—Why, what mere children are your fellows of quality, that cry for a play-thing one minute, and throw it by the next! as changeable as the weather, and as uncertain as the stocks. Special Fellows to drive a bargain! and yet they are to take care of the interest of the nation truly!—here does this whirlingig man of fashion offer to give up thirty thousand pounds in hard money, with as much indifference as if it was a china orange.—By this mortgage, I shall have a hold on his *Terra-firma*; and if he wants more money, as he certainly will—let him have children by my daughter or no, I shall have his whole estate in a net for the benefit of my family. Well; thus it is, that the children of citizens, who have acquired fortunes, prove persons of fashion; and thus it is, that persons of fashion, who have ruined their fortunes, reduce the next generation to cits.
[Exit.]

S C E N E Changes to another Apartment.

Enter Mrs HEIDELBERG, and Miss STERLING.

Miss Sterl. This is your gentle-looking, soft-speaking sweet-smiling, affable Miss Fanny for you!

Mrs Heidel. My Miss Fanny! I disclaim her. With all her arts she never could insinuate herself into my good graces—and yet she has a way with her, that deceives man, woman, and child, except you and me, niece.

Miss Sterl. O ay; she wants nothing but a crook in her hand, and a lamb under her arm, to be a perfect picture of innocence and simplicity.

Mrs

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Mrs Heidel. Just as I was drawn at Amsterdam, when I went over to visit my husbands relations.

Miss Sterl. And then she's so mighty good to servants—*pray, John, do this—pray, Tom, do that—thank you, Jenny*—and then so humble to her relations—*to be sure, Papa!—as my Aunt pleases—my Sister knows best*—But with all her demureness and humility she has no objection to be lady Melvil, it seems, nor to any wickedness that can make her so.

Mrs Heidel. Shelady Melville? Compose yourself, Neice! I'll ladyship her indeed:—a little creepin, cantin,—She shan't be the better for a farden of my money. But tell me, child, how does this intriguing with Sir John correspond with her partiality to Lovewell? I don't see a concunation here.

Miss Sterl. There I was deceived, Madam. I took all their whisperings and stealing into corners to be the mere attraction of vulgar minds; but, behold! their private meetings were not to contrive their own insipid happiness, but to conspire against mine.—But I know whence proceeds Mr Lovewell's resentment to me. I could not stoop to be familiar with my father's clerk, and so I have lost his interest.

Mrs Heidel. My spurrit to a T.—My dear child! [*kissing her.*]—Mr Heidelberg lost his election for member of parliament, because I would not demean myself to be slobbered about by drunken shoemakers, beastly cheese-nongers, and greasy butchers and tallow-chandlers. However, Neice, I can't help differing a little in opinion from you in this matter. My experunce and sagucity makes me still suspect, that there is something more between her and that Lovewell, notwithstanding this affair of Sir John—I had my eye upon them the whole time of breakfast.—Sir John. I observed, looked a little confounded, indeed, though I knew nothing of what had passed in the garden.—You seemed to sit upon thorns too: but Fanny and Mr Lovewell made quite another-guess sort of a figur; and were 'as perfect a pictur of two distrest lovers, as if it had been drawn by Raphael Angelo.—As to Sir John and Fanny, I want a matter of fact.

Miss Sterl. Matter of fact, Madam! Did not I come unexpectedly upon them? Was not Sir John kneeling at her feet,

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feet, and kissing her hand? Did not he look all love, and she all confusion? Is not that matter of fact? And did not Sir John, the moment that Papa was called out of the room to the lawyersmen, get up from breakfast, and follow him immediately? And I warrant you, that by this time he has made proposals to him to marry my sister—Oh, that some other person, an earl, or a duke, would make his addresses to me, that I might be revenged on this monster!

Mrs Heidel. Be cool, child! you *shall* be lady Melvil in spite of all their caballins, if it costs me ten thousand pounds to turn the scale. Sir John may apply to my brother, indeed; but I'll make them all know who governs in this fammaly.

Miss Sterl. As I live, Madam, yonder comes Sir John. A base man I can't endure the sight of him. I'll leave the room this instant. [disordered.]

Mrs Heidel. Poor thing! Well, retire to your own chamber, I'll give it him, I warrant you: and by and by I'll come and let you know all that has past between us.

Miss Sterl. Pray do, madam!—[looking back.]—A vile wretch! [Exit in a rage.]

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

Sir John. Your most obedient humble servant, Madam! [Bowing very respectfully.]

Mrs Heidel. Your servant, Sir John! [drooping a half courtsey and pouting.]

Sir John. Miss Sterling's manner of quitting the room on my approach, and the visible coolness of your behaviour to me, Madam, convince me that she has acquainted you with what past this morning.

Mrs Heidel. I am very sorry, Sir John, to be made acquainted with any thing that should induce me to change he opinion, which I could always wish to entertain of a person of quality. [pouting.]

Sir John. It has always been my ambition to merit the best opinion from Mrs Heidelberg; and when she comes through all circumstances, I flatter myself—

Mrs Heidel. You do flatter yourself, if you imagine that I can approve of your behaviour to my niece, Sir John. And give me leave to tell you, Sir John, that you have been drawn into an action much beneath you, Sir John; and that

that I look upon every injury offered to Miss Betty Sterling, as an affront to myself, Sir John.

Sir John. I would not offend you for the world, Madam; [warmly] but when I am influenced by a partiality for another, however ill-founded, I hope your discernment and good sense will think it rather a point of honour to renounce engagements, which I could not fulfil so strictly as I ought; and that you will excuse the change in my inclinations, since the new object, as well as the first, has the honour of being your niece, Madam.

Mrs Heidel. I disclaim her as a niece, Sir John; Miss Sterling disclaims her as a sister, and the whole family must disclaim her, for her monstrous baseness and treachery.

Sir John. Indeed she has been guilty of none, Madam. Her hand and heart are I am sure, entirely at the disposal of yourself, and Mr Sterling.

Enter STERLING behind.

And if you should not oppose my inclinations, I am sure of Mr Sterling's consent, Madam.

Mrs Heidel. Indeed!

Sir John. Quite certain, Madam.

Sterl. [behind.] So! they seem to be coming to terms already. I may venture to make my appearance.

Mrs Heidel. To marry Fanny? [*Sterling advances by Sir John.* Yes, Madam. [*degreets.*

Mrs Heidel. My brother has given his consent, you say?

Sir John. In the most ample manner, with no other restriction than the failure of your concurrence, Madam.— [*sees Sterling.*—Oh, here's Mr Sterling, who will confirm what I have told you.

Mrs Heidel. What! have you consented to give up your own daughter in this manner, brother?

Sterl. Give her up! no, not give her up, sister; only in case that you—Zounds, I am afraid you have said too much, Sir John. [*apart to Sir John.*

Mrs Heidel. Yes, yes. I see now that it is true enough what my niece told me. You are all plotters and caballins against her.—Pray, does Lord Ogleby know of this affair?

Sir John. I have not yet made him acquainted with it, Madam.

Mrs

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Mrs Heidel. No, I warrant you. I thought so.—And so his lordship and myself truly, are not to be consulted 'till the last.

Sterl. What! did not you consuik my lord? Oh, fie for shame, Sir John?

Sir John. Nay, but Mr Sterling—

Mrs Heidel. We, who are the persons of most consequence and experunce in the two fammalies, are to know nothing of the matter, 'till the whole is as good as concluded upon. But his lordship, I am sure, will have more generosity than to countenance such a perceeding.—And I could not have expected such behaviour from a person of your qualaty, Sir John.—And as for you, brother—

Sterl. Nay, nay, but hear me, sister!

Mrs Heidel. I am perfectly ashamed of you—Have you no spurrit? no more concern for the honour of our fammaly than to consent—

Sterl. Consent? I consent!—As I hope for mercy, I never gave my consent. Did I consent, Sir John?

Sir John. Not absolutely, without Mrs Heidelbergs' concurrence. But in case of her approbation—

Sterl. Ay, I grant you, if my sister approved.—But that's quite another thing, you know.— [To Mrs Heidelberg.

Mrs Heidel. Your sister approve, indeed!—I thought you knew her better, brother Sterling!—What! approve of having your eldest daughter returned upon your hands, and exchanged for the younger? I am surprised how you could listen to such a scandalus proposal.

Sterl. I tell you, I never did listen to it.—Did not I say that I would be governed entirely by my sister, Sir John?—And unless she agreed to your marrying Fanny—

Mrs Heidel. I agree to his marrying Fanny? abominable! The man is absolutely out of his senses.—Can't that wise head of yours foresee the consequence of all this, brother Sterling? Will Sir John take Fanny without a fortune? No.—After you have settled the largest part of your property on your youngest daughter, can there be an equal portion left for the eldest? No.—Does not this overturn the whole system of the fammaly? Yes, yes, yes. You know I was always for my niece Detsey's marrying a person of the very first qualaty. This was my maxim. And, therefore much the largest settlement was of course to be made upon

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upon her.—As for Fanny, if she could, with a fortune of twenty or thirty thousand pounds, get a knight, or member of parliament, or a rich common-council-man for a husband, I thought it might do very well.

Sir John. But if a better match should offer itself, why should not it be accepted, Madam?

Mrs Heidel. What! at the expence of her eldest sister? Oh fie, Sir John!—How could you bear to hear of such an indignity, brother Sterling?

Sterl. I! nay, I shant hear of it, I promise you.—I can't hear of it indeed, Sir John.

Mrs Heidel. But you *have* heard of it, brother Sterling. You know you have; and sent Sir John to propose it to me. But if you can give up your daughter, I shan't forsake my niece, I assure you.—Ah! if my poor dear Mr Heidelberg, and our sweet babes had been alive, he would not have behaved so.

Sterl. Did I, Sir John? nay, speak!—bring me off, or we are ruined.

[*apart to Sir John.*

Sir John. Why, to be sure, to speak the truth.—

Mrs Heidel. To speak the truth, I'm ashamed of you both. But have a care what you are about, brother! have a care, I say. The lawyers are in the house, I hear; and if every thing is not settled to my liking, I'll have nothing more to say to you, if I live these hundred years.—I'll go over to Holland, and settle with Mr Vanderspracken, my poor husband's first cousin; and my own fammaly shall never be the better for a farden of my money, I promise you.

[*Exit.*

Manent Sir JOHN and STERLING.

Sterl. I thought so. I knew she never would agree to it.

Sir John. 'Sdeath, how unfortunate! What can we do, Mr Sterling?

Sterl. Nothing.

Sir John. What! must our agreement break off, the moment it is made then?

Sterl. It can't be helped, Sir John. The family, as I told you before, have great expectations from my sister; and if this matter proceeds, you hear yourself that she threatens to leave us.—My brother Heidelberg was a warm
man;

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man; and died worth a Plumb at least; a Plumb! ay, I warrant you, he died worth a Plumb and a half.

Sir John. Well; but if I——

Sterl. And then, my sister has three or four very good mortgages; a deal of money in the three per cents. and old South-Sea annuities, besides large concerns in the Dutch and French funds.—The greatest part of all this she means to leave to our family.

Sir John. I can only say, Sir——

Sterl. Why, your offer of the difference of thirty thousand, was very fair and handsome to be sure, Sir John.

Sir John Nay, but I am even willing to——

Sterl. Ay, but if I was to accept it against her will, I might lose above a hundred thousand; so, you see the balance is against you, Sir John,

Sir John. But is there no way, do you think, of prevailing on Mrs Heidelberg to grant her consent?

Sterl. I am afraid not.—However, when her passion is abated—for she's very passionate—you may try what can be done: But you must not use my name any more, Sir John.

Sir John. Suppose I was to prevail on lord Ogleby to apply to her, do you think that would have any influence over her?

Sterl. I think he would be more likely to persuade her to it, than any other person in the family. She has a great respect for lord Ogleby. She loves a lord.

Sir John. I'll apply to him this very day.—And if he should prevail on Mrs Heidelberg, I may depend on your friendship, Mr Sterling?

Sterl. Ay, ay, I shall be glad to oblige you; when it is in my power; but as the account stands now, you see it is not upon the figures. And so your servant, Sir John.

[Exit.

Sir JOHN MELVIL alone.

What a situation am I in!—Breaking off with her whom I was bound by treaty to marry; rejected by the object of my affections; and embroiled with this turbulent woman, who governs the whole family.—And yet opposition, instead of smothering, increases my inclination. I must have her. I'll apply immediately to lord Ogleby; and if he can but bring over the aunt to our party, her influence
will

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will overcome the scruples and delicacy of my dear Fanny, and I shall be the happiest of mankind. [Exit.]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

A Room.

Enter STERLING, Mrs HEIDELBERG, and Miss STERLING.

STERLING.

WHAT! will you send Fanny to town, sister? Mrs Heidel. To-morrow morning; I've given orders about it already.

Sterl. Indeed?

Mrs Heidel. Positively.

Sterl. But consider, sister, at such a time as this, what an odd appearance it will have.

Mrs Heidel. Not half so odd, as her behaviour, brother. — This time was intended for happiness, and I'll keep no incendiaries here to destroy it. I insist upon her going off to-morrow morning.

Sterl. I'm afraid this is all your doing, Betsey!

Miss Sterl. No indeed, Papa. My aunt knows that it is not. — For all Fanny's baseness to me, I am sure I would not do, or say any thing to hurt her with you or my aunt for the world.

Mrs Heidel. Hold your tongue, Betsey! — I will have my way. When she is packed off, every thing will go on as it should do. — Since they are at their intrigues, I'll let them see that we can act with vigour on our part; and the sending her out of the way shall be the preliminary step to all the rest of my proceedings.

Sterl. Well, but sister —

Mrs Heidel. It does not signify talking, brother Sterling, for I am resolved to be rid of her, and I will. — Come along, child! [to Miss Sterling.] — The post-chaise shall be at the door by six o'clock in the morning; and if Miss Fanny does not get into it, why, I will, and so there's an end of the matter.

[bounces out with Miss Sterling.]

Mrs

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Mrs HEIDELBERG returns.

Mrs Heidl. One word more, brother Sterling!—I expect that you will take your eldest daughter in your hand, and make a formal complaint to lord Ogleby of Sir John Melvil's behaviour.—Do this, brother; shew a proper regard for the honour of your fammaly yourself, and I shall throw in my mite to the raising of it. If not—but now you know my mind. So act as you please, and take the consequences. [Exit.

STERLING alone.

The devil's in the woman for tyranny—mothers, wiyes, mistresses, or sisters, they always will govern us.—As to my sister Heidelberg, she knows the strength of her purse, and domineers upon the credit of it—'I will do this'—and 'you shall do that'—and 'you must do t'other, or else 'the family shan't have a farden of'—[mimicking]—So absolute with her money!—but to say the truth, nothing but money can make us absolute, and so we must e'en make the best of her.

S C E N E changes to the Garden.

Enter Lord OGLEBY and CANTON.

L Ogle. What! Mademoiselle Fanny to be sent away!—Why?—Wherefore?—What's the meaning of all this?

Cant. Je ne scais pas.—I know noting of it.

L Ogle. It can't be; it shan't be. I protest against the measure. She's a fine girl, and I had much rather that the rest of the family were annihilated than that she should leave us.—Her vulgar father, that's the very abstract of 'Change-Alley—the aunt, that's always endeavouring to be a fine lady—and the pert sister, for ever shewing that she is one, are horrid company indeed, and without her would be intolerable. Ah, la petit Fanchon! she's the thing. Isn't she, Cant?

Cant. Dere is very good sympatie entre vous, and dat young lady, mi lor.

L Ogle. I'll not be left among these Goths and Vandals,

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your

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your Sterlings, your Heidelbergs, and Devilbergs—If she goes, I'll positively go too.

Cant. In de same posh-chay, mi lor? you have no object to dat I believe, nor mademoiselle neider too—ha, ha, ha.

L Ogle. Prithree hold thy foolish tongue, *Cant.* Does thy Swiss stupidity imagine that I can see and talk with a fine girl without desires?—My eyes are involuntarily attracted by beautiful objects—I fly as naturally to a fine girl—

Cant. As de fine girl to you, my lor, ha, ha, ha; you alway fly togedre like un pair de pigeons.—

L Ogle. Like un pair de pigeons—[*mocks him.*]—Vous etes un sot, Mons Canton—Thou art always dreaming of my intrigues, and never seest me *badiner*, but you suspect mischief, you old fool, you.

Cant. I am fool, I confess; but not always fool in dat, my lor, he he, he.

L Ogle. He, he, he.—Thou art incorrigible, but thy absurdities amuse one—Thou art like my rappee here, [*Takes out his box.*] a most ridiculous superfluity, but a pinch of thee now and then is a most delicious treat.

Cant. You do me great honeur, my lor.

L Ogle. 'Tis fact, upon my soul.—Thou art properly my cephalic snuff, and art no bad medicine against megrims, vertigoes, and profound thinking—ha, ha, ha.

Cant. Your flatterie, my lor, vil make me too prode.

L Ogle. The girl has some little partiality for me, to be sure: but prithree, *Cant.* is not that Miss Fanny yonder?

Cant. [*looking with a glass.*] En verite, 'tis she, my lor, —'tis one of de pigeons,—de pigions d'amour.

L Ogle. Don't be ridiculous, you old monkey, [*smiling.*

Cant. I am monkee, I am ole; but I have eye, I have ear, and a little understand, now and den —

L Ogle. Taisez vous bete!

Cant. Elle vous attend, my lord.—She vill make a love to you.

L Ogle. Will she? Have at her then! A fine girl can't oblige me more—Egad, I find myself a little enjouee—come along, *Cant!* she is but in the next walk—but there is such a dale of this damn'd crinkum-crancum, as Sterling calls it, that one sees people for half an hour before one can get to them—Allons, Mons Canton, allons donc!

[*Exit singing in French.*
Another

Another part of the Garden.

LOVEWELL and FANNY.

Love. My dear Fanny, I cannot bear your distress it overcomes all my resolutions, and I am prepared for the discovery.

Fan. But how can it be effected before my departure:

Love. I'll tell you.—Lord Ogleby seems to entertain a visible partiality for you; and notwithstanding the peculiarities of his behaviour, I am sure that he is humane at the bottom. He is vain to an excess; but withal extremely good-natured, and would do any thing to recommend himself to a lady.—Do you open the whole affair of our marriage to him immediately. It will come with more irresistible persuasion from you than from myself; and I doubt not but you'll gain his friendship and protection at once. His influence and authority will put an end to Sir John's solicitations, remove your aunt's and sister's unkindness and suspicions, and, I hope, reconcile your father and the whole family to our marriage.

Fan. Heaven grant it! Where is my lord?

Love. I have heard him and Canton since dinner singing French songs under the great walnut-tree by the parlour door. If you meet with him in the garden, you may disclose the whole immediately.

Fan. Dreadful as the task is, I'll do it.—Any thing is better than this continual anxiety.

Love. By that time the discovery is made, I will appear to second you.—Ha! here comes my lord.—Now, my dear Fanny, summon up all your spirits, plead our cause powerfully, and be sure of success.— [going.

Fan. Ah, don't leave me!

Love. Nay, you must let me.

Fan. Well; since it must be so, I'll obey you, if I have the power. Oh Lovewell!

Love. Consider, our situation is very critical. To-morrow morning is fixt for your departure, and if we lose this opportunity, we may wait in vain for another.—He approaches—I must retire.—Speak, my dear Fanny; Speak, and make us happy. [Exit.

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FANNY alone.

Good Heaven, what a situation I am in! what shall I do? what shall I say to him? I am all confusion.

Enter Lord OGLEBY and CANTON.

L Ogle. To see so much beauty so solitary, Madam, is a satire upon mankind; and 'tis fortunate that one man has broke in upon your reverie for the credit of our sex. I say *one*, Madam, for poor Canton here, from age and infirmities, stands for nothing.

Cant. Noting at all, inteed.

Fan. Your lordship does me great honour.—I had a favour to request, my lord!

L Ogle. A favour, madam!—To be honoured with your commands, is an inexpressible favour done to me, Madam.

Fan. If your lordship could indulge me with the honour of a moment's—What is the matter with me? [*Aside.*]

L Ogle. The girl's confus'd—he!—here's something in the wind, faith—I'll have a tete-a-tete with her—allez vous en! [*to Canton.*]

Cant. I go—ah, pauvre Mademoiselle! my lor, have pitie upon de poor pigeone!

L. Ogle. I'll knock you down, Cant, if you're impertinent. [*smiling.*]

Cant. Den I mus away—[*sbuffles along.*].—You are mosh please, for all dat. [*Aside and exit.*]

Fan. I shall sink with apprehension. [*Aside.*]

L Ogle. What a sweet girl!—she's a civiliz'd being, and atones for the barbarism of the rest of the family.

Fan. My lord! I— [*she courtsies, and blushes.*]

L Ogle. [*addressing her.*] I look upon it, madam, to be one of the luckiest circumstances of my life, that I have this moment the honour of receiving your commands, and the satisfaction of confirming with my tongue, what my eyes perhaps have but too weakly expressed—that I am literally—the humblest of your servants.

Fan. I think myself greatly honoured, by your lordship's partiality to me; but it distresses me that I am obliged in my present situation to apply to it for protection.

L Ogle. I am happy in your distress, Madam, because it gives me an opportunity to shew my zeal. Beauty to me,

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is a religion, in which I was born and bred a bigot, and would die a martyr. I'm in tolerable spirits, faith! [*Aside.*

Fan. There is not perhaps at this moment a more distressed creature than myself. Affection, duty, hope, despair, and a thousand different sentiments, are struggling in my bosom; and even the presence of your lordship, to whom I have flown for protection, adds to my perplexity.

L. Ogle. Does it, Madam?—Venus forbid!—My old fault, the devil's in me, I think, for perplexing young women. (*aside and smiling.*) Take courage, Madam! dear Miss Fanny, explain.—You have a powerful advocate in my breast, I assure you—my heart, Madam—I am attached to you by all the laws of sympathy, and delicacy.—By, my honour, I am.

Fan. Then I will venture to unburthen my mind.—Sir John Melvil, my lord, by the most misplaced, and mistimed declaration of affection for me, has made me the unhappiest of women.

L. Ogle. How, Madam? has Sir John made his addresses to you?

Fan. He has, my lord, in the strongest terms. But I hope it is needless to say, that my duty to my father, love to my sister, and regard to the whole family, as well as the great respect I entertain for your lordship, [*curtsying.*] made me shudder at his addresses.

L. Ogle. Charming girl!—Proceed, my dear Miss Fanny, proceed!

Fan. In a moment—give me leave, my lord!—But if what I have to disclose should be received with anger or displeasure—

L. Ogle. Impossible, by all the tender powers!—Speak, I beseech you, or I shall divine the cause before you utter

Fan. Then, my lord, Sir John's addresses are not only shocking to me in themselves, but are more particularly disagreeable to me at this time, as—as— [*hesitating.*

L. Ogle. As what, Madam?

Fan. As—pardon my confusion—I am entirely devoted to another.

L. Ogle. If this is not plain, the devil's in it—[*Aside.*]—But tell me, my dear Miss Fanny, for I must know; tell me the how, the when, and the where—Tell me—

Enter CANTON hastily.

Cant. My lor, my lor, my lor!—

L Ogle. Damn your Swiss impertinence! how durst you interrupt me in the most critical melting moment that ever love and beauty honoured me with?

Cant. I demande pardonne, my lor! Sir John Melvil my lor, sent me to beg you to do him the honour to speak a little to your lordship.

L Ogle. I'm not at leisure—I am busy—Get away, you stupid old dog, you Swiss rascal, or I'll—

Cant. For bien, my lor.— [*Cant. goes out tiptoe*

L Ogle. By the laws of gallantry, Madam, this interruption should be death; but as no punishment ought to disturb the triumph of the softer passions, the criminal is pardoned and dismissed—Let us return, Madam, to the highest luxury of exalted minds—a declaration of love from the lips of beauty.

Fan. The entrance of a third person has a little relieved me, but I cannot go through with it—and yet I must open my heart with a discovery, or it will break with its burden.

L Ogle. What passion in her eyes! I am alarmed to agitation. [*Aside.*]—I presume, madam, (and as you have flattered me, by making me a party concerned, I hope you'll excuse the presumption) that—

Fan. Do you excuse my making you a party concerned, my lord, and let me interest your heart, in my behalf, in my future happiness or misery in a great measure depend—

L Ogle. Upon me, Madam?

Fan. Upon you, my lord.

L Ogle. There's no standing this: I have caught the infection—her tenderness dissolves me. [*sigh*

Fan. And should you too severely judge of a rash action which passion prompted, and modesty has long concealed—

L Ogle. (*taking her hand.*) Thou amiable creature—command my heart, for it is vanquished—Speak but thy virtuous wishes, and enjoy them.

Fan. I cannot, my lord—indeed, I cannot—Mr Lov

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well must tell you my distresses—and when you know them—pity and protect me!— [Exit in tears.

Lord OGLEBY alone.

How the devil could I bring her to this? It is too much—too much—I can't bear it—I must give way to this amiable weakness—(*wipes his eyes.*) My heart overflows with sympathy, and I feel every tenderness I have inspir'd—(*stifles the tear.*) How blind have I been to the desolation I have made!—How could I possibly imagine that a little partial attention and tender civilities to this young creature should have gathered to this burst of passion! Can I be a man and withstand it? No—I'll sacrifice the whole sex to her.—But here comes the father, quite *apropos*. I'll open the matter immediately, settle the business with him, and take the sweet girl down to Ogleby house to-morrow morning.—But what the devil! Miss Sterling too! What mischief's in the wind now?

Enter STERLING and Miss STERLING.

Sterl. My lord, I am attending my daughter here upon rather a disagreeable affair. Speak to his lordship, Betsy!

L Ogle. Your eyes, Miss Sterling—for I always read the eyes of a young lady—betray some little emotion—What are your commands, Madam?

Miss Sterl. I have but too much cause for my emotion, my lord!

L Ogle. I cannot commend my kinsman's behaviour. Madam. He has behaved like a false knight, I must confess. I have heard of his apostacy. Miss Fanny has informed me of it.

Miss Sterl. Miss Fanny's baseness has been the cause of Sir John's inconstancy.

L Ogle. Nay, now, my dear Miss Sterling, your passion transports you too far. Sir John may have entertain'd a passion for Miss Fanny; but, believe me, Miss Fanny has no passion for Sir John. She has a passion, indeed a most tender passion. She has opened her whole soul to me and I know where her affections are placed. [*conceitedly.*

Miss Sterl. Not upon Mr Lovewell, my lord; for I have great reason to think that her seeming attachment to him, is, by his consent, made use of as a blind to cover her designs upon Sir John.

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L Ogle

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L Ogle. Lovewell ! No, poor lad ! She does not of him. [sm]

Miss Sterl. Have a care, my lord, that both the fi are not made the dapes of Sir John's artifice and my dissimulation ! You don't know her—indeed, my you don't know her—a base, insinuating, perfidious is too much—She has been beforehand with me ; ceive. Such unnatural behaviour to me !—But since I can have no redress, I am resolved that some way ther I will have revenge.

Sterl. This is foolish work, my lord !

L Ogle. I have too much sensibility to bear the te beauty.

Sterl. It is touching indeed, my lord—and very m for a father.

L Ogle. To be sure, Sir !—You must be distress b measure !—Wherefore, to divert your too exquisit inge, suppose we change the subject and proceed to bu

Sterl. With all my heart, my lord !

L Ogle. You see, Mr Sterling, we can make no in our families by the propos'd marriage.

Sterl. And very sorry I am to see it, my lord.

L Ogle. Have you set your heart upon being all our house, Mr Sterling ?

Sterl. 'Tis my only wish, at present, my omium may call it.

L Ogle. Your wishes shall be fulfill'd.

Sterl. Shall they, my lord ?—but how—how ?

L Ogle. I'll marry in your family.

Sterl. What ! my sister Heidelberg ?

L Ogle. You throw me into a cold sweat, Mr St No, not your stster—but your daughter.

Sterl. My daughter !

L Ogle. Fanny !—now the murders out !

Sterl. What you, my lord ?—

L Ogle. Yes—I, I, Mr Sterling !

Sterl. No, no, my lord—that's too much. [sn]

L Ogle. Too much ? I don't comprehend you.

Sterl. What, you, my lord, marry my Fanny !—me, what will the folks say ?

L Ogle. Why, what will they say ?

Sterl. That you're a bold man, my lord—that's a

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L. Ogle. Mr. Sterling, this may be city wit for ought I know—Do you court my alliance?

Sterl. To be sure, my lord.

L. Ogle. Then I'll explain. — My nephew won't marry your eldest daughter—nor I neither—Your youngest daughter won't marry him—I will marry your youngest daughter.

Sterl. What! with a younger daughter's fortune, my lord?

L. Ogle. With any fortune, or no fortune, at all, Sir.

Love is the idol of my heart, and the damper Interest sinks before him. So, Sir, as I said before, I will marry your youngest daughter; your youngest daughter will marry me.

Sterl. Who told you so, my lord?

L. Ogle. Her own sweet self, Sir.

Sterl. Indeed?

L. Ogle. Yes, Sir: our affection is mutual; your advantage double and treble—your daughter will be a Countess directly—I shall be the happiest of beings—and you'll be father to an Earl instead of a Baronet.

Sterl. But what will my sister say?—and my daughter?

L. Ogle. I'll manage that matter—nay, if they won't consent, I'll run away with your daughter in spite of you.

Sterl. Well said, my lord!—your spirit's good—I wish you had my constitution?—but if you'll venture, I have no objection, if my sister has none.

L. Ogle. I'll answer for your sister, Sir. Apropos! the lawyers are in the house—I'll have articles drawn, and the whole affair concluded to-morrow morning.

Sterl. Very well: and I'll dispatch Lovewell to London immediately for some fresh papers I shall want, and I shall leave you to manage matters with my sister. You must excuse me, my lord, but I can't help laughing at the match—He! he! he! what will the folks say!

L. Ogle. What a fellow am I going to make a father of?—He has no more feeling than the post in his warehouse—But Fanny's virtues tune me to rapture again, and I won't think of the rest of the family.

Enter LOVEWELL hastily.

Love. I beg your lordship's pardon, my lord; are you alone, my lord?

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L Ogle. No, my lord, I am not alone ! I am in company, the best company.

Love. My lord !

L Ogle. I never was in such exquisite enchanting company since my heart first conceived, or my senses tasted pleasure.

Love. Where are they, my lord ? [looking about.]

L Ogle. In my mind, Sir.

Love. What company have you there, my lord. [smiling.]

L Ogle. My own ideas, Sir, which so crowd upon my imagination, and kindle to such a delirium of extasy, that wit, wine, music, poetry, all combined, and each perfection, are but mere shadows of my felicity.

Love. I see that your lordship is happy, and I rejoice at it.

L Ogle. You *shall* rejoice at it, Sir ; my felicity shall not selfishly be confined, but shall spread its influence to the whole circle of my friends. I need not say, Lovewell, that you shall have your share of it.

Love. Shall I, my lord ?—then I understand—you have heard—Miss Fanny has inform'd you—

L Ogle. She has—I have heard, and she shall be happy—'tis determin'd.

Love. Then I have reached the summit of my wishes—And will your lordship pardon the folly ?

L Ogle. O yes, poor creature, how could she help it ?—'Twas unavoidable—Fate and necessity.

Love. It was indeed, my lord. Your kindness distracts me.

L Ogle. And so it did the poor girl, faith.

Love. She trembled to disclose the secret, and declare her affections ?

L Ogle. The world, I believe, will not think her affections ill placed.

Love. [bowing.]—You are too good, my lord.—And do you really excuse the rashness of the action ?

L Ogle. From my very soul, Lovewell.

Love. Your generosity overpowers me—[bowing.]—I was afraid of her meeting with a cold reception.

L Ogle. More fool you then.

Who pleads her cause with never-failing beauty,
Here finds a full redress, [strikes his breast.]
She's a fine girl, Lovewell.

Love.

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Love. Her beauty, my lord, is her least merit. She has an understanding—

L Ogle. Her choice convinces me of that.

Love.—[*bowing.*]—That's your lordship's goodness. Her choice was a disinterested one.

L Ogle. No—no—not altogether—it began with interest, and ended with passion.

Love. Indeed, my lord, if you were acquainted with her goodness of heart, and generosity of mind, as well as you are with the inferior beauties of her face and person—

L Ogle. I am so perfectly convinced of their existence, and so totally of your mind touching every amiable particular of that sweet girl, that were it not for the cold unfeeling impediments of the law, I would marry her to-morrow morning.

Love. My lord!

L Ogle. I would by all that's honourable in man, and amiable in woman.

Love. Marry her! —Who do you mean, my lord?

L Ogle. Miss Fanny Sterling, that is—the Countess of Ogleby that shall be.

Love. I am astonished.

L Ogle. Why could you expect less from me?

Love. I did not expect this, my lord.

L Ogle. Trade and accompts have destroyed your feeling.

Love. No, indeed, my lord.

[*sigs.*]

L Ogle. The moment that love and pity entered my breast, I was resolved to plunge into matrimony, and shorten the girl's tortures—I never do any thing by halves; do I, Lovewell?

Love. No, indeed, my lord—[*sigs.*]—What an accident!

L Ogle. What's the matter, Lovewell! thou seem'st to have lost thy faculties. Why don't you wish me joy, man?

Love. O, I do, my lord.

[*sigs.*]

L Ogle. She said, that you would explain what she had not power to utter—but I wanted no interpreter for the language of love.

Love. But has your lordship considered the consequences of your resolution?

C 6

L Ogle.

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L Ogle. No, Sir; I am above consideration, when my desires are kindled.

Love. But consider the consequences, my lord, to your nephew, Sir John.

L Ogle. Sir John has considered no consequences himself; Mr Lovewell.

Love. Mr. Sterling, my lord, will certainly refuse his daughter to Sir John.

L Ogle. Sir John has already refused Mr Sterling's daughter.

Love. But what will become of Miss Sterling, my lord?

L Ogle. What's that to you?—You may have her if you will—I depend upon Mr Sterling's city-philosophy, to be reconciled to lord Ogleby's being his son-in-law, instead of Sir John's Melvil, Baronet. Don't you think that your master may be brought to that, without having recourse to his calculations? Eh, Lovewell!

Love. But, my lord, that is not the question.

L Ogle. Whatever is the question, I'll tell you my answer.—I'm in love with a fine girl, whom I resolve to marry.

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL.

What news with you, Sir John?—You look like hurry and impatience—like a messenger after a battle.

Sir John. After a battle, indeed, my lord.—I have this day had a severe engagement, and wanting your lordship as an auxiliary, I have at last mustered up resolution to declare, what my duty to you and to myself have demanded from me some time.

L Ogle. To the business then, and be as concise as possible; for I am upon the wing—eh, Lovewell?

[he smiles, and Lovewell bows.

Sir John. I find 'tis in vain, my lord, to struggle against the force of inclination.

L Ogle. Very true, Nephew—I am your witness, and will second the motion—shan't I, Lovewell?

[smiling and Lovewell bows.

Sir John. Your lordship's generosity encourages me to tell you—that I cannot marry Miss Sterling.

L Ogle. I am not at all surpriz'd at it—she's a bitter portion, that's the truth of it; but as you were to swallow it,
and

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and not I, it was your business, and not mine—any thing more?

Sir John. But this, my lord—that I may be permitted to make my addresses to the other sister.

L Ogle. O yes—by all means—have you any hopes there, Nephew?—Do you think he'll succeed, Lovewell?
[*smiles and winks at Lovewell.*]

Love. I think not, my lord. [*gravely.*]

L Ogle. I think so too, but let the fool try.

Sir John. Will your lordship favour me with your good offices to remove the chief obstacle to the match, the repugnance of Mrs Heidelberg?

L Ogle. Mrs Heidelberg! had not you better begin with the young lady first? it will save you a great deal of trouble; won't it, Lovewell?—[*conceitedly.*]—Why don't you laugh at him?

Love. I do, my lord. [*forces a smile.*]

Sir John. And your lordship will endeavour to prevail on Mrs Heidelberg to consent to my marriage with Miss Fanny?

L Ogle. I'll go and speak to Mrs Heidelberg, about the adorable Fanny, as soon as possible.

Sir John. Your generosity transports me.

L Ogle. Poor fellow, what a dupe! he little thinks who's in possession of the town. [*Aside.*]

Sir John. And your lordship is not offended at this seeming inconstancy.

L Ogle. Not in the least. Miss Fanny's charms will even excuse infidelity—I look upon women as the *feræ naturæ*,—lawful game—and every man who is qualified, has a natural right to pursue them; Lovewell as well as you, and I as either of you.—Every man shall do his best, without offence to any—what say you, kinsmen?

Sir John. You have made me happy, my lord.

Love. And me, I assure you, my lord.

L Ogle. And I am superlatively so—*allons donc*—to horse and away, boys!—you to your affairs, and I to mine—*suivons l'amour!*

[*sings.*]

[*Exeunt severally.*]

ACT

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ACT V. SCENE I.

FANNY'S apartment.

Enter LOVEWELL and FANNY, followed by BETTY.

FANNY.

WHY did you come so soon, Mr Lovewell? the family is not yet in bed, and Betty certainly heard somebody listening at the chamber-door.

Bet. My mistress is right, Sir! evil spirits are abroad: and I am sure you are both too good, not to expect mischief from them.

Love. But who can be so curious, or so wicked?

Bet. I think we have wickedness, and curiosity enough in this family, Sir, to expect the worst.

Fan. I do expect the worst.—Præthee, Betty, return to the outward door, and listen if you hear any body in the gallery; and let us know directly.

Bet. I warrant you, Madam—the lord bless you both!

[*Exit*

Fan. What did my father want with you this evening?

Love. He gave me the key of his closet, with orders to bring from London some papers relating to lord Ogoby.

Fan. And why did not you obey him?

Love. Because I am certain that his lordship has open'd his heart to him about you, and those papers are wanted merely on that account—but as we shall discover all to-morrow, there will be no occasion for them, and it would be idle in me to go.

Fan. Hark!—hark! bless me, how I tremble!—I feel the terrors of guilt—indeed, Mr Lovewell, this is too much for me.

Love. And for me too, my sweet Fanny. Your apprehensions make a coward of me.—But what can alarm you? your aunt and sister are in their chambers, and you have nothing to fear from the rest of the family.

Fan. I fear every body, and every thing, and every moment—My mind is in continual agitation, and dread—indeed,

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deed, Mr Lovewell, this situation may have very unhappy consequences. [weeps.]

Love. But it shan't—I would rather tell our story this moment to all the house, and run the risk of maintaining you by the hardest labour, than suffer you to remain in this dangerous perplexity.—What! shall I sacrifice all my best hopes and affections, in your dear health and safety, for the mean, and in such a case, the meanest consideration—of our fortune! Were we to be abandon'd by all our relations, we have that in our hearts and minds, will weigh against the most affluent circumstances—I should not have proposed the secrecy of our marriage, but for yoursake; and with hopes that the most generous sacrifice you have made to love and me, might be less injurious to you, by waiting a lucky moment of reconciliation.

Fan. Hush! Hush! for heav'n sake, my dear Lovewell, don't be so warm?—your generosity gets the better of your prudence; you will be heard, and we shall be discovered.—I am satisfied, indeed I am.—Excuse this weakness, this delicacy—this what you will.—My mind's at peace—indeed it is—think no more of it, if you love me!

Love. That one word has charmed me, as it always does, to the most implicit obedience; it would be the worst of ingratitude in me to distress you a moment. [kisses her.]

Re-Enter BETTY.

Bet. [in a low voice.] I'm sorry to disturb you.

Fan. Ha! what's the matter?

Love. Have you heard any body?

Bet. Yes, yes, I have, and they have heard *you* too, or I am mistaken—if they had *seen* you too, we should have been in a fine quandary.

Fan. Prithce don't prate now, Betty!

Love. What did you hear?

Bet. I was preparing myself, as usual, to take me a little nap.

Love. A nap!

Bet. Yes, Sir, a nap; for I watch much better so than wide awake; and when I had wrap'd this handkerchief round my head, for fear of the ear-ach, from the key hole I thought I heard a kind of a sort of a buzzing, which I

first

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first took for a gnat, and shook my head two or three times and went so with my hand—

Fan. Well—well and so—

Bet. And so, Madam, when I heard Mr Lovewell a little loud, I heard the buzzing louder too—and pulling off my handkerchief softly—I could hear this sort of noise—

[*makes an indistinct noise like sparking.*]

Fan. Well, and what did they say?

Bet. Oh I cou'd not understand a word of what was said.

I love! The outward door is lock'd?

Bet. Yes; and I bolted it too, for fear of the worst.

Fan. Why did you? they must have heard you if they were near.

Bet. And I did it on purpose, madam, and cough'd a little too, that they might not hear Mr Lovewell's voice—when I was silent, they were silent, and so I came to tell you.

Fan. What shall we do?

Love. Fear nothing; we know the worst; it will only bring on our catastrophe a little too soon—but Betty might fancy this noise—She's in the conspiracy, and can make a man of a mouse at any time.

Bet. I can distinguish a man from a mouse, as well as my betters—I am sorry you think so ill of me, Sir.

Fan. He compliments you, don't be a fool!—Now you have set her tongue a running, she'll mutter for an hour. [to Lovewell.] I'll go and hearken myself. [Exit.

Bet. I'll turn my back upon no girl, for sincerity and service.

[*half aside, and muttering.*]

Love. Thou art the first in the world for both: and I will reward you soon, Betty, for one and the other.

Bet. I'm not mercenary neither—I can live on a little, with a good *carréter*.

Re-enters FANNY.

Fan. All seems quiet—suppose, my dear, you go to your own room—I shall be much easier then—and to-morrow we will be prepared for the discovery.

Bet. You may discover, if you please; but, for my part I shall still be secret.

[*half aside and muttering.*]

Love. Should I leave you now,—if they still are upon the

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the watch, we shall lose the advantage of our delay.— Besides, we should consult upon to-morrow's business.— Let Betty go to her own room, and lock the outward door after her; we can fasten this; and when she thinks all safe, she may return and let me out as usual.

Bet. Shall I, Madam?

Fan. Do! let me have my way to-night, and you shall command me ever after.—I would not have you surprized here for the world.—Pray leave me! I shall be quite myself again, if you will oblige me.

Love. I live only to oblige you, my sweet Fanny! I'll be gone this moment. [going.]

Fan. Let us listen first at the door, that you may not be intercepted.—Betty shall go first, and if they lay hold of her—

Bet. They'll have the wrong sow by the ear, I can tell them that. [going hastily.]

Fan. Softly—Betty! don't venture out, if you hear a noise.—Softly, I beg of you!—See, Mr Lovewell, the effects of indiscretion!

Love. But love, Fanny, makes amends for all.

[*Exeunt all softly.*]

SCENE, changes to a Gallery, which leads to several bed chambers.

Enter Miss STERLING leading Miss HEIDELBERG in a night-cap.

Miss Ster. This way, dear Madam, and then I'll tell you all.

Mrs Heidel. Nay, but Neice—Consider a little—don't drag me out in this figure—let me put on my fly-cap!—if any of my lord's family, or the counsellors at law, should be stirring, I should be prodigus disconcerted.

Miss Ster. But, my dear Madam, a moment is an age, in my situation, I am sure my sister has been plotting my disgrace and ruin in that chamber—O she's all craft and wickedness!

Mrs Heidel. Well, but softly, Betsey!—you are all in emotion—your mind is too much flustered—you can neither

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ther eat nor drink, nor take your natural rest—compose yourself, child; for if we are not as warysome as they are wicked, we shall disgrace ourselves and the whole family.

Miss Ster. We are disgrac'd already, Madam—Sir John Melvil has forsaken me; my lord cares for nobody but himself; or, if for any body, it is my sister; my father, for the sake of a better bargain, would marry me to a 'Change-broker; so that if you, Madam, don't continue my friend—if you forsake me—if I am to lose my best hopes and consolation—in your tenderness—and affect—ions—I had better—at once—give up the matter—and let my sister enjoy—the fruits of her treachery—trample with scorn upon the rights of her eldest sister, the will of the best of aunts, and the weakness of a too interested father.

[She pretends to be bursting into tears all this speech.]

Mrs Heidel. Don't, Betsey—keep up your spurr!—I hate whimpering—I am your friend—depend upon me in every partickler—but be composed and tell me what new mischief you have discover'd.

Miss Ster. I had no desire to sleep, and would not undress myself, knowing that my Machiavel sister would not rest till she had broke my heart:—I was so uneasy that I could not stay in my room, but when I thought that all the house was quiet, I sent my maid to discover what was going forward; she immediately came back and told me that they were in high consultation; that she had heard only, for it was in the dark, my sisters maid conduct Sir John Melvil to her mistress, and then lock the door.

Mrs Heidel. And how did you conduct yourself in this dilemma!

Miss Ster. I return'd with her, and could hear a man's voice, though nothing that they said distinctly; and you may depend upon it, that Sir John is now in that room, that they have settled the matter, and will run away together before morning, if we don't prevent them.

Mrs Heidel. Why, the brazen slut! has she got her sister's husband (that is to be) lock'd up in her chamber! at night too! I tremble at the thoughts!

Miss Ster. Hush, Madam! I hear something.

Mrs Heidel. You frighten me—let me put on my fly-cap—I would not be seen in this figure for the world.

Miss Ster.

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Miss Ster. 'Tis dark, Madam; you can't be seen.

Mrs Heidel. I per-test there's a candle coming, and a man

Miss Ster. Nothing but servants; let us retire a moment!
[*they retire.*]

Enter BRUSH half-drunk, laying hold of the CHAMBERMAID, who has a candle in her hand.

Cb Maid. Be quiet, Mr Brush; I shall drop down with error!

Brush. But my sweet, and most amiable chamber-maid, if you have no love, you may hearken to a little reason; that cannot possibly do your virtue any harm.

Cb Maid. But you will do me harm, Mr Brush, and a great deal of harm too—pray let me go—I am ruin'd if they hear you—I tremble like an asp.

Brush. But they shan't hear us—and if you have a mind to be ruin'd, it shall be the making of your fortune, you little slut, you! therefore I say it again, if you have no love—hear a little reason!

Cb Maid. I wonder at your impudence, Mr Brush, to use me in this manner; this is not the way to keep me company. Assure you. — You are a town rake I see, and now you are a little in liquor, you fear nothing.

Brush. Nothing, by heav'n's, but your frowns, most amiable chamber-maid; I am a little electrified, that's the truth on't: I am not used to drink Port, and your master's is so heady, that a pint of it oversets a claret-drinker.

Cb Maid. Don't be rude! bless me! — I shall be ruin'd — what will become of me?

Brush. I'll take care of you, by all that's honourable.

Cb Maid. You are a base man to use me so—I'll cry out, if you don't let me go—that is Miss Sterling's chamber, that Miss Fanny's, and that madam Heidelberg's.

[*pointing.*]

Brush. And that my lord Ogleby's, and that my lady what d'ye call 'em: I don't mind such folks when I am sober, much less when I am whimsical—rather above that, too.

Cb Maid. More shame for you, Mr Brush!—you terrify me—you have no modesty.

Brush. O but I have, my sweet spider-brusher!—for instance

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stance, I reverence Miss Fanny—she's a most delicious morsel and fit for a prince—with all my horrors of matrimony, I could marry her myself—but for her sister—

Miss Ster. There, there, Madam, all in a story!

Cb Maid. Bless me, Mr Brush!—I heard something!

Brush. Rats, I suppose, that are gnawing the old timbers of this execrable old dungeon—If it was mine, I would pull it down, and fill your fine canal with the rubbish; and then I should get rid of two damn'd things at once.

Cb Maid. Law! law! how you blaspheme!—we shall have the house upon our heads for it.

Brush. No, no, it will last our time—but as I was saying, the eldest sister—Miss Jezabel—

Cb Maid. Is a fine young lady for all your evil tongue.

Brush. No—we have smooack'd her already; and unless she marries our old Swiss, She can love none of us—no no; she won't do—we are a little too nice.

Cb Maid. You're a monstrous rake, Mr Brush, and don't care what you say.

Brush. Why, for that matter, my dear, I am a little inclin'd to mischief; and if you wont have pity upon me, I will break open that door and ravish Mrs Heidelberg.

Mrs Heidel. [*coming forward*] There's no bearing this—ou, profligate monster!

Cb Maid. Ha! I am undone!

Brush. Zounds! here she is, by all that's monstrous.

[*runs off.*]

Miss Ster. A fine discourse you have had with that fellow!

Mrs Heidel. And a fine time of night it is to be here with that drunken monster.

Miss Ster. What have you to say for yourself?

Cb Maid. I can say nothing,—I am so frighten'd, and so ashamed—but indeed I am virtuous—I am virtuous indeed.

Mrs. Heidel. We'll, well—don't tremble so; but tell us what you know of this horrible plot here.

Miss Ster. We'll forgive you if you'll discover all.

Cb Maid. Why, madam—don't let me betray my fellow servants—I shan't sleep in my bed if I do.

Mrs Heidel.

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Mrs Heidel. Then you shall sleep somewhere else to-morrow night.

Cb Maid. O dear!—what shall I do?

Mrs Heidel. Tell us this moment,—or I'll turn you out of doors directly.

Cb Maid. Why, our butler has been treating us below in his pantry—Mr Brush forc'd us to make a kind of a holiday night of it.

Miss Sterl. Holiday! for what?

Cb Maid. Nay I only made one.

Miss Sterl. Well, well; but upon what account?

Cb Maid. Because, as how, Madam, there was a change in the family they said,—that his honour, Sir John—was to marry Miss Fanny instead of your ladyship.

Miss Sterl. And so you made a holiday for that.—Very fine!

Cb Maid. I did not make it, Ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. But do you know nothing of Sir John's being to run away with Miss Fanny to night?

Cb Maid. No, indeed, Ma'am.

Miss Sterl. Nor of his being now locked up in my sisters chamber?

Cb Maid. No, as I hope for mercy, Ma'am.

Mrs Heidel. Well, I'll put an end to all this directly—do you run to my brother Sterling—

Cb Maid. Now, Ma'am!—'Tis so very late, Ma'am—

Mrs Heidel. I don't care how late it is. Tell him there are thieves in the house—that the house is o' fire—tell him to come here immediately,—go, I say!

Cb Maid. I will, I will though I am frighten'd out of my wits. [Exit.]

Mrs Heidel. Do you watch her, my dear: and I'll put myself in order, to face them. We'll plot 'em, and counter-plot 'em too. [Exit into her chamber.]

Miss Sterl. I have as much pleasure in this revenge, as of being made a Countess!—Ha! they are unlocking the door.—Now for it! [retires.]

Fanny's door is unlock'd—and Betty comes out with a candle. Miss Sterling approaches her.

Bet. [calling within.] Sir, Sir;—now's your time— all's clear.

clear. [*seeing Miss Sterl.*] Stay; stay—not yet—we are watch'd.

Miss Ster. And so you are, Madam Betty! [*Miss Sterling lays bold of her, while Betty locks the door and puts the key into her pocket.*]

Bet. [*turning round.*] What's the matter, Madam?

Miss Ster. Nay, that you shall tell my father and aunt, Madam.

Bet. I am no tell-tale, Madam, and no thief; they'll get nothing from me.

Miss Ster. You have a great deal of courage, Betty; and considering the secrets you have to keep, you have occasion for it.

Bet. My mistress shall never repent her good opinion of me, Ma'am.

Enter STERLING.

Sterl. What is all this? what's the matter? why am I disturbed in this manner?

Miss Ster. This creature, and my distresses, Sir, will explain the matter.

Re-enter Mrs HEIDELBERG, with another head-dress.

Mrs Heidel. Now I am prepar'd for the rencounter—well, brother, have you heard of this scene of wickedness?

Ster. Not I—but what is it? Speak!—I was got into my little closet—all the lawyers were in bed; and I had almost lost my senses in the confusion of lord Ogleby's mortgages, when I was alarm'd with a foolish girl, who could hardly speak; and whether it's fire, or thieves, or murder, or a rape, I am quite in the dark.

Mrs Heidel. No, no, there's no rape, brother!—all parties are willing, I believe.

Miss Sterl. Who's in that chamber? [*detaining Betty, who seemed to be stealing away.*]

Bet. My mistress.

Miss Ster. And who's with your mistress?

Bet. Why, who should there be?

Miss Ster. Open the door then, and let me see!

Bet. The door is open, Madam, [*Miss Sterling goes to the door.*] I'll sooner die than peach! [*Exit hastily.*]

Miss Ster. The door's lock'd; and she has got the key in her pocket.

Mrs Heidel.

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Heidel. There's impudence, brother! piping hot for our daughter Fanny's school!

But, sounds! what is all this about? you tell me total, and you don't produce the particulars.

Heidel. Sir John Melvil is lock'd up in your daughter-chamber.—There is the particular!

The devil he is?—That's bad!

Ster. And he has been there some time too.

Ditto!

Heidel. Ditto! worse and worse, I say. I'll raise him, and expose him to my lord, and the whole fam-

By no means! we shall expose ourselves, sister!—away is to insure privately—let me alone!—I'll not marry her to-morrow morning.

Ster. Make him marry her! this is beyond all passion.—You have thrown away all your affection; and so as much by my obedience: unnatural fathers and unnatural children.—My revenge is in my own hand and I'll indulge it.—Had they made their escape, I have been exposed to the derision of the world:—deriders shall be derided; and so—help! help, thieves! thieves!

Heidel. Tit-for-tat, Betsey!—you are right, my

Sounds! you'll spoil all—you'll raise the whole—the devil's in the girl.

Heidel. No, no; the devil's in you, brother. I am not of your principles.—What! would you connive at a daughter's being lock'd up with her sister's husband? thieves! thieves! I say. [cries out.

Sister, I beg you!—daughter, I command you.—I have no regard for me, consider yourselves!—we have an opportunity of ennobling our blood, and getting five per cent. for our money.

Ster. What, by my disgrace and my sisters's triumph over a spirit above such mean considerations: and to tell you that it is not a low bred, vulgar, 'Change-Alley help! help! thieves! thieves! thieves! I say.

Ay, ay, you may save you lungs—the house is in a fair way;—women at best have no discretion; but in a passion

passion they'll fire a house, or burn themselves in it, rather than not be revenged.

Enter CANTON in a night-gown and slippers.

Cant. Eh, diable ! vat is de raison of dis great noise tintamarre ?

Ster. Ask those ladies, Sir ; 'tis of their making.

Lord OGLEBY [calls within.]

Brush ! Brush !—Canton ! where are you ?—What the matter ? [*rings a bell.*] Where are you ?

Ster. 'Tis my lords call, Mr. Canton.

Cant. I com, my lor !—[*Exit Canton.*— *Lord Ogleby still.*]

Serjeant FLOWER [calls within.]

A light ! a light here !—where are the servants ? I want a light for me, and my brothers.

Ster. Lights here ! lights for the gentlemen !

[*Exit*]

Mrs Heidel. My brother feels, I see—your sister's will come next.

Miss Ster. Ay, ay, let it go round, Madam ; it is only comfort I have left.

Re-enter STERLING with lights, before Serjeant Flower (with one boot and a slipper) and TRAVERSE.

Sterl. This way, Sir ; this way, gentlemen.

Serj. Flow. Well, but, Mr Sterling, no danger I hope. Have they made a burglarious entry ?—Are you prepared to repulse them ?—I am very much alarmed about this circuit-time.—They would be particularly severe with gentlemen of the bar ?

Trav. No danger, Mr Sterling !—No trespass I hope.

Ster. None, gentlemen, but of those ladies making.

Mrs Heidel. You'll be asham'd to know, gentlemen, all your labours and studies about this young lady are thrown away—Sir John Melvil is at this moment lock'd up this lady's younger sister.

Serj. Flow. The thing is a little extraordinary, to be sure—but why were we to be frighten'd out of our beds ?

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his? Could not we have try'd this cause to-morrow morning?

Miss Ster. But, Sir, by to-morrow morning, perhaps, even your assistance would not have been of any service—the bird now in that cage would have flown away.

Enter Lord OGLEBY [in his robe de chambre, night-cap, etc.—leaning on CANTON.

L Ogle. I had rather lose a limb than my night's rest—what's the matter with you all?

Sterl. Ay, ay, 'tis all over!—Here's my lord too.

L Ogle. What's all this shrieking and screaming?—Where's my angelic Fanny? She's safe, I hope.

Mrs Heidel. Your angelic Fanny, my lord, is lock'd up with your angelic nephew in that chamber.

L Ogle. My nephew! then will I be excommunicated.

Mrs Heidel. Your nephew, my lord, has been plotting to run away with the younger sister; and the younger sister has been plotting to run away with your nephew: and if we had not watch'd them, and call'd up the family, they had been upon the scamper at Scotland by this time.

L Ogle. Look'ee, ladies;—I know that Sir John has conceived a violent passion for Miss Fanny; and I know too that Miss Fanny has conceived a violent passion for another person; and I'm so well convinced of the rectitude of her affections, that I will support them with my fortune, my honour, and my life.—Eh, shan't I, Mr. Sterling? [smiling] what say you?—

Sterl. [sulky.] To be sure, my lord.—The bawling women have been the ruin of every thing. [Aside.

L Ogle. But come, I'll end this business in a trice—if you, ladies, will compose yourselves, and Mr Sterling will ensure Miss Fanny from violence, I will engage to draw her from her pillow with a whisper through the keyhole.

Mrs Heidel. The horrid creatures!—I say, my lord, break the door open.

L Ogle. Let me beg of your delicacy not to be too precipitate!—Now to our experiment! [advancing towards the door.

Miss Ster. Now, what will they do?—my heart will beat thro' my bosom.

VOL. III

Enter

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Enter Betty, with the key.

Betty. There's no occasion for breaking open doors, lord; we have done nothing that we ought to be ashamed of, and my mistress shall face her enemies.

Going to unlock the door.

Mrs. Heidel. There's impudence.

L. Ogle. The mystery thickens. Lady of the bad oil!

[to Betty.] open the door, and intreat Sir John Melvil (for these ladies will have it that he is there,) to answer to high crimes and misdemeanors. — *Call John Melvil into the court!*

Enter Sir JOHN MELVIL on the other side.

Sir John. I am here, my lord.

Mrs. Heidel. He dares to come.

Miss Ster. Astonishment!

Sir John. What is all this alarm and confusion? there's nothing but hurry in the house; what is the reason of it?

L. Ogle. Because you have been in that chamber; but been! nay, you *are* there at this moment, as these ladies have protested, so don't deny it.

Trav. This is the clearest *Alibi* I ever knew. **Mr. Squire.**

Flow. *Luce clarius.*

L. Ogle. Upon my word, ladies, if you have often trifled, it would be really entertaining to pass a whole summer with you. But come, *[to Betty.]* open the door, and intreat your amiable mistress to come forth, and dispel our doubts with her smiles.

Betty. *[Opening the door.]* Madam, you are wanted in room.

Exit Betty.

Enter FANNY in great confusion.

Miss Ster. You see she's ready dressed, and what confusion she's in!

Mrs. Heidel. Ready to pack off, bag and baggage!

Flow. Silence in the court, ladies!

Fanny. I am confounded, indeed, Madam.

L. Ogle. Don't droop my beauteous lilly; but with

THE CLANDESTINE MARRIAGE. 77

on peculiar modesty declare your state of mind.—Pour conviction into their ears, and raptures into mine.

Enter Love. I am at this moment the most unhappy—most distressed—the tumult is too much for my heart—and I want to reveal a secret, which to conceal has been my misfortune and misery of my—my—*[faints away.]*
L. Ogle. She faints; help, help; for the fairest, and best of women!

Bet. [rushing to her.] O my dear mistress!—*[petting all the while.]*
 help, help, there!—
Sir John. Ha! let me fly to her assistance.

LOVEWELL rushes out from the chamber

Love. My Fanny in danger! I can contain no longer.—Prudence were now a crime; all other cares are lost in this!—speak, speak to me, my dearest Fanny!—let me but hear my voice, open your eyes, and bless me with the smiles of life! *[during this speech they are all in a maze.]*

Miss Steer. Lovewell!—I am easy.—

Mrs Heidel. I am thunderstruck!

L. Ogle. I am petrify'd!

Sir John. And I undone!

Fan. [recovering.] O Lovewell;—even supported by thee, I dare not look my father, nor his lordship in the face.

Sir. What now! did not I send you to London, Sir?

L. Ogle. Ah!—What!—How's this?—By what right did I leave you been half the night in that lady's bed-chamber?

Love. By that right that makes me the happiest of men; and by a title which I would not forego for any the best of things could give me.

Bet. I could cry my eyes out to hear his magnanimity.

L. Ogle. I am annihilated!

Sir. I have been choak'd with rage and wonder; but now I can speak.—Zounds! what have you to say to me?—Lovewell, you are a villain!—You have broke your word with me.

Fan. Indeed, Sir, he has not—You forbade him to

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think of me, when it was out of his power to obey, you we have been married these four months.

Ster. And he shan't stay in the house four hours. What baseness and treachery! As for you, you shall repent this step as long as you live, Madam.

Fa. Indeed, Sir, it is impossible to conceive the tortures I have already endured in consequence of my disobedience.—My heart has continually upbraided me for it; and that I was too weak to struggle with affection, I feel that I must be miserable for ever without your forgiveness.

Ster. Lovewell, you shall leave my house directly, and you shall follow him, Madam. [to Fanny.

L Ogle. And if they do, I will receive them into mine. Look ye, Mr Sterling, there have been some mistakes which we had all better forget for our own sakes; and the best way to forget them is to forgive the cause of them; which I do from my soul.—Poor girl! I swore to support her affection with my life and fortune;—'tis a debt of honour, and must be paid—you swore as much too, Mr Sterling; but your laws in the city will excuse you, I suppose; for you never strike a balance without errors excepted.

Ster. I am a father, my lord; but for the sake of all other fathers, I think I ought not to forgive her, for fear of encouraging other silly girls like herself to throw themselves away without the consent of their parents.

Love. I hope there will be no danger of that, Sir. Young ladies, with minds like my Fanny's, would startle at the very shadow of vice; and when they know to what uneasiness only an indiscretion has exposed her, her example, instead of encouraging, will rather serve to deter them.

Mrs Heidel. Indesietion, quoth a! a mighty pretty delicate word to express disobedience!

L Ogle. For my part, I indulge my own passions too much to tyrannize over those of other people. Poor souls, I pity them. And you must forgive them too. Come, come, melt a little of your flint, Mr Sterling.

Ster. Why, why—as to that, my lord—to be sure he is a relation of yours, my lord—what say you sister Heidelberg?

Mrs Heidel. The girl's ruin'd, and I forgive her.

Ster. Well—so do I then,—Nay, no thanks—[to Lovewell]

well and Fanny, who seem preparing to speak.] there's an end of the matter.

Mr Ogle. But, Lovewell, what makes you dumb all this while?

Love. Your kindness, my lord—I can scarce believe my own senses—they are all in a tumult of fear, joy, love, expectation, and gratitude; I ever was, and am now more bound in duty to your lordship: for you, Mr Sterling, if every moment of my life, spent gratefully in your service, will in some measure compensate the want of fortune, you perhaps will not repent your goodness to me. And you, ladies, I flatter myself, will not for the future suspect me of artifice and juggle—I shall be happy to oblige and serve you.—As for you, Sir John—

Sir John. No apologies to me, Lovewell, I do not deserve any. All I have to offer in excuse for what has happened, is my total ignorance of your situation. Had you dealt a little more openly with me, you would have saved me, and yourself, and that lady, (who I hope will pardon my behaviour) a great deal of uneasiness. Give me leave, however, to assure you, that light and capricious as I may have appeared, now my infatuation is over, I have sensibility enough to be ashamed of the part I have acted, and honour enough to rejoice at your happiness.

Love. And now, my dearest Fanny, though we are seemingly the happiest of beings, yet our joys will be damp'd, if his lordship's generosity and Mr Sterling's forgiveness should not be succeeded by the indulgence, approbation, and consent of these our best benefactors.

To the audience.



EPILOGUE.

CHARACTERS of the EPILOGUE.

Lord Minam	Mr DODD.
Colonel Trill	Mr VERNON.
Sir Patrick Mahony	Mr MOODY.
Miss Crotchett	Mrs ———
Mrs Quaver	Mrs LEE.
First Lady	Mrs BRADSHAW.
Second Lady	Miss MILLS.
Third Lady	Miss DORMAN.

SCENE, an Assembly.

Several Persons at Cards, at different Tables; among the rest, Col. Trill, Lord Minam, Mrs Quaver, Sir Patrick Mahony.

At the Quadrille Table.

Col. Tril. LADIES, with leave——

2d Lady. Pass!

3d Lady. Pass!

Mrs. Qu. You must do more.

Col. Tril. Indeed I cant.

Mrs Qu. I play in Hearts.

Col. T. Encore!

2d Lady. What luck!

Col. T. To-night at Drury-Lany is play'd

A Comedy, and toute nouvelle—Spade!

Is not Miss Crotchett at the Play?

Mrs Qu. My Neice

Has made a party, Sir to damn the Piece.

At the Whist Table.

Ld. Min. I hate a Play-house—Triumph!—It makes me sick.

1st Lady. We're two by Honours, Ma'am.

Ld. Min. And we the odd trick.

Pray do you know the Author, Colonel Trill?

Col. T. I know no Poets, Heav'n be prais'd!—Spadille!

1st Lady. I'll tell you who, my lord! (*whispers my Lord.*)

Ld. Min. What, he again?

And dwell such daring Souls in little Men?

Be whose it will, they down our throats will cram
it!

Col. T. O, no—I have a Club—the best.—Well damn it.

Mrs Qu. O brave, Colonel! Music is my Flame.

Min. And mine, by Jupiter! We've won the game.

T. What, do you love all Music?

Mrs Qu. No, not Handel's

And nasty Plays——

Ld. Min. Are fit for Goths and Vandals.

(rise from the Table, and pay.)

From the Picquette Table.

Sir Pat. Well, faith and troth!—that Shakespeare was no

Col. T. I'm glad you like him, Sir!—so ends the Pool

(Pay and rise from Table.)

SONG by the COLONEL.

I hate all their nonsense,

Their Shakespears and Johnsons,

Their Plays, and their Play-house, and Bards!

'Tis singing, not saying;

A fig for all playing.

But playing, as we do, at cards!

I love to see Jonas,

Am pleas'd too with Cornus;

Each well the Spectator rewards.

So clever, so neat in

Their tricks, and their cheating!

Like them we would fain deal our cards.

Sir Pat. King Lare is touching!—And how fine to see
Ould Hamlet's Ghost!—To be, or not to be:—

What are your Op'ras to Othello's roar?

Oh, he's an Angel of a Blackamoor!

Ld. Min. What, when he choaks his Wife?—

Col. T. And calls her a whore?—

Sir Pat. King Richard calls his horse—and then Macbeth,
Whene'er he murders—takes away the Breath.
My blood runs cold at ev'ry syllable,
To see the Dagger—that's invisible [All laugh.]

Sir Pat. Laugh if you please, a pretty Play——

Ld. Min. Is pretty,

Sir Pat. And then there's wit in't——

Col. T. To be sure 'tis witty.

Sir Pat. I love the Play-house—now so light and gay,
With all those candles, they have ta'en away!

[All laugh.]

For all your game what makes it so much brighter?

Col. T. Put out the light, and then——

Ld. Min. 'Tis so much lighter.

Sir Pat. Pray do you mane, Sirs, more than you express?

Col. T. Just as it happens——

Ld. Min. Either more, or less.

Mrs Qu. An't you asham'd, Sir? [to Sir Pat.]

Sir Pat. Me!—I seldom blush.—
 For little Shakespeare, faith! I'll take a Push!
Ld Min. News! news!—here comes Miss Crotchet from
Enter Miss CROTCHET. [the Play

Mrs Qu. Well, Crotchet, what's the News?
Miss Cro. We've lost the day.
Col. T. Tell us, dear Miss, all you have heard and seen
Miss Cro. I'm tir'd—a chair—here, take my Capuchin!
Ld Min. And isn't it damn'd, Miss?

Miss Cro. No, my lord, not quite.
 But we shall damn it.

Col. T. When?

Miss Cro. To-morrow night
 There is a party of us, all of fashion.
 Resolv'd to exterminate this vulgar passion:
 A Play-house, what a place!—I must forswear
 A little mischief only makes one bear it. [ir
 Such crows of city-folks!—So rude and pressing!
 And their Horse laughs, so hideously distressing!
 Whenever we hiss'd, they frown'd and fell a
 swearing! [ing!

Like their own Guildhall giants—fierce and star.

Col. T. What said the folks of Fashion? were they cross?

Ld Min. The rest have no more judgment than my horse.

Miss Cro. Lord Grimly swore 'twas execrable stuff.

Say one, why so, my Lord?—My lord took snuff.

In the first Act, Lord George began to doze;

And criticis'd the Author through his Nose;

So loud indeed, that as his Lordship snor'd

The Pit turn'd round, and all the Brutes encor'd

Some Lords, indeed, approv'd the author's jokes.

Ld. Min. We have among us, Miss, some foolish Folks

Miss Cro. Says poor Lord Simper—Well, now to my mind;

The Piece is good:—but he's both deaf and blind.

Sir Pat. Upon my soul a very pretty Story!

And Quality appears in all it's Glory!

There was some merit in the Piece, no doubt;

Miss Cro. O, to be sure! if one could find it out.

Col. T. But tell us, Miss, the Subject of the Play.

Miss Cro. Why it was a Marriage—yes a marriage;—Stay

A Lord, an Aunt, two Sisters, and a Merchant.

A Baronet—ten Lawyers—a fat Serjeant—

Are all produc'd to talk with one another;

And about something make a mighty Pother;

They all go in, and out, and to, and fro;

And talk, and quarrel—as they come and go—
 Then go to bed, and then get up—and then—
 Scream, faint, scold, kiss,—and go to bed again.
 [All laugh.]

Such is the play—your judgment! never sham it.

Col. T. Oh damn it

Mrs Qu. Damn it!

1st Lady. Damn it!

Miss Cro. Damn it!

Ld. Min. Damn it!

Sir Pat. Well, faith, you speak your minds, and I'll be free—
 Good night; this company's too good for me.

Col. T. Your judgment, dear Sir Patrick, makes us proud.
 [going.]

Sir Pat. Laugh if you please, but pray don't laugh too
 loud.
 [All laugh.]

RECITATIVE.

Col. T. Now the Barbarian's gone, miss, tune your tongue.
 And let us raise our spirits high with song.

RECITATIVE.

Mrs Cro. Colonel *de tout mon Cœur*—I've one *in petto*,
 Which you shall join, and make a *duetto*.

RECITATIVE.

Ld. Min. *Bella Signora, et Amico mio!*
 I too will join, and then we'll make a *trio*.—

Col. T. Come all and join the full mouth'd Chorus,
 And drive all Tragedy and Comedy before us!

All the Company rise, and advance to the front of the Stage.

AIR.

Col. T. Would you ever go to see a Tragedy?

Miss Cro. Never, never,

Col. T. A Comedy?

Ld. Min. Never, never.

Live for ever!

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

Col. T. Ld. Min. and Miss Cro.

Live for ever

Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee!

CHORUS.

Would you ever go to see, &c.

FINIS.

D 5

A Peep Behind the Curtain.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir Toby Fuz, Mr Love.
 Sir Macaroni Virtu, Mr
 Dodd.
 Gib, the Author, Mr King.
 Wilson, Mr Palmer.
 Mervin, Mr J. Aickin.
 Patent, the Manager, Mr
 Packer.
 Hopkins, Prompter, Mr
 Wrighten.

Saunders, Carpenter, Mr
 Moody.
 Johnston, Housekeeper, Mr
 Johnston.

W O M E N.

Lady Fuz, Mrs Hopkins.
 Miss Fuz, Miss Pope.
 First Sweeper, Mrs Brad-
 shaw.
 Second Sweeper, Mrs Love.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ TO ORPHEUS.

Orpheus, Mr Vernon.
 Old Shepherd, Mr Dodd.
 Rhodope, Mrs Wrighten.

Chorus of Shepherds.

Mr Parsons, Mr Harty, Mr Bannister, Mr Fawcett,
 Mr Kear.

ACT I. SCENE, Covent-Garden.

Enter WILSON and MERVIN, booted.

Wil. **M**Y dear Jack—ten thousand thanks for your punctuality—ready equipp'd, I set to serve your friend.

Mer. But how can I serve you, my young Don Quixote? Am I to be your Sancho while your knight errantship is running away with the Dulcinea del Toboso.

Wil. I have given orders that my post-chaise shall wait in the broad way by Exeter Change, and the moment the lady steps from her chair to the chaise, the postillions will crack their whips, and drive away like lightning.

Mer.

Mer. You are a romantic fellow!—How can you possibly imagine that your hot-headed scheme to run away with this young lady can ever be executed?

Wil. From the justice of my cause, Jack.

Mer. Justice!—Make that out, and my conscience will be easy.

Wil. Did not her father's uncle, who was a good lawyer, and cheated my father of three fourths of his fortune leave her near thirty thousand pounds?—Now this is my reasoning—Sir Toby's uncle ran away with some thousands from my father, I shall run away with Sir Toby's daughter, this will bring the said thousands back to me again, with which I'll pay off old scores, strike a balance in my favour, and get a good wife into the bargain.—There's justice for you.

Mer. Aye, justice with a vengeance! But why must Sir Toby be punished for the sins of his uncle?

Wil. I'll ease your conscience there too—My mother, at my father's death, took me a boy to Sir Toby and my lady, to solicit their kindness for me—He gave half a crown to buy gingerbread, and her ladyship, who was combing a fat lap-dog, muttered—*There was no end of maintaining poor relations.*

Mer. I have not a qualm left—But, did you really pass for a strolling player last summer, to have a pretence of being near her father's house.

Wil. Yes, I did, and as Polonius says, *was accounted a good actor.*

Mer. What could put that unaccountable frolic in your head!

Wil. To gain the favour of Sir Toby's family, as a strolling player, which I could not as a poor relation—they are fond of acting to madness, and my plan succeeded; I was so altered they did not know me—they liked me much—came to a benefit which I pretended to have, invited me to their house, and Miss met me privately, after I had played Ranger and Lothario.

Mer. Aye, aye, when a young lady's head is crammed with combustible scraps of plays, she is always ready primed and will go off (if you will allow me a pun) the very first opportunity.

Wil. I discovered myself to the young lady, and her ge-

nerosity was so great, that she resolved to marry me to make me amends,—there are refined feelings for you!

Mr. Aye, double refined!—she is more romantic than you, Will—But did not you run a great risque in losing her, when she knew you was only a gentleman, and not a player?

Wil. Read that letter, and tell me if my castles are built in the air? [Gives a letter.]

MERVIN reads.

“I shall be with my papa and mama, to see a rehearsal at Drury-Lane playhouse on Tuesday Morning; if my present inclinations hold, and my heart does not fail me, I may convince honest Ranger, what confidence I have in his honour.

“*Postscript.* If I don't see you then, I don't know when I shall see you, for we return into the country next week——”

Wil. Well, what think you?

Mer. O she'll run away with you most certainly——

Wil. I must not lose time then (*looking at his watch.*) I must go and take my stand, that the deer may not escape me.

Mer. And I'll go and take mine, to help you to carry off the ven'son—This is very like poaching, Will—But how will you get admittance into Drury-Lane theatre?

Will. I was very near being disappointed there, for unluckily the acting manager, who scarce reached to my third button, cocked up his head in my face, and said I was much too tall for a hero—however, I got the liberty of the scenes by desiring to rehearse Hamlet next week—But I hope to cross the Tweed with the fair Ophelia before that time, and finish my stage adventures, by appearing in the character of a good husband.

Mer. Success attend you.

Wil. ————— This is the day,

Makes me, or marrs, for ever and for aye!—
If I succeed, I shall be restored to my father's estate, drink claret, and live like a gentlemen with the wife of my heart—and, egad, for aught I know, stand for the county.

Mer. If not—you must be confined to your little one hundred and twenty pounds a year farm, make your own cheese,

these, marry the curate's daughter, have a dozen children, and brew the best October in the parish.

Wil. Which ever way fortune will dispose of me, I shall be always happy to see my friends, and never shall forget my obligations to thee, my dear Jack.

[Shakes him by the hand.]

Mer. Well, well, let us away—we have too much business to mind compliments. *[Exeunt severally.]*

SCENE, the Playhouse.—Two women sweeping the stage.

1st Wom. Come, Betty, dust away, dust away girl, the managers will be here presently; there's no lying in bed for them now, we are up early and late; all hurry and bustle from morning to night; I wonder what the deuce they have got into their heads?

2d Wom. Why to get money, Mrs Besom, to be sure; the folks say about us, that the other house will make them stir their stumps, and they'll make us stir ours: if they're in motion, we must not stand still, Mrs Besom,

1st Wom. Ay, ay, girl, they have met with their match, and we shall all suffer for it—for my part I can't go thro' the work, if they are always in this plaguy hurry; I have not drank a comfortable dish of tea since the house open'd.

2d Wom. One had better die than be scolded and hurried about as we are by the housekeeper; he takes us all for a parcel of niggers, I believe: pray give us a pinch of your snuff, Mrs Besom.

[They lean upon their brooms and take snuff.]

1st Wom. Between you and I, Betty and our two brooms, the housekeeper is grown a little purse-proud; he thinks himself a great actor, forsooth, since he played the Scotch fellow, and the fat cook in Queen Mab.

2d Wom. The quality spoils him too: why woman, he talks to them for all the world as if he was a lord.

1st Wom. I shall certainly resign, as the great folks call it in the news-paper, if they won't promise to give me the first dresser's place that falls, and make our little Tommy a page; what woman, though we are well paid for our work, we ought to make sure of something when our brooms are taken from us—tis the fashion, Betty.

2d Wom. Right, right, Mrs Besom, service is no inheritance,

ritance, and to be always doing dirty work, and to have no prospect of rest, and to clean ourselves, is the curse only of us poor folk.

1st Wom. You and I will drink a dish of tea together in comfort this afternoon, and talk over these and other matters—but mum—here's the prompter.

[They sing and sweep again.]

Enter HOPKINS, the prompter.

Prompt. Come, come, away with your brooms, and clear the stage; the managers will be here directly. *(The sweepers hurry off.)* Where are the carpenters?—Carpenters!

A carpenter above.

What do you want, Mr Hopkins?

Prompt. What do I want? Come down and set the scenes for the new burletta of Orpheus.

Carp. We an't ready for it, the beasts are now in hand—they an't finished.

Prompt. Not finished the beasts! here's fine work! the managers and author will be here directly, and nothing ready;—fie, fie, fie—Saunders!—Saunders!—*[Calls out.]*

Enter SAUNDERS.

Saun. Here! here!—Zooks, what a bawling you make, do keep your breath for your prompting, Master Hopkins, and not send it after me at this rate—I'm not deaf.

Prompt. But your men are, and asleep too, I believe; I can't get a soul of 'em near me; 'tis ten o'clock, *(looking at his watch)* and not a scene prepared for the rehearsal; 'tis I shall be blamed, and not you.

Saun. Blamed for what? 'Tis but a rehearsal, and of one act only—would you have us to finish our work, before the poet has done his? Don't you know that carpenters are always the last in a house; and yet you want to get us out of it, before the author has covered in.

Prompt. You may be as witty as you please; but the managers will do as they please; and they have promised the author to rehearse the first act of his burletta of Orpheus this morning, as he pleases, with all the proper scenes, dresses, machinery, and music; so what signifies all our prating?

Saun.

Saun. Very little, as you say—but damp all these new vagaries, that put us all upon our heads topsey versey—my men have sat up all night, and I have finished every thing but the dancing crows.

Prompt. Bless my heart, man, the author depends most upon his cows.

Saun. His cows! How came they to be his? They are my cows, these poets are pretty fellows, faith; they say I'll have a flying devil, or a dancing bear, or any such commandum: why 'tis easily said, but who is to make 'em fly and dance? ha, Mr Prompter? why poor Pill Garlick—The audience applauds, the author is conceited: but the carpenter is never thought of.

Prompt. These are bold truths, Mr Saunders.

Saun. Why then out with 'em, I say—great men spin the brains of the little ones, and take the credit of 'em.—Do you know how I was served in our dramatic romance of Cymon?

Prompt. You did your business well there, particularly in the last scene.

Saun. And what was the consequence? One fine gentleman in the boxes said, My master brought it from Italy!—No, damn it, (says another, taking snuff) I saw the very same thing at Paris; when you all know here behind the scenes, that the whole design came from this head, and the execution from these hands—but nothing can be done by an Englishman now-a-days, and so your servant, Mr Hopkins—

Prompt. Harkee, Saunders—the managers have ordered me to discharge the man at the lightning; he was so drunk the last time he flashed, that he has singed all the clouds on that side the stage.

Saun. Yes, yes; I see it, and harkee—he has burnt a hole in the new cascade, and set fire to the shower of rain—but mum—

Prompt. The deuce, he must be discharged directly.

Manager without. Where's the prompter?

Prompt. Here I am, sir.

Enter PATENT.

Pat. Make haste with your scenes, Saunders; so clear the stage, Mr Hopkins, and let us go to business. Is the extraordinary

extraordinary author of this extraordinary performance come yet?

Prompt. Not yet, sir, but we shall be soon ready for him. — 'Tis a very extraordinary thing, indeed, to rehearse only one act of a performance, and with dresses and decorations, as if it were really before an audience.

Pat. It is a novelty, indeed, and a little expensive, too, but we could not withstand the solicitations that were made to us; we shan't often repeat the same experiment.

Prompt. I hope not, Sir; 'tis a very troublesome one, and the performers murmur greatly at it.

Pat. When do the performers not murmur, Mr. Hopkins, has any morning pass'd in your time without some grievance or another?

Prompt. I have half a dozen now in my pocket for you.
[Feeling in his pocket for papers.]

Pat. O pray let's have 'em, my old breakfast —
(*Prompter gives 'em.*) And the old story — Actresses quarrelling about parts; there's not one of 'em but thinks herself young enough for any part; and not a young one but thinks herself capable of any part — but their betters quarrel about what they are not fit for. So our ladies have at least great precedents for their folly.

Prompt. The young fellow from Edinburgh won't accept of the second lord; he desires to have the first.

Pat. I don't doubt it — Well, well, if the Author can make him speak English, I have no objection.

Prompt. Mr Rantly is indisposed, and can't play to-morrow.

Pat. Well, well, let his lungs rest a little, they want it I'm sure. What a campaign shall we make of it! all our subalterns will be general officers, and our generals will only fight when they please.

Glib without. O he's upon the stage, is he? I'll go to him.

Pat. Here comes the author, do you prepare the people for the Rehearsal; desire them to be as careful as if they were to perform before an audience.

Prompt. I will, sir! — Pray let us know when we are to begin.
[Exit Prompter]

Enter GLIB the author.

Glib. Dear Mr Patent, am not I too late? Do make me happy

happy at once. I have been upon the rack this half hour; but the ladies, Mr Patent—the ladies——

Pat. But where are the ladies, sir?

Auth. They'll be here in the drinking of a cup of tea—I left 'em all at breakfast—Lady Fuz can't stir from home without some refreshment. Sir Macaroni Virtu was not come when I left them; he generally sits up all night, and if he gets up before two o'clock he only walks in his sleep all the rest of the day; he is perhaps the most accomplished connoisseur in the three kingdoms; yet he is never properly awake till other people go to bed; however, if he should come, our little performance, I believe, will rouse him; ha, ha, ha! you understand me? A pinch of cephalic only.

Pat. I have the honour of knowing him a little: will Sir Macaroni be here?

Auth. Why he promis'd, but he's too polite to be punctual—You understand me? ha, ha, ha! however, I am pretty sure we shall see him: I have a secret for you; not a soul must know it—he has composed two of the songs in my burletta; an admirable musician, but particular: He has no great opinion of me, nor indeed of any body else; a very tolerable one of himself; and so I believe he'll come. You understand me? ha, ha, ha!

Pat. I do, sir; but pray, Mr Glib, why did not you complete your burletta? 'tis very new with us to rehearse but one act only.

Auth. By a sample, Mr Patent, you may know the piece; if you approve you shall never want novelty. I am a very spider at spinning my own brains, ha, ha, ha! always at it—spin, spin, spin—you understand me?

Pat. Extremely well: in your second act, I suppose, you intend to bring Orpheus into hell.

Auth. O yes, I make him play the devil there. I send him for some better purpose than to fetch his wife; ha, ha, ha! don't mistake me: while he is upon earth, I make him a very good sort of a man; he keeps a mistress, indeed, but his wife's dead, you know; and were she alive, not much harm in that, for I make him a man of fashion: Fashion, you know, is all in all—you understand me? Upon a qualm of conscience, he quits his mistress, and sets out for hell with a resolution to fetch his wife.

Pat. Is that too like a man of fashion, Mr Glib?

Auth. —

Autb. No, that's the *total* part of him; he's a mixed character; but as he approaches and gets into the infernal regions his principles melt away by degrees, as it were, by the heat of the climate; and finding that his wife, Eurydice, is kept by Pluto, he immediately makes up to Proserpine, and is kept by her, then they all four agree matters amicably, change partners, as one may say, make a genteel parties quaree, and finish the whole with a song and a chorus, and a stinger it is; the subject of the song is the old proverb, *exchange is no robbery*; and the chorus runs thus:

We care not or know,

In matters of love;

What is doing, *above*, has not sold it

But this, this, is the fashion *below*.

I believe that's true satire, Mrs Patent;—strong and poignant—you understand me?

Pat. O very well, 'tis Chian pepper indeed; a little will go a great way.

Autb. I make Orpheus see in my hell all sorts of people, of all degrees, and occupations; ay, and of both sexes; that's not very unnatural, I believe; there shall be very good company too, I assure you; *High Life below Stairs*, as I call it, ha, ha, ha! you take me—a double edge—no boys play—rip and tear—the times require it—*forte-fortissime*—

Pat. Won't it be too *forte*?—Take care, Mr Glib, not to make it so much above proof that the boxes can't taste it; take care of empty boxes.

Autb. Empty boxes! I'll take care that my Cerberus alone shall fill the boxes for a month.

Pat. Cerberus!

Autb. Be quiet a little. You know, I suppose, that Cerberus is a dog, and has three heads?

Pat. I have heard as much.

Autb. Then you shall see some sport; he shall be a comical dog, too, I warrant you; ha, ha, ha!

Pat. What, is Cerberus a character in your performance?

Autb. Capital, capital; I have thrown all my fancy and invention into his mouth, or rather mouths—there are three of 'em, you know.

Pat. Most certainly, if there are three heads.

Autb. Poh, that's nothing to what I have in petto for you

John. O, here's a memorandum, when Orpheus comes to the gates of hell, Cerberus stops him; but how, how, now for it—guess.

Pat. Upon my soul I can't guess.

Auth. I make his three heads sing a trifo.

Pat. A trifo! that's a trifo!—

Auth. A trifo!—I knew I should hit you; a trifo—treble,

tenor, and bass. And what shall they sing? nothing in the

world but, Bow, wow, wow!—Orpheus begins, *bow, wow, wow!*

O bark not, Cerberus, nor grin—

A stranger sure to pass within,

Your goodness will allow—

Bow, wow, wow!

Treble, tenor, and bass: Then Orpheus shall tickle his

lyre, and treble, tenor, and bass, shall fall asleep by degrees,

and one after another, fainter and fainter—Bow,

wow, wow—fast—you understand me?

Pat. Very ingenious, and very new; I hope the critics

will understand it.

Auth. I will make every body understand it, or my name

is just Henry down Glib—when I write the whole town

shall understand me—You understand me?

Pat. Not very clearly, sir—but it is no matter—Here's

your company.

Enter Sir TOBY, Lady FUZ, Sir MACARONI VIRTU,

and Miss Fuz.

Auth. Ladies and gentlemen, you do me honour; Mr

Patent—Sir Toby and Miss Fuz, and this Sir Macaroni

Virtu—*[All bow and curtsy.]*—Sir Toby, one of the ma-

nagers.

Sir Toby. I am one of the managers most humble and

obedient.

Auth. I take it as a most particular compliment, Sir Ma-

caroni, that you would attend my trifle at so early an hour.

Sir Mac. Why, faith, Glib, without a compliment I had

much rather be in bed than here, or any where else. *(Yawns.)*

Lady Fuz. I have a prodigious curiosity to see your

play-house by day-light, Mr Manager; have not you, Sir

Macaroni?

Sir Mac. O no, my lady—I never have any curiosity to

see it at all.

(Half asleep.)

Manager. I will prepare some tea and chocolate in the Green Room for the ladies, while the prompter prepares matters for the rehearsal.

Lady Fuz. I never breakfast but once a day, Mr Manager; Sir Toby indeed never refuses any thing at any time; he's at it from morning till night.

Sir Toby. I love to be social, my dear; besides trifling with tea, chocolate macaroons, biscuits, and such things, is never reckon'd eating, you know.

Auth. You are indefatigably obliging, Mr Patent.

[*Exit Patent.*]

Miss Fuz. Bless me, papa, what a strange place this is! I am sure I should not have known it again—I wonder where he is! I wish I could get a peep at him—and yet I am frightened out of my wits. [*Aside and looking about.*]

Sir Toby. Now the manager is gone, one may venture to say, that the play-house is no morning beauty; print and candle light are as great friends to the theatres, as to the ladies; they hide many wrinkles—don't they, Mr Glib? ha, ha, ha!

Auth. You have hit it, Sir Toby, and this is the old house too, ha, ha, ha! (*Sir Toby shows his daughter the scenes.*)

Lady Fuz. (*Looking about with a glass.*) My dear Sir Toby, you may be as sarcastical as you please; but I protest a playhouse is a prodigious odd sort of a thing, now there is nobody in it—is it not, Sir Macaroni?

Sir Mac. O yes, and a prodigious odd sort of a thing when 'tis full too. I abominate a play-house; my ingenious countryman have no taste now, for the high season'd comedies; and I am sure that I have none for the pap and lollolly of our present writers.

Auth. Bravo, Sir Macaroni!—I would not give a pin for a play, no more than a partridge that has not the fumet.

Sir Mac. Not amiss, faith! ha, ha, ha!

Lady Fuz. Don't let us lose time, Mr Glib; if they are not ready for the rehearsal, suppose the manager entertains us with thunder and lightning; and let us see his traps, and his whims, and harlequin pantomimes.

Sir Toby. And a shower of rain, or, an eclipse; and I must beg one peep at the Patagonians.

Miss Fuz. Pray, Mr Glib, let us have some thunder and lightning.

Auth.

Auth. Your commands shall be obey'd, miss: I'll whip up to the clouds and be your Jupiter Tonans in a crack. [*Exit.*]

Sir Mac. A play house in England is to me as dull as a church, and fit only to sleep in.

Lady Fuz. Sir Toby thinks so too. I'll tell you what happened the last time we were there.

Miss Fuz. Ay, do, my dear lady, tell what happened to papa—'twas very droll.

Sir Toby. Fie, fie, Fanny: my lady, you should not tell tales out of school—'Twas an accident.

Lady Fuz. A very common one with you, my dear. We dined late, Sir Toby could not take his nap, and we came early to the house: in ten minutes he fell fast asleep against the box door, his wig half off, his mouth wide open, and snoring like a rhinoceros.

Sir Mac. Well, but the catastrophe, lady Fuz?

Lady Fuz. The pit and galleries fell a laughing and clapping: I jogg'd and pull'd him till my arms ach'd; and if the box-keeper had not luckily opened the door, and Sir Toby fell headlong into the passage, I should have died with shame.

Sir Toby. You'll not die with tenderness, I believe, for I got a lump upon my head as big as an egg, and have not been free from the head-ach ever since.

Miss Fuz. I shall never forget what a lump my papa came down with—Ha, ha, ha!

Sir Mac. The tenderness runs in the family, Sir Toby.

Lady Fuz. Pray, don't you adore Shakespear, Sir Mac?

Sir Mac. Shakespear! (*Yawning.*)

Lady Fuz. Sir Toby and I are absolute worshippers of him—we very often act some of his best tragedy scenes to divert ourselves.

Sir Mac. And it must be very diverting, I dare swear.

Sir Toby. What more family secrets!—for shame, Lady Fuz.

Lady Fuz. You need not be ashamed of your talents, my dear—I will venture to say, that you are the best Romeo that ever appeared.

Sir Toby. Pooh, pooh!

Sir Mac. I have not the least doubt of Sir Toby's genius. But don't your ladyship think he rather carries too much

much flesh for the lover. Does your ladyship incline to tragedy too?

Lady Fuz. I have my feelings, sir; and if Sir Toby will favour you with two or three speeches I will stand up for Juliet.

Sir Toby. I vow, Lady Fuz, you distress me beyond measure—I never have any voice till the evening.

Miss Fuz. Never mind your being a little husky, papa—do tear your wig, throw yourself upon the ground, and poison yourself.

Sir Mac. This is a glorious scene, faith. (*Aside.*) Sir Toby looks as if he were susceptible of the tender passion.

Lady Fuz. Too much so, indeed; he is too amiable not to be a little faithless—he has been a great libertine; have not you, Sir Toby? have you not wrong'd me? Come give me a pinch of your snuff. (*Takes snuff out of his box.*)

Sir Toby. Forget and forgive, my dear—if my consideration err'd, my affections never did—I have told you so a thousand times.

Sir Mac. A wonderful couple upon my soul! (*Aside.*)

Enter AUTHOR.

Auth. Ladies, you can't possibly have any thunder and lightning this morning; one of the planks of the 7th indent-trunk started the other night, and had not Jupiter stepped aside to drink a pot of porter, he had been knock'd in the head with his own thunder-bolt.

Lady Fuz. Well, let us go into the Green Room then, and see the actors and actresses: Is Clive there? I should be glad of all things to see that woman off the stage.

Auth. She never attends here but when she is wanted.

Lady Fuz. Bless me! I was an actress, I should never be a moment out of the play-house.

Sir Mac. And if I had my will I would never be a moment in it.

Lady Fuz. I wish I could have seen Clive! I think her a droll creature—nobody has half so good an opinion of her as I have. (*Exit Lady Fuz.*)

Miss Fuz. For my part I had rather have had a little thunder and lightning, than all the tea and chocolate in the world (*Going.*) I wonder I don't see him. (*Aside.*)

Exit Miss Fuz.

Sir

Sir Mat. What a set of people am I with! what a place I am in, and what an entertainment am I to go through! But I can't go through it—so I'll e'en get into my chair again, and escape from these Hottentots. I wish with all my soul that Sir Toby, my Lady, and Miss, the Author and his piece, the managers, their play-house, and their performers, were all at the bottom of the Thames, and that I were fast asleep in my bed again. *(Exit.)*

Enter Willon (peeping.)

Wil. I durst not discover myself, though I saw her dear eyes looking about for me. If I could see her for a moment now, as the stage is clear, and nobody to overlook us, who knows but I may kindle up her spirit this moment to run away with me—Hah! what noise is that? There she is—Miss Fanny! Miss Fanny—here I am—By heavens she comes—

Enter Miss Fuz.

Miss Fuz. O dear, how I flutter! I can't stay long—my papa and mama are going to rehearse Romeo and Juliet, or I could not have stole out now.

Wil. Let you and I act those parts in earnest, miss, and fly to Lawrence Cell—Love has given us the opportunity, and we shall forfeit his protection if we don't make the best use of it.

Miss Fuz. Indeed I can't go away with you now; I will find a better opportunity soon; perhaps to-morrow. Let me return to the Green Room; if we are seen together, we shall be separated for ever.

Wil. To prevent that, let me lead you a private way through the house to a post chaise: we shall be out of reach before Sir Toby and my Lady have gone half through Romeo and Juliet.

Miss Fuz. Don't insist upon it now—I could not for the world—my fear has taken away all my inclinations.

Wil. I must run away with you now, Miss Fuz—indeed I must.

Miss Fuz. Have you really a post-chaise ready?

Wil. I have indeed!—A post-chaise and four.

Miss Fuz. A post-chaise and four—bless me!

Wil. Four of the best bays in London, and my postillions

are in blue jackets, with silver shoulder-knots.

Miss Fuz. With silver shoulder-knots!—nay, then there is no resisting—and yet—

Wil. Nay quickly, quickly determine, my dear Miss Fuz.

Miss Fuz. I will determine then—I will sit by my papa at the rehearsal, and when he is asleep, which he will be in ten minutes, and my mama will be deaf, dumb and blind to every thing, but Mr Glib's wit, I'll steal out of the box from them, and you shall run away with me as fast as you can wherever your four bays and silver shoulder-knots please to take me.

Wil. Upon my knees I thank you, and thus I take an earnest of my happiness. (*Kisses her hand.*) Zounds! here's your mama, miss—don't be alarm'd—*Lady!* by yonder blessed moon I vow!—

Miss Fuz. Ob! swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon!

Lady Fuz. (*approaching.*) Let us have no sun and moon and stars now—What are you about, my dear? Who is this young gentleman you are so free with?

Miss Fuz. This is the young gentleman actor, mama whose benefit we were at last summer, and while you were, busy acting in the Green Room, I stole out to try how my voice would sound upon the stage, and finding him here, I begg'd him to teach me a little how to play Juliet.

Lady Fuz. O, very well, my dear—we are oblig'd to the young gentleman, to be sure; your papa will teach you, child, and play Romeo with you: you should not be too free with these actors. (*Aside.*) I am much oblig'd to you sir, for the pains you have taken with my daughter—we are very sensible of your politeness, and you may bring us some tickets when your benefit time comes.

Wil. I am greatly honour'd by your ladyship, and will go through all the scenes of Romeo and Juliet with miss whenever she pleases.

Lady Fuz. O no, young man—her papa is a very fine actor and a very great critic, and he will have nobody teach her these things but himself—thank the gentleman, child; (*she curtsies.*)—Why did you not stay to hear your papa and me? Go, go, my dear, and I'll follow you. (*Exit Miss.*) Upon my word a likely young man—your servant.

THE CURTAIN.

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servant, sir—and very likely to turn a young woman's head; were it not for setting my daughter a bad example I should like to go over some scenes of Juliet with him myself.

[*Exit looking at him.*]

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Stage.*

Enter AUTHOR, SIR TOBY, Lady and Miss Fuz, PATENT, &c.

Autb. **W**HAT, we have lost Sir Macaroni! no matter, for he was half asleep all the time he was here: very little better than caput mortuum. Now ladies, and gentlemen of the jury, take your places: hiss and clap, condemn or applaud me, as your taste directs you, and Apollo and the Nine send me a good deliverance.

Lady Fuz. We'll go into the front boxes: what is the matter with you, Fanny? You had rather be at your inconsistent moon than hear Mr Glib's wit.

Miss Fanny. I never was happier in all my life mama.—
[*Sighs.*] What will become of me? [*Aside.*]

Sir Toby. I shall be very critical, Mr Author.

Lady Fuz. Pray are we to have a prologue, Mr Glib? We positively must have a prologue.

Autb. Most certainly; *entre nous*—I have desired the manager to write me one, which has so flatter'd him, that I shall be able to do any thing with him. [*Aside to Lady Fuz.*] I know 'em all, from the patentees down to the waiting fellows in green coats.

Sir Toby. You are very happy in your acquaintance sir.

Lady Fuz. I wish some of the stage folks would show me round to the boxes. Who's there?

Enter JOHNSTON.

John. I'll conduct your ladyship round, if you please.

Lady Fuz. Thank you, Mr Johnston; remember my box the first night, and don't forget Clive's benefit.

John. I won't, my lady.

VOL. III.

E

Lady

A PEEP BEHIND

Lady Fuz. Come, now for it, Glib; I shall have b my ears open, and I hope Sir Toby will do as much his eyes. Come, Fanny my dear, this way.

[*Exit Lady Fuz,*

Miss Fanny. I'll go my own way for the first time; n my spirits are up again; I have slipt my leading-strin and if dear Mr Wilson's bays and postillions keep pace w my fancy, my papa and mama must run a little faster t they do to overtake me.

[*Exit Miss F*

Enter PROMPTER.

Autb. I hope, Mr Hopkins, that no body has got crectly into the house; I would have none but friends the first rehearsal.

[*Looking round the bo*

Prompt. You see the house is quite clear, sir.

Autb. I wou'd not have the town have the least idea my performance before-hand; I wou'd open a mask b tery of entertainment upon the public.

Prompt. You'll surprise 'em, I believe, sir.

Autb. Pray be so good as to ring down the curtain, t we may rehearse in form. So, so, so—very well; a now I'll say a word or two to the [*curtain drops*] gent men in the orchestra — Gentlemen, [*to the orchestra*] shall take it as a particular favour, if you wou'd be cai ful of your *pianos* and *fortes*; they are the light and shat and without 'em music is all noise, and singing nothi but bawling.

Musician, (from the orchestra.) I don't quite understa this movement; is it allegro, sir?

Autb. Allegro, spiritoso! Flash, flash, fire! my frient You gentlemen baut-boys, take particular care of your l tle solos: you *bassoons*, support 'em, con gusto, not t powerfully, mind a delicacy of feeling in your seco movement; make yourselves ready, gentlemen; should your fiddles: cock your bows; and the moment I vanis fire away, crash—I leave my fame in your hands: N Lady, Sir Toby, are you got round? O very well; I's you—don't forget a cordial now and then for the poor a thor.

[*Speaking to the audience, and making a sign of clappin*

[*Duri*

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A PEEP BEHIND

And dar'st thou, Orpheus, think of two?
When one's too much by one for you.

Orpb. Rec. My mind is fix'd, in vain this strife
To hell I go to fetch my wife.

[*Going Rhodope holds him.*]

Air. Rhodope in tears.

Is this your affection, your vows and protection,
To bring back your wife to your house:
When she knows what I am, as a wolf the poor lamb.
As a cat she will mumble the mouse.

Orpheus. *Air and Recit.*

Pray cease your pathetic, and I'll be prophetic,
Two ladies at once in my house;
Two cats they will be, and mumble poor me;
The poor married man is the mouse.

Rhod. Rec. Yet hear me, Orpheus, can you be
So vulgar as to part with me,
And fetch your wife? am I forsaken?
O give me back what you have taken!
In vain I rave, my fate deplore,
A ruin'd maid, is maid no more;
Your love alone is reputation;
Give me but *that*, and *this* for reputation.

[*Snaps her fingers.*]

Air. When Orpheus you were kind and true,
Of joy I had my fill:

Now Orpheus roves, and faithless proves,
Alas! the bitter pill!

As from the bogs, the wounded frogs
Call'd out, I call to thee;

O naughty boy, to you 'tis joy,
Alas! 'tis death to me!

Orpb. Rec. In vain are all your sobs and sighs,
In vain the rhet'rick of your eyes;
To wind and rain my heart is rock;
The more you cry—the more I'm block.

Rhod. Rec. Since my best weapon, crying, fails,
I'll try my tongue, and then my nails.

Air.

THE CURTAIN:

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Air. Mount if you will and reach the sky,
Quick as lightning would I fly,
And there would give you battle;
Like the thunder I would rattle.
Seek if you will the shades below,
Thither, thither will I go,
Your faithless heart appall!
My rage no bounds shall know——
Revenge my bosom stings,
And jealousy has wings,
To raise above 'em all!

ORPHEUS snatches up the lyre.

Orpb. Rec. This is my weapon, don't advance,
I'll make you sleep, or make you dance.

Air. One medicine cures the gout, another cures a cold.
This can drive your passions out, nay even cure a
scold.

Have you gout or vapours?
L in sleep, your senses steep,
Or make your legs cut capers.

Duetto, accompanied with the lyre.

Rbod. I cannot have my swing,

Orpb. Ting, ting, ting.

Rbod. My tongue has lost its twang,

Orpb. Tang, tang, tang.

Rbod. My eyes begin to twinkle,

Orpb. Tinkle, tinkle, tinkle.

Rbod. My hands dingle dangle,

Orpb. Tangle, tangle, tangle.

Rbod. My spirits sink,

Orpb. Tink, tink, tink.

Rbod. Alas my tongue,

Orpb. Tang, tang, tong.

Rbod. Now 'tis all o'er, I can no more,
But-go-to-sleep—and—sno-o-re.

[*Sinks by degrees upon a couch, and falls asleep.*]

Orpb. Rec. 'Tis done, I'm free,
And now for thee, Eurydice!

E 3

Behold

A PEEP BEHIND

Behold what's seldom seen in life,
 I leave my mistress for my wife.
 Who's there? [*Calls a servant who peeps in*
 Come in—nay never peep;
 The danger's o'er, she's fast asleep.
 Do not too soon her fury rouse,
 I go to hell to fetch my spouse.

Air, repeated.

Tho' she scolded all day and all night did the same,
 Tho' she was too rampant, and I was too tame;
 Tho' shriller her notes than the ear-piercing fife,
 I must and I will go to hell for my wife. [*Exit singing*

*Scene changes to a mountainous country, cows, sheep
 goats. &c. After a short symphony, enter Orpheus
 playing upon his lyre.*

Air. Thou dear companion of my life,
 My friend, my mistress, and my wife,
 Much dearer than all three;
 Should they be faithless and deceive me,
 The grand specific can relieve me,
 All medicines are in thee,
 Thou veritable *Beau-ne de Vie*!

Rec. Now wake my lyre to sprightlier strains,
 Inspire with joy both beasts and swains;
 Give us no soporific potion,
 But notes shall set the fields in motion.

Air. Breathe no ditty, soft and pretty,
 Charming female tongues to sleep;
 Goats shall flaunt it, cows curraunt it,
 Shepherds frisk it with their sheep.

Enter OLD SHEPHERD, with others.

Rec. Stop, stop your noise you fiddling fool,
 We want not here a dancing school.

Orpb. Rec. Shepherd, be cool, forbear this vap'ring.
 Or this [*bis lyre*] shall set you all a cap'ring

O Shep

ep. Rec. Touch it again, and I shall strait,
Beat time with this [*biscrook*] upon your pate

pb. Rec. I dare you all, your threats, your blows,
Come one and all we now are fo. s.

p. Rec. Zounds! what's the matter with my toes?
[*Begins to dance.*]

ep. Air. From top to toe, above, below,
The tingling runs about me;
I feel it here, I feel it there,
Within me, and without me.

b. Air. From top to toe, above, below,
The charm shall run about you;
Now tingle here, now tingle there,
Within you and without you.

ep. Air. O cut those strings, those tickling things,
Of that same cursed scraper;

s Slep. We're dancing too, and we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

b. Air. They cut the strings, those foolish things,
They cannot hurt the scraper:
They're dancing too, and they like you,
Can only cut a caper.

s Slep. We're dancing too, and we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

ep. Air. As I'm alive, I'm sixty-five,
And there's no age for dancing;
I'm past the game, O fie, for shame,
Old men should not be prancing.
O cut the strings, those tickling things,
Of that same cursed scraper:

Slep. We're dancing too, and we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

b. Air. They cut the strings, those foolish things,
They cannot hurt the scraper;
They're dancing too and they like you,
Can only cut a caper.

chorus. We're dancing too, and we like you,
Can only cut a caper.

us leads out the Shepherds in a grand chorus of
ing and dancing, and the beasts following them.

Autb. Here's a scene, Lady Fuz!—If this won't *do*, what the devil will? Tal, lal, lal—[*dancing*] Thank you gentlemen; [to the orchestra.] Admirably well done indeed! I'll kiss you all round over as much punch as the double bass will hold.

Enter PATENT.

There, Mr Manager, is an end of an act: every beast upon his hind legs! I did intend that houses and trees (according to the old story) would have joined in the dance; but it would have crowded the stage too much.

Pat. Full enough as it is, Mr Glib,

Lady Fuz. (*without.*) Let me come, let me come, I say.

Autb. D'ye hear, d'ye hear! her ladyship's in raptures I find; I knew I shou'd touch her.

Enter Lady Fuz.

Lady Fuz. These are fine doings, fine doings, Mr Glib.

Autb. And a fine effect they will have, my lady; particularly the dancing off of the beasts.

Lady Fuz. Yes, yes, they have danc'd off, but they shall dance back again take my word for it. [*Walks about.*]

Autb. My dear lady, and so they shall—don't be uneasy; they shall dance back again directly; here, Prompter, I intended to have the scene over again; I cou'd see it for ever.

Lady Fuz. Was this your plot, Mr Glib! or your contrivance, Mr Manager?

Pat. Madam!

Autb. No, upon my soul, 'tis all my own contrivance, not a thought stole from ancient, or modern; all my own plot.

Lady Fuz. Call my servants, I'll have a post-chaise directly; I see your guilt by your vain endeavours to hide it; this is the most bare-fac'd impudence!

Autb. Impudence! may I die if I know an indecent expression in the whole piece!

Pat. Your passion, madam, runs away with you; I don't understand you.

Lady Fuz. No, sir; 'tis one of your stage-players has run away with my daughter; and I'll be reveng'd on you all; I'll shut up your house.

Pat

THE CURTAIN.

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Pat. This must be enquired into. [*Exit Patent.*]

Autb. What, did Miss Fuz run away without seeing Orpheus?

Lady Fuz. Don't say a word more, thou blockhead.

Autb. I am dumb, but no blockhead.

Enter Sir TOBY in confusion.

Sir Toby. What's all this? what is it all about?

Lady Fuz. Why it is all your fault, Sir Toby; had not you been asleep, she cou'd never have been stolen from your side.

Sir Toby. How do you know she is stolen? enquire first, my lady, and be in a passion afterwards.

Lady Fuz. I know she's gone; I saw her with a young fellow; he was upon his knees, swearing by the moon, let us have a post-chaise, Sir Toby, directly, and follow 'em.

Sir Toby. Let us dine first, my dear, and I'll go wherever you please.

Lady Fuz. Dine! dine! did you ever hear the like? you have no more feeling, Sir Toby, than your periwig, I shall go distracted; the greatest curse of a poor woman, is to have a flighty daughter and a sleepy husband.

[*Exit L. Fuz.*]

Sir Toby. And the greatest curse of a poor man, to have every body flighty in his family but himself. [*Exit.*]

Enter PATENT.

Pat. 'Tis true, Mr Glib—the young lady is gone off but with nobody that belongs to us—'tis a dreadful affair!

Autb. So it is faith, to spoil my rehearsal. I think it was very ungentle of her to choose this morning for her pranks; tho' she might make free with her father and mother, she shou'd have more manners than to treat me so; I'll tell her as much when I see her. The second act shall be ready next week; I depend upon you for a prologue; your genius—

Pat. You are too polite, Mr Glib—Have you an epilogue?

Autb. I have a kind of address here, by way of epilogue to the town; I suppose it to be spoken by myself, as the author; who have you can represent me; no easy task, let

me tell you; he must be a little smart, degagee, and want assurance.

Pat. Smart, degagee, and not want assurance——
is the very man.

Auth. Thank, thank you, dear Mr Patent; the man: is he in the house? I wou'd read it to him.

Pat. O no! since the audience receiv'd him in Lincoln is practising music, whenever he is not wanted here.

Auth. I have heard as much; and that he continues his family's teeth in edge, with scraping upon the file. Conceit, conceit, Mr Patent, is the ruin of 'em I could wish, when he speaks this address, that he were more easy in his carriage, and not have that dangerous jerk in his bow, that he generally treats us with.

Pat. I'll hint as much to him.

Auth. This is my conception of the matter; bow your body gently, turn your head semicircularly, on one and the other; and smiling, thus agreeably begin:

All Fable is fiction——I your bard will maintain it,
And as you don't know it, 'tis fit I explain it:
The *Lyre* of our *Orpheus*, means your approbation,
Which frees the poor poet from care and vexation.
Shou'd want make his mistress too keen to dispute,
Your smiles fill his pockets—and Madam is mute.
Shou'd his wife, that's himself, for they two are but one
Be in hell, that's in debt, and the money all gone;
Your favour brings comfort, at once cures the evil,
For 'scaping bum-bailiffs, is 'scaping the devil.
Nay. *Cerberus Criticks* their fury will drop,
For such barking monsters, your smiles are a sop:
But now to explain what you most will require,
That cows, sheep, and calves, shou'd dance after the lyre
Without your kind favour, how scanty each meal!
But with it comes dancing, beef, mutton, and veal.
For sing it, or say it, this truth we all see,
Your applause will be ever the true *Beaume de Vie*.

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Arthur, King of Britain, Mr
Kemble.

Oswald, King of Kent, a Sax-
on, Mr Berrymore,

Conon, Duke of Cornwall,
Friend to Arthur, Mr
Packer.

Aurelius, a British Courtier,
Mr R Palmer.

Guillamar, a Saxon Officer,
Mr Spencer.

Merlin, the British Prophet,
Mr Aickin.

Osmond, a Saxon Magician,
Mr Staunton.

W O M E N.

Emmeline, Daughter to Con-
on, Miss Farren.

Matilda, her Attendant, Miss
Barnes.

Grimbald, a Fiend, Mr Ban-
nister.

Venus, Mrs Crouch.

Philidel, an airy Spirit, Mrs
Forster.

Spirit of Light, Miss George.

*The rest of the Vocal Parts by Mr Williames, Mr Danby,
Mr Fawcett, Mr Wilson, Mr Chaplin, Mr Alfred, Mr
Newbold, Miss Cranford, Miss Burnet, Mrs Love, Mrs
Burnett, Mrs Booth, &c.*

Officers, Soldiers, Priests, Shepherds, Nymphs, &c. &c.

SCENE lies in KENT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*A Gothic Temple, being a place of Heathen worship, the
three Saxon gods, Woden, Thor, and Freya, placed
on pedestals.*

Enter Oswald and Osmond.

Osw. FATHER of gods and men, great Woden, hear,
Give conquest to the Saxon race and me.

Osm. Thor, Freya, Woden, hear, and spell your Saxons,

With sacred Runic rhymes, 'gainst death in battle ;
 Edge their bright swords, and blunt the Britons' darts.
[Grimbal ri

No more, great prince, for see my trusty fiend,
 Who all the night has wing'd the dusky air.
 What news, my Grimbald ?

Grim. I have play'd my part ;
 For I have steel'd the fools that are to die ;
 Six fools, so prodigal of life and soul,
 That for their country they devote their lives
 A sacrifice to mother earth and Woden.

Osm. Say, where's thy fellow servant, Philidel ?
 Why comes not he ?

Grim. He is a puling sprite ; —but half a devil.
 Why didst thou chuse a tender airy form,
 Unable to the mighty work of mischief ?
 For when without delay he should have hurl'd
 Certain destruction on the Christian camp,
 He spied the red-cross banners of their host ;
 And said he durst not add to his perdition.

Osm. I'll punish him at leisure.
 Call in the victims to propitiate hell.

Grim. That's my kind master, I shall breakfast on h
[E

Osw. Amphibious fools we are,
 And yet ambition is a god-like fault :
 Or rather, 'tis no fault in souls born great,
 Who dare extend their glory by their deeds.
*Grimbald re-enters with six Saxons in white, with swords
 their bands, priests and singers.*

SACRIFICE SONG.—RECITATIVE I.

Woden, first to thee,
 A milk white steed, in battle won,
 We have sacrificed.

Chor. We have sacrificed.

RECITATIVE II.

Let our next oblation be
 To Thor, thy thundering son,
 Of such another.

Chor. We have sacrificed.

RE

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

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RECITATIVE. III.

A third (of Friezeland breed was he)
To Woden's wife, and to to Thor's mother:
And now we have aton'd all three,
We have sacrificed.
r. We have sacrificed.

RECITATIVE IV.

The lot is cast, and Tanfan pleas'd:
Of mortal cares you shall be eased.

CHORUS.

Brave souls to be renown'd in story,
Honour prizing,
Death despising,
Fame acquiring,
By expiring,
Die and reap the fruits of glory.

[The scent closes upon them.]

ENE, a Landscape.—Enter AURELIUS and CONON.

Con. Then this is the deciding day, to fix
tannia's scepter in great Arthur's hand,
fur. Or put it in the bold invader's gripe.
wald is valiant.

Con. Such was the character he then maintain'd,
men in my court he sought my daughter's love:
fair blind Emmeline.

fur. For that defeat in love he rais'd this war.
r royal Arthur reign'd within her heart,
e Oswald mov'd the suit.

Con. Arthur is all that's excellent in Oswald,
nd void of all his faults: in battle brave,
it still serene in all the stormy war,
ke heaven above the clouds; and after fight,
merciful and kind to vanquish'd foes,
a forgiving God. [Flourish.] But see he comes.
nd praise is dumb before him.

Enter

Enter KING ARTHUR (*reading a letter*) with attendants.

Arth. (*reading*) "Go on, auspicious prince, the stars are kind;

"Unfold thy banners to the willing wind;

"While I, with airy legions, help thy arms;

"Confronting art with art, and charms with charms."

So Merlin writes; nor can we doubt th' event;

With heav'n and you, our friends. Oh noble Conon

You taught my tender hands the trade of war:

And now again you helm your hoary head,

And under double weight of age and arms,

Assert your country's freedom and my crown.

Con. No more, my son.

Arth. Most happy in that name!

Your Emmeline, to Oswald's vows refus'd,

You made my plighted bride:

Your charming daughter, who like love, born blind,

Unaiming hits with surest archery,

And innocently kills.

Con. Remember, son,

You are a general; other wars require you,

For see, the Saxon gross begins to move.

Arth. By heav'n 'tis beauteous horror!

The noble Oswald has provok'd my envy.

Enter EMMELINE, led by MATILDA.

Ha! now my love, my Emmeline appears,

A new, but oh, a softer flame inspires me:

E'en rage and vengeance slumber at her sight.

Con. Haste your farewell; I'll cheer my troops and wait on you. [*Exit Conon*]

Em. O father, father, I am sure you're here;
Because I see your voice.

Arth. No, thou mistak'st thy hearing for thy sight;

He's gone my Emmeline;

And I but stay to gaze on those fair eyes,

Which cannot view the conquest they have made.

Oh star like-night, dark only to thyself,

But full of glory, as those lamps of heaven,

Th

What see not when they shine.

Em. What is this heaven, and stars, and night, and day,
To which you thus compare my eyes and me?

Understand you when you say you love :
Or, when my father clasps my hand in his,
That's cold, and I can feel it hard and wrinkled ;
But when you take it, then I sigh, and pant,
And something presses to my heart.

Artb. Oh artless love ! where the soul moves the tongue
And only nature speaks what nature thinks !
And she but eyes !

Em. Just now you said I had.

Artb. But neither see.

Em. I'm sure they hear you then :
What can your eyes do more ?

Artb. They view your beauties.

Em. Don't I see ? you have a face, like mine.

Artb. That is not sight, but touching with your hands.

Em. Then 'tis my hand that sees, and that's all one :
Or is not seeing touching with your eyes ?

Artb. No, for I see at distance, where I touch not.

Em. If you can see so far, and yet not touch,
Fear you see my naked legs and feet
Quite through my clothes ; pray do not see so well.

Artb. Fear not, sweet innocence ;
I view the lovely features of your face ;
Your lips carnation, and your dark-shaded eye-brows,
Blue eyes, and milk-white forehead ; all the colours
That make your beauty, and produce my love.

Em. Nay, then, you do not love on equal terms :
Love you dearly, without all these helps ;
I cannot see your lips carnation,
Your shaded eye-brows, nor your milk-white eyes.

Artb. Alas, 'tis vain to instruct your innocence.
You have no notion of light or colours.

[Trumpet sounds within.]

Em. Why, is not that a trumpet ?

Artb. Yes.

Em. I knew it.

And I can tell you how the sound on't looks ;
It looks as if it had an angry fighting face.

Artb. 'Tis now indeed a sharp unpleasant sound,

Because

Because it calls me hence from her I love,
To meet ten thousand foes.

Em. How do so many men e'er come to meet?
This devil trumpet vexes 'em, and then
They feel about for one another's face.
And so they meet and kill.

Artb. When we have gain'd the field, I'll tell ye all;
One kiss of your fair hand, the pledge of conquest,
And so a short farewell. [*Kisses her hand, Exit.*]

Em. My heart and vows go with him to the fight;
May every foe be that, which they call blind,
And none of all their swords have eyes to find him!
But lead me nearer to the trumpet's face;
For that brave sound upholds my fainting heart;
And whilst I hear, methinks I fight my part.

[*Flourish. Exit, led by Matilda.*]

SCENE, a Camp, drums, trumpets, and military shouts.

MARTIAL SONG.

Come if you dare, our trumpets sound;
Come if you dare, the foes rebound;
We come, we come, we come, we come,
Says the double, double, double beat of the thund'ring drum —
See they charge on amain,
Now they rally again;
The gods from above the mad labour behold,
And pity mankind that will perish for gold.
Chor. See they charge, &c.

[*Exeunt drums and trumpets: a march.*]

SCENE, a general engagement between the BRITONS,
and SAXONS, in which the BRITONS are conquerors.

SCENE changes to a rural prospect.

Enter PHILIDEL.

Phil. Alas, for pity, of this bloody field!
Piteous it needs must be, when I a spirit,
Can have so soft a sense of human woes!

SCENE

SCENE *draws and discovers MERLIN's cave. He comes forward.*

Mer. What art thou, spirit? of what name or order?
(for I have view'd thee in my magic glass)
Making thy moan among the midnight wolves,
That bay the silent moon: speak, I conjure thee,
'Tis Merlin bids thee.

Pbil. An airy shape, the tend'rest of my mind,
the last seduc'd, and least deform'd of hell:
Half white, and shuffled in the crowd, I fell,
Desirous to repent, and loth to sin:
Aukward in mischief, and piteous of mankind,
My name is Philidel.

Mer. Thy business here?

Pbil. To shun the Saxon wizards dire commands,
Osmond, the awfull'st name next thine below.
Cause I refus'd to hurl a noise me fog,
On christen'd heads, the hue-and-cry of hell
rais'd against me.

Mer. Osmond shall know, a greater power protects thee
Low mark me, Philidel,
will employ thee for thy future good:
Thou know'st, in spite of valiant Oswald's arms,
For Osmond's powerful spells, the field is ours——

Pbil. Oh master!
Grimbald is at hand,
snuff his earthy scent:
The conquering Britons he misleads to rivers,

Mer. Be that thy task.
Varn off the bold pursuers from the chase:
But lest fierce Grimbalds pond'rous bulk oppress
Thy tender flitting air, I'll leave my band
Of spirits with united strength to aid thee,
And force by force repel.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, a Wood.—*Enter GRIMBALD and his followers disguised like shepherds, leading KING ARTHUR, CONAN, AURELIUS, and attendants.*

Grim. Thus clad in shepherds weeds, I and my brother
fiends,

The

The foolish Britons take us for their guides,
Here, this way, Britons, follow Oswald's flight,

[*Aside.*]

Arth. I thank thee, shepherd;
Expect reward, we follow thee, lead on.

[*As Arthur is going off, enter Philidel and followers.*]

S O N G.

Hither this way, this way bend,
Trust not that malicious fiend;
These are false deluding lights,
Wafted far and near by sprites,
Trust 'em not, for they'll deceive you,
And in bogs and marshes leave you.

Chorus of Phil spirits. Hither this way, this way bend.

Chor. of Grim spirits. This way, this way bend,

Phil sings. If you step no danger thinking,

Down you fall, a farlong sinking:

'Tis a fiend who has annoy'd ye;

Name but heav'n, and he'll avoid ye.

Chor. of Phil spirits. Hither this way, this way bend.

Chor. of Grim spirits. This way, this way bend.

Phil spirits. Trust not that malicious fiend.

Grim spirits. Trust me, I'm no malicious fiend.

Phil spirits. Hither this way, &c.

Grim. By hell she sings them back in my despite.
I'd a voice in heav'n once, ere sulph'rous steams
Had damp'd it to a hoarseness: try it now.

S O N G.

Let not a moon born elf mislead ye

From your prey, and from your glory

Too far, alas! he has betray'd ye:

Follow the flames that wave before ye:

Sometimes seven, and sometimes one;

Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, on.

See, see, the footsteps plain appearing,

That way Oswald chose for flying:

Firm is the turf, and fit for bearing,

Where yonder pearly dews are lying.

Far he cannot hence be gone;

Hurry, hurry, hurry, hurry, on.

Arth. 'Tis true, he says; the footsteps yet are plain

Upon

Upon the sod, no falling dew-drops have
Disurb'd the print: *[All are going to follow Grimbald.]*

Phil sings. Hither this way.

Chor. of Phil spirits. Hither this way, this way bend.

Chor. of Grim spirits. This way, this way bend.

Phil spirits. Trust not that malicious fiend.

Grim spirits. Trust me, I'm no malicious fiend.

Phil spirits. Hither this way, &c. *[All incline to Philidel.]*

Grim speaks. Curse on her voice, I must my prey forego;

Thou, Philidel, shalt answer this below.

[Grimbald sinks in a flush of fire.]

Artb. At length the cheat is plain;

The cloven-footed fiend is vanish'd from us;

Good angels be our guards, and bring us back.

Phil singing. Come, follow, follow, follow me.

Chor. Come follow, &c.

And me—and me—and me.

Verse. 2 Voc. And green-sward all your way shall be.

Chor. Come follow, &c.

Vers. No goblin or elf shall dare offend ye.

Chor. No, no, no, &c.

No goblin or elf shall dare offend ye.

Vers. 3 Voc. We brethren of air.

Your heroes will bear

To the kind and the fair that attend ye.

Chor. We brethren &c.

[Philidel and the spirits go off singing, with King Arthur and the rest in the middle of them.]

SCENE, a Camp, and EMMELINE's pavilion, with a bank. Moonlight.—Enter EMMELINE, led by MARTILDA.

Em. No news of my dear love, or of my father?

Mat. None, Madam, since the gaining of the battle.

Em. If Arthur's slain,

mean to die: but there's a greater doubt;

For since I never saw him here,

How shall I meet him in another world?

Mat. Indeed I know not.

Em. Oh surely I should find him

Among

Among a thousand angels in the sky.

Mat. But what kind of man do you suppose him?

Em. He must be made of the most precious things,
And I believe his mouth, and eyes, and cheeks,
And nose, and all his face, are made of gold.

Mat. Heav'n bless us, madam, what a face you make him!

Em. Yet I must know him better: of all colours,
Tell me which is the purest and the softest.

Mat. They say 'tis black.

Em. Why then, since gold is hard, and yet is precious,
His face must all be made of soft black gold.

Mat. But, madam——

Em. No more; I have learn'd enough for once.

Enter OSWALD and GUILLAMAR.

Osw. The night has wilder'd us; and we are fall'n
Among the foremost tents.

Guil. Ha; what are these!

They seem of more than vulgar quality.

Em. What guards are those? they cannot far be distant
Where are you, Matilda?

Mat. Just by your tent.

Fear not, they must be friends.

Em. My Arthur, speak, my love, are you return'd
To bless your Emmeline?

Osw. (to Guillamar) I know that face:
'Tis the ungrateful fair, who, scorning mine,
Accepts my rivals love: heav'n, thou'rt bounteous,
Thou ow'st me nothing.

Mat. Speak what you are; speak, or I call for help.

Osw. We are your guards.

Mat. Ah me! we are betray'd; 'tis Oswald's voice.

Em. Let them not see our voices, and then they cannot find us.

Osw. Passions in men oppress'd are doubly strong—
I take her from king Arthur; there's revenge:
Fear nothing, ladies, you shall be safe.

[*Oswald and Guillamar seize Emmeline and Matilda*

Em. and Mat. Help, Help!

Osw. By heav'n ye injure me; tho' force is us'd,
Your honour shall be sacred.

En

Em. Help, help! Oh Britons, help!

Osw. Your Britons cannot help you:
This arm through all their troops shall force my way:
Yet neither quit my honour nor my prey.

[Exeunt the women still crying.]

SCENE, *rocks and water.*—*Enter AURELIUS and soldiers.*

Aur. Furl up our colours, and unbrace our drums;
Dislodge betimes, and quit this fatal post.
Th' imbattled legions of fire, air, and earth,
Are banded for our foes. But who are these?
Stand!—Conon, what's th' alarm?

Enter CONON, captains of guards and soldiers.

Con. Our victory is spoil'd,
And we are outwitted by the Saxons,
My Emmeline, my daughter's carried off!

Aur. Mishap, indeed!—and here
Some more than mortal power assaults our guards.
How fares it with great Arthur?

Con. As when the lover with the king is mixt,
He puts the gain of Britain in one scale,
Which weighing with the loss of Emmeline,
He thinks he's scarce a saver. But see,
He comes, with Merlin, in whose aid we trust.

Enter MERLIN and ARTHUR.

Mer. Wait heav'n's time,
There's not a tree in that enchanted grove,
But's number'd out, and giv'n by tale to fiends:
And under ev'ry leaf a spirit couch'd.
But by what method to dissolve these charms,
Is yet unknown to me.

Arth. Hadst thou been here (for what can thwart thy skill?)

Nor Emmeline had been the boast of Oswald;
Nor I, forwarn'd, been wanting to her guard.

Con. Her darken'd eyes had seen the light of heav'n;
That was thy promise too, and this the time.

Mer. Fear not: ere long she shall receive her sight.

Arth.

Among a thousand angels possible

Mat. But what kind of angel?

Em. He must be made of air, that I may not discern

And I believe his mouth,

And nose, and all his face, to be as dangerous:

Mat. Heav'n bless him! his prosperous.

Em. Yet I may bring ye back unharm'd :

Tell me which way I should go, but follow me. [Exeunt omnes.]

Mat. Th

Em. W

His face

Mo

E

SCENE, a wood, with the sun.—Enter PHILIDELPHUS.

Phil. I left all safe behind :
At every walk I pass'd, I drew a spell :
So that if any fiend, abhorring heav'n,
There sets his foot, it roots him to the ground.
Now could I but discover Emmeline,
My task was fairly done.

[Grim rushes out, seizes Phil. and binds him in a chair.]

Grim. O rebel, have I caught thee

Phil. Ah me ! what hard mishap !

Grim. What just revenge ?

Thou miscreant elf, thou renegado scout,
So clean, so finish'd, so renew'd in white,
The livery of my foes ; I see thee through :
What mak'st thou here ? thou trim apostate, speak.

Phil. Ah, mighty Grimbald,

Who would not fear when seiz'd in thy strong gripe !
I'm fled from Merlin, free as air that bore me,
T' unfold to Osmond all his deep designs.

Grim. I believe nothing : oh thou fond imposter !
But since thou say'st thy errand was to Osmond,
To Osmond shalt thou go. March, know thy driver.

Phil. (kneeling.) Oh spare me, Grimbald, and I'll be
thy slave ;

Tempt hermits for thee in their holy cells,
And virgins in their dreams.

Grim. Canst thou, a devil, hope to cheat a devil ?
A spy ! why that's a name abhor'd in hell.
Haste, forward, forward, or I'll goad thee on
With iron spurs.

Phil. But use me kindly then :

Pull not so hard to hurt my airy limbs :

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Follow thee unforc'd : look, there's thy way.

im. Ay, there's thy way, indeed; but for more surety
I'll have an eye behind:—not one word more,

Follow decently. [*Grim goes out, dragging Philidel.*

il. So catch him, spell. [*aside.*

im. (*within*) O help me, help me, Philidel.

il. Why what's the matter!

im. Oh, I'm ensnar'd;

His birdlime wraps me round, and glues my wings.

Save me and I will free thee:

And I'll be thy slave.

il. What to a spy, a name abhorr'd in hell!

im. Do not insult. Oh, I grow to the ground!

The fiery net draws closer on my limbs. Oh! oh! oh!

il. Thou shalt not have the ease to curse in torments:

I'll keep thee silent, and there lie

And keep thee silent, and there lie

And smothered breaks thy chain. [*Phil unbinds his own fetters.*

Enter MERLIN.

Mer. Well hast thou wrought thy safety with thy wit,
Philidel; go meritorious on:

Her work requires.

While thy fellows summon, and compound

Priceless drops I taught thee to collect,

O the Spirit of Light her task assign;

May'st thou shew great Arthur to his love,

Whose short must be their interview.

[*Exit.*

L. Pleas'd I obey, and haste the mystic rites

Give fair Emmeline to light and love.

SONG and CHORUS.

Come away

From grots and cool fountains,

Ye spirits of day,

Who guild lofty mountains

We obey, we obey,

With delight to attend thee.

To bright Emmeline bear

The heav'n-born treasure.

Come away, we obey!

With fair Emmeline share.

Your

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

Your pure light, love, and pleasure.

Chorus. Lead on, shew the way,
With delight we'll attend thee;
Lead on, shew the way,
Love to light will befriend thee. [*Exa*

ACT II. SCENE, a *Landscape*.—Enter PHILIP

RECITATIVE.

Phil. SPIRIT of light descend,—the charms complete
[*Spirit of Light descends*]
Thou bright spirit of pure ethereal light,
By Merlin's will the pleasing task is thine,
T' unveil the eyes of beauteous Emmeline.
Spirit. Delighted, I perform his generous purpose.

S O N G.

Spirit. Oh Sight, the mother of desires,
What charming objects dost thou yield!
'Tis sweet when tedious night expires,
To see the rosy morning gild
The mountain tops and paint the field!
But when fair Emmeline comes in sight,
She makes the summer's day more bright,
And when she goes away 'tis night.
'Tis sweet the bushing morn to view;
And plains adorn'd with pearly dew,
But such cheap delights to see,
Heav'n and nature
Give each creature;
They have eyes as well as we:
This is the joy, all joys above,
To see, to see,
That only she
Whose eyes can light with love.

Phil. Now see fair Emmeline approaches,
I leave her to thy care, and haste to bring
Impatient Arthur to her new-born sight.

Enter EMMELINE and MATILDA.

Mat. This way, madam, and we shall be shaded. [*Spir*

[*Spirit approaches Emmeline, sprinkling some of the water over her eyes out of the vial.*

Spirit.

Thus, thus I infuse

These sovereign dew.

Fly back, ye films, that cloud her sight :

And you, ye chrystal humours bright,

Your noxious vapours purg'd away;

Recover and admit the day.

Now look abroad, and see

All but me.

Em. Ha ! what voice was that ? Who spoke !

Mat. I heard the voice ; 'tis one of Osmond's fiends.

Em. Some blessed angel sure : I feel my eyes

unseal'd, they walk abroad, and a new world

comes rushing on, and stands all gay before me.

Mat. Oh joys of joys ! she has her sight.

Em. I am new born ; I shall run mad with pleasure.

[*Staring on Matilda.*

Are there women such as thou ? such glorious creatures ?

Enter ARTHUR and PHILIDEL.

Artb. (Aside) Oh how I envy her, to be first seen !

Phil. Approach not yet.

Em. Stand farther ; let me take my fill of sight.

[*Looking up.*

What's that above that weakens my new eyes,

Prevents me not see, by seeing ?

Mat. 'Tis the sun.

Em. The sun ; 'tis sure a God, if that be heav'n :

Oh ! if thou art a creature, best and fairest,

How hast thou lighten'd even my very soul,

And let in knowledge by another sense !

Art thou not pleas'd, Matilda ! Why, like me,

Dost thou not look and wonder ?

Mat. Because these sights

Are to my eyes familiar.

Em. That's my joy,

Not to have seen before : for nature now

Comes all at once, confounding my delight.

But oh ! what thing am I ? Fain would I know ;

Or am I blind, or do I see but half ?

With all my care, and looking round and round,

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I cannot

I cannot view my face.

Mat. None see themselves

But by reflection; in this glass you may. [*Gives her a glass*]

Em. (*looking in the glass*) What is it?

It holds a face within it: O sweet face!

It draws the mouth, and smiles, and looks on me;

And talks, but yet I cannot hear it speak;

Oh, the pretty thing is dumb!

Mat. The pretty thing

You see within the glass, is you.

Em. What, am I two? Is this another me?

Indeed, it wears my clothes, has hands like mine;

And mocks whate'er I do; but that I'm sure

It cannot be, I'd swear it was my child. [*Matilda looks*]

Oh look, oh look! we both are in the glass.

Oh, now I know it plain; they are our names,

That peep upon us there.

Mat. Our shadows, madam.

Em. Mine is the prettier shadow far than thine.

Oh, how I do but love it; let me kiss my t'other self.

[*Kissing the glass*]

Alas, I've kiss'd it dead; the fine thing's gone;

Indeed it kiss'd so cold as if 'twere dying.

[*Arthur comes forward softly, shewing himself behind*]

'Tis here again.

Oh, no, this face is neither mine nor thine:

Surely the glass hath born another child!

[*She turns and sees Arthur*]

Ha! what art thou, with a new kind of face,

And other clothes, a noble creature too;

But taller, bigger, fiercer in thy look;

Of a controlling eye, majestic make?

Mat. Do you not know him, madam?

Em. Why, is't a man?

Arth. Yes, and the most unhappy of my kind,

If you have chang'd your love.

Em. My dearest lord!

Was my soul blind; and could not that look out,

To know you, ere you spoke? Oh counterpart

Of our soft sex; well are you made our lords:

So bold, so great, so godlike are you form'd.

How can you love such silly things as women?

Artb. Beauty like your's commands ; and man was made
But a more boistrous, and a stronger slave,
To you, the best delights of human kind.

Em. But are you mine ? Is there an end of war ?
Are all those trumpets dead themselves,
That us'd to kill men with their thundering sounds ?

Artb. The sum of war is undecided yet ;
And many a breathing body must be cold,
Ere you are free.

Em. How came you hither then ?

Artb. By Merlin's art, to snatch a short liv'd-bless ;
To feed my famish'd love upon your eyes
One moment, and depart.

Em. O moment ! worth
Whole ages past, and all that are to come !
Let love-sick Oswald now unpitied mourn ;
Let Osmond mutter charms to sprites in vain,
To make me love him ; all shall not change my soul.

Artb. Ha ! does th' enchanter practise hell upon you ?
Is he my rival too ?

Em. Yes, but I hate him ;
When I was blind, through my shut eyes I saw him ;
His voice look'd ugly, and breath'd brimstone on me :
And then I first was glad that I was blind,
Not to behold perdition.

Enter MERLIN.

Mer. My sov'reign, we have hazarded too far.
But love excuses you, and prescience me.
Make haste ; for Osmond's even now alarm'd,
And greedy of revenge is hasting home.

Artb. Oh take my love with us, or leave me here.

Mer. I cannot, for she's held by charms too strong ;
Which, with th' enchanted grove must be destroy'd :
Till when, my art is vain : but fear not, Emmeline ;
Th' enchanter has no power on innocence.

Em. (to *Artb.*) Farewel, since you must part : when
you are gone,
I'll look into my glass, just where you look'd,
To find your face again ;
If 'tis not there, I'll think on you so long,
My heart shall be your picture.

Arth. Where'er I go, my soul shall stay with thee ;
'Tis but my shadow that I take away :
True love is never happy but by halves ;
An April sun-shine, that by fits appears,
It smiles by moments, but it mourns by years.

Em. May all good angels spread their wings,
And shield my love from harm. [*Exit Arthur and Merlin.*]
Now my Arthur's gone, the loveliest object
To my new-born sight, I'll look around
Upon the lesser beauties of creation.

Ener OSMOND, *who gazes on EMMELINE and she on him.*

Em. Ha ? I'm deceiv'd ; save me from this ugly thing,
This foe to sight ! Speak ; dost thou know him ?

Mat. Too well ; 'tis Oswalds friends, the great magician.

Em. It cannot be a man, he's so unlike the man I love—

Osm. (*Aside*) She sees, I'm sure :—Death to my eyes—
she sees?

Em. I wish I could not : but I'll close my sight,
And shut out all I can——It will not be ;
Winking, I see thee still, thy odious image
Stares full into my soul ; and there infects the room
My Arthur should possess.

Osm. I find too late
That Merlin and her lover hath been here. [*Aside*]

Em. I pr'ythee dreadful thing, tell me thy business here ;
And, if thou canst, reform that ugly face ;
Look not so grim at me.

Osm. My name is Osmond ; and my business love.

Em. Thou hast a grizly look, forbidding what thou ask'st,
If I durst tell thee so.

Osm. My penthouse eye-brows, and my shaggy beard,
Offend your sight, but these are manly signs :
Faint white and red abuse your expectations ;
Be woman ; know your sex, and love full pleasures.

Em. Love from a monster, fiend !

Osm. Come, you must love ; or you must suffer love :
No coyness, none, for I am master here.

Em. And when did Oswald give away his power ?

Osm. O'erlabour'd with the sight, oppress with thirst,
That Oswald whom you mention'd, call'd for drink.
I mix'd a sleepy potion in his bowl,

Then

ARTHUR AND EMMELINE.

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Then to a dungeons depth I sent him bound.

Now know you are my prisoner:—

No coyness, therefore, but make me happy;

For I am master here.

Em. From my sight!

Thou, all thy devils in one, thou dar'st not force me.

Osm. You teach me well.

I'll give you that excuse your sex desire.

[*He seizes her, and she struggles.*]

Grim. (*within*) O master, master!

Osm. Who's that, my Grimbald!

Enter GRIMBALD hastily.

Grim. Oh master! danger threatens thee;
There's a black cloud descending from above,
Full of heaven's venom, bursting o'er thy head.

Osm. Malicious fiend, thou liest; for I am fenc'd
By millions of thy fellows, in my grove,
I bade thee, when I freed thee from the charm,
Run scouting through the wood, from tree to tree,
And see if all my devils are on duty:
Hadst thou perform'd thy charge, thou tardy sprite,
Thou wouldst have known no danger threaten'd me.

Grim. When did a devil fail in diligence?
Poor mortal, thou thyself art overseen;
I have been there, and hence I bring this news.
Thy fatal foe, great Arthur, is at hand;
Merlin has ta'en his time, while thou wert absent,
To counterwork thy spells.

Osm. Perdition seize on Merlin!
I'll cast em all a-new, and instantly,
All of another mould: be thou at hand.
Their composition was before of horror;
Now they shall be of blandishment and love
When I return, proud fair,
Resolve to meet my love;
If you are not fairly to be enjoy'd,
A little honest force shall be employ'd.

F 3

SCENE

SCENE, *a wood, with a large oak in the front.*

Enter ARTHUR and MERLIN.

Mer. Thus far it is permitted me to go ;
But all beyond this spot is fenc'd with charms ;
I may no more, but only with advice.

Artb. My sword shall do the rest.

Mer. Remember well, that all is but illusion.

Artb. Doubt me not.

Mer. Yet in prevention

Of what may come, I'll leave my Philidel
To watch thy steps, and with him leave my wand ;
Once more farewell, and prosper. [*Exit Merlin.*]

Artb. (walking) No danger yet, I see no walls of fire
No city of the fiends, with forms obscure,
To grin from far on flaming battlements.
This is indeed the grove I should destroy ;
But where's the horror ? sure the prophet err'd.
Hark ! music, and the warbling notes of birds.

[*Singing of birds within.*]

[*The scene opens and discovers a pleasant river shaded with trees, a golden bridge over it.*]

A silver current to forbid my passage,
And yet 't invite me, stands a golden bridge ;
Perhaps a trap for my unwary feet,
To sink and whelm me underneath the waves ;
With fire or water. Let him wage his war,
Or all the elements at once, I'll on ;

This goodly tree seems queen of all the grove,
The ringlets round her trunk declare her guilty
Of many midnight sabbaths revell'd here.

Her will I first attempt.

[*Arthur strikes at the tree, and cuts it ; blood spouts of it, a groan follows, then a shriek.*]

Good heav'n, what monstrous prodigies are these !
Blood follows from my blow ; the wounded rind
Spouts on my sword, and sanguine dyes the plain !

[*He strikes again : a voice of Emmeline from behind.*]

Em. Forbear, if thou hast pity, ah, forbear !
These groans proceed not from a senseless plant ;

No

No streams of blood run welling from a tree.

Artb. Speak what thou art ; I charge the speak thy being
[*Emmeline breaks out of the tree, shewing her arm bloody.*

Artb. 'Tis she ! amazement roots me to the ground !

Em. Whom thou hast hurt, unkind and cruel, see.

Em. By cruel charms dragg'd from my peaceful bower,
Fierce Osmond clos'd me in this bleeding bark ;
So that whatever sword, or sounding axe,
Shall violate this plant, must pierce my flesh,
And when that falls I die.——

Artb. If this be true,
O never, never to be ended charm,
At least by me ! Yet all may be illusion.
Break up, ye thick'ning fogs, ye filmy mists,
All that belie my sight, and cheat my sense ;
For reason still pronounces, 'tis not she,
And thus resolv'd—— [Lifts up his sword.

Em. Do strike, barbarian, strike ;
And strew my mangled limbs with every blow.
Wound me, and doubly kill me, with unkindness,
That, by thy hand I fall.

Artb. O love ! O Merlin ! whom should I believe ?

Em. Believe thyself, thy youth, thy love, and me ;
Disarm thy hand, that mine may meet it bare :

Artb. If falling for the first created-fair
Was Adam's fault,
Eden was lost, as all his sons would lose it.

[Going to Emmeline.

Enter PHILIDEL running.

Phil. Hold, poor deluded mortal, hold thy hand,
Which if thou giv'st is plighted to a fiend,
For proof, behold the virtue of this wand ;

[Strikes Emmeline with a wand, who straight descends :
Grimbald appears in her place.

Now see to whose embraces thou wert falling.
Behold the maiden modesty of Grimbald !

[Grimbald groans

Artb. Horror seizes me,
To think what headlong ruin I have tempted.

Phil. Haste to thy work ; a noble stroke or two,
Ends all the charms, and disenchant the grove.

I'll hold thy mistress bound.

[Chains Grimbald.

Arth. Then here's for earnest;

[Strikes twice or thrice, the tree sinks amidst thunder, and lightning, and the bridge breaks down.]

'Tis finish'd, and the dusk that yet remains,
Is but the native horror of the wood.

On yon proud towers, before this day be done,
My glittering banners shall be wav'd against the setting sun.

[Exit Arthur.]

Pbil. Come on, my surly slave; come, stalk along,
And stamp a madman's pace, and drag thy chain.

Grim. I'll champ and foam upon't, till the blue venom
Work upwards to thy hands, and loose their hold.

Pbil. Know'st thou this powerful wand? 'tis lifted up
A second stroke would send thee to the centre,
Benumb'd and dead, as far as souls can die.

Grim. I wish thou would'st, to rid me of my sense.

Chorus. Victory! victory! Vice is in chains,

Victory! victory! Virtue reigns. *[Exeunt.]*

SCENE, —a Camp.

Enter OSMOND affrighted.

Osm. Grimbald made prisoner, and my grove destroy'd!
Now what can save me—Hark, the drums and trumpets!

[Drums and trumpets within.]

Arthur is marching onward to the fort.

I have but one recourse, and that's to Oswald;

But will he whom I've injur'd, fight for me?—

No, not for me, but for himself he must;

I'll urge him with the last necessity:

Better give up my mistress than my life.

His force is much unequal to his rival;

True;—but I'll help him with my utmost art,

And try to unravel fate.

[A march. Exit.]

Enter ARTHUR, CONON, AURELIUS, and soldiers.

Con. Now there remains but this one labour more;
And if we have the hearts of true-born Britons,
The forcing of that castle crowns the day.

Aur. The works are weak, the garrison but thin.

Arth. Then where you see them staggering in their
ranks,

And

And clust'ring most in motion, there press them home;
For that's a coward's heap—How's this, a sally?

Enter OSWALD, GUILLAMAR, and soldiers on the other side.

Beyond my hopes to meet 'em on the square.

Osw. Brave Britons, hold; and thou their famous chief
[*Advancing.*

Attend what Saxon Oswald will propose.

He owns your victory; but whether owing
To valour, or to fortune, that he doubts.

If Arthur dares ascribe it to the first,
And singled from a croud will tempt a conquest,
This Oswald offers; let our troops retire,
And hand to hand let us decide our strife:
This if refus'd, bear witness earth and heav'n,
Thou steal'st a crown and mistress undeserv'd.

Arth. I'll not usurp thy title of a robber,
Nor will upbraid thee: that before, I proffer'd
This single combat, which thou didst refuse;
So glad I am, on any terms to meet thee,
And not discourage thy repenting shame,
As once Æneas, my great ancestor,
Betwixt the Trojan and Rutulian bands,
Fought for a crown, and bright Lavinia's bed;
So will I meet thee, hand to hand oppos'd:
My auguring mind assures the same success.
(*To his men.*) Stir not a sword;—if I am slain, or yield,
Renounce me, Britons, for a recreant knight;
And let the Saxon peacefully enjoy
His former footing in our famous isle.

To ratify these terms, I swear——

Osw. You need not;
Your honour is of force without your oath.
I only add, that if I fall, or yield,
Yours be the crown and Emmeline.

Arth. That's two crowns.

No more; we keep the looking heav'n and sun
Too long in expectation of our arms.

[*Arthur and Oswald fight. They close, and Arthur disarms Oswald.*

Arth. Confess thyself overcome, and ask thy life.

Osw. 'Tis not worth asking, when 'tis in thy power.

Arth. Then take it as my gift.

Osw. A wretched gift,
With loss of empire, liberty, and love.

Artb. Thy life; thy liberty, thy honour's safe;
Lead back thy Saxons to their ancient Elbe:
I would restore thee fruitful Kent, the gift
Of Vortigern for Hengist's ill bought aid,
But that my Britons brook no foreign power,
To lord it in a land sacred to freedom,
And of its rights tenacious to the last.

Osw. Nor more than thou hast offered would I take;
I would refuse all Britain held in homage:
And own no other masters but the gods.

*Enter on one side Merlin, Emmeline, and Matilda, C
non, Aurelius, with British soldiers, bearing Ki
Arthur's standard displayed; on the other side, Gu
lamar, and Osmond, with Saxon soldiers, draggi
their colours on the ground.—Arthur going to Em
meline, and embracing her.*

Artb. Again, again I have thee in my arms.

Em. We are so fitted for each other's hear,
That heav'n had err'd in making of a third,
To get betwixt and intercept our loves.

Mer. Take hence that monster of ingratitude,
Him who betray'd his master, bear him hence;
And in that loathsome dungeon plunge him deep,
Where he plung'd noble Oswald.

Osm. That indeed is fittest for me,
For there I shall be near my kindred fiends,
And spare my Grimbald's pains to bear me to 'em.

Mer. Away. [*Osmond is carried o*
(*To Arth.*) Arthur, thou hast acquir'd immortal fame,
And of three christian worthies art the first:
And now at once to treat thy sight and soul,
Behold what rolling ages shall produce;
The wealth; the loves, the glories of our isle,
Which yet, like golden ore, unripe in beds,
Expect the warm indulgency of heav'n
To call 'em forth to light——

Nor thou, brave Saxon prince, (*To Oswald*) disdain c
triumph:

Britons and Saxons shall be once one people;

One common tongue, one common faith shall bind
Our jarring bands in a perpetual peace.

[Merlin waves his wand, the scene changes and discovers the ocean in a storm. Æolus in a cloud above.]

Enter NEPTUNE.

Ye blust'ring brethren of the skies,
Whose breath has ruff'd all this wat'ry plain,
Retire and let Britannia rise,
In triumph o'er the main.
[Æolus ascends, and Britannia rises from the sea]

Enter VENUS and CUPID.

SONG.

Fastest isle, all isles excelling,
Seat of pleasures and of loves;
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
And forsake her Cyprian groves.
Cupid from his fav'rite nation,
Care and envy will remove;
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair that dies for love.
Gentle murmurs, sweet complaining,
Sighs that blow the fire of love;
Soft repulses; kind disdainings,
Shall be all the pains you prove.
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful every nymph shall prove;
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.
Mer. These who next enter are our valiant Britons,
Who shall by sea and land repel our foes.
[A march, while the British sailors and grenadiers come to the front of the stage.
Now, look above, and in heaven's high abyss,
Behold what fame attends those future heroes.
[The order of the garter descends.]

S O N G.

St George, the patron of our isle,
A soldier and a saint,
On that auspicious order smile,
Which love and arms will plant.
Our natives not alone appear
To court this martial prize ;
But foreign kings adopted here,
At home their crowns despise.
Our sov'reign high, in awful state,
His honours shall bestow ;
And see his scepter'd subjects wait
On his commands below,

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



B O N T O N ,

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N .

d Minikin, Mr Dodd.
John Trotley, Mr King.
onel Tivy, Mr Brereton.
amy, Mr La Mash.
y, Mr Parsons.

Mignon, Mr Burton.

W O M E N .

Lady Minikin, Miss Pope.
Miss Tittup, Mrs Abington.
Gymp, Miss Platt.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Lady MINIKIN and Miss TITTUP.

y Min. **I**T is not, my dear, that I have the least regard for my Lord; I had no love for him ere I married him, and you know, matrimony is no order of affection; but it hurts my pride, that he should lect me, and run after other women.

Miss Tit. Ha, ha, ha! how can you be so hypocritical, y Minikin, as to pretend to uneasiness at such trifles: pray, have you made any new discoveries of my Lord's ntry?

ady Min. New discoveries! why, I saw myself yesterday morning in a hackney-coach, with a minx in a pink inal; you shall absolutely burn yours, Tittup, for I never bear to see one of that colour again.

fiss Tit. Sure she does not suspect me [*aside.*] And ere was your ladyship, pray, when you saw him?

ady Min. Taking the air with Colonel Tivy in his vis-à-vis.

fiss Tit. But, my dear Lady Minikin, how can you be angry that my Lord was hurting your pride, as you call it the hackney-coach, when you had him so much in power in the vis-à-vis?

ady Min. What, with my lord's friend, and my friend's r! [*takes her by the hand.*] O fye, Tittup!

Miss —

Miss Tit. Pho, pho, love and friendship are very fine names to be sure, but they are mere visiting acquaintances; we know their names indeed, talk of 'em sometimes, and let 'em knock at our doors, but we never let 'em in you know.

[Looking at her.]

Lady Min. I vow, Tittup, you are extremely polite.

Miss Tit. I am extremely indifferent in these affairs, thanks to my education. We must marry, you know, because other people of fashion marry; but I should think very meanly of myself, if after I was married, I should feel the least concern at all about my husband.

Lady Min. I hate to praise myself, and yet I may with truth aver, that no woman of quality ever had, can have, or will have, so consummate a contempt for her lord as I have for my most honourable and puissant Earl of Minikin, Viscount Perriwinkle, and Baron Titmouse—Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Tit. But, is it not strange, Lady Minikin, that merely his being your husband should create such indifference? for certainly in every other eye his lordship has great accomplishments.

Lady Min. Accomplishments! thy head is certainly turn'd; if you know any of 'em, pray let's have 'em; they are a novelty, and will amuse me.

Miss Tit. Imprimis, he is a man of quality.

Lady Min. Which, to be sure, includes all the cardinal virtues—poor girl!—go on!

Miss Tit. He is a very handsome man.

Lady Min. He has a very bad constitution.

Miss Tit. He has wit.

Lady Min. He is a lord and a little goes a great way.

Miss Tit. He has great good nature.

Lady Min. No wonder—he's a fool.

Miss Tit. And then his fortune, you'll allow—

Lady Min. Was a great one—but he games, and, if fairly, he's undone; if not, he deserves to be hang'd—and so, Exit my Lord Minikin.—And now, let your wise uncle, and my good cousin Sir John Trotly, baronet, enter: where it he, pray?

Miss Tit. In his own room, I suppose, reading pamphlets and newspapers against the enormities of the times:

if

if he stays here a week longer, notwithstanding my expectations from him, I shall certainly affront him.

Lady Min. I am a great favourite; but it is impossible much longer to act up to his very righteous ideas of things. Isn't it pleasant to hear him abuse every body, and every thing, and yet always finishing with a—You'll excuse me, cousin—Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Tit. What do you think the Goth said to me yesterday?—one of the knots of his tie hanging down his left shoulder, and his fring'd cravat nicely twisted down his breast, and thrust thro' his gold button-hole, which look'd exactly like my little Barbet's head in his gold collar.—'Niece Tittup,' cries he, drawing himself up, 'I protest against this manner of conducting yourself both at home and abroad.—What are your objections, Sir John?' answered I, a little pertly.—'Various and manifold,' replied he; 'I have no time to enumerate particulars now, but I will venture to prophecy, if you keep whirling round in the vortex of pantheons, operas, festinos, coteries, masquerades, and all the devilades in this town, your head will be giddy, down you will fall, lose the name of Lucretia, and be called nothing but Tittup ever after.—You'll excuse me, cousin!'—and so he left me.

Lady Min. O, the barbarian!

Enter GYMP.

Gymp. A card, your ladyship, from Mrs. Pewitt.

Lady Min. Poor Pewitt!—if she can but be seen at public places with a woman of quality, she's the happiest of plebeians.

[*Reads the card.*]

"Mrs. Pewitt's respects to Lady. Minikin and Miss Tittup; hopes to have the pleasure of attending them to Lady Fillagree's ball this evening—Lady. Daisey sees masks." We'll certainly attend her—*Gymp.* put some message cards upon my toilet, I'll send an answer immediately; and tell one of my footmen, that he must make some visits for me to day again, and send me a list of those he made yesterday: he must be sure to call at Lady Petticoe's and if she should unluckily be at home, he must say that he came to enquire after her sprained uncle.

Miss Tit. Ay, ay, give our compliments to her sprained uncle.

Lady

Lady Min. That woman's so fat, she'll never get well of it, and I am resolved not to call at her door myself, till I am sure of not finding her at home. I am horribly low spirited to-day; do send your Colonel to play at chess with me: since he belonged to you, Titty, I have taken a kind of liking to him; I like every thing that loves my Titty. [Kisses her.]

Miss Tit. I know you do, my dear lady. [Kisses her.]

Lady Min. That sneer I don't like; if she suspects, I shall hate her [Aside.] Well, dear Titty, I'll go and write my cards, and dress for the masquerade, and if that won't raise my spirits, you must assist me to plague my lord a little. [Exit.]

Miss Tit. Yes, and I'll plague my lady a little, or I am much mistaken: my lord shall know every title that has passed: what a poor, blind, half-witted, self-conceited creature this dear friend and relation of mine is! and what a fine, spirited, gallant soldier my colonel is! my Lady Mimi-kin likes him, he likes my fortune; my Lord likes me, and I like my Lord: however, not so much as he imagines, or to play the fool so rashly as he may expect: she must be very silly indeed, who can't flutter about the flame without burning her wings—What a great revolution in this family in the space of fifteen months!—We went out of England, a very awkward, regular, good English family; but half a year in France, and a winter passed in the warmer climate of Italy, have ripen'd our minds to every refinement of ease, dissipation, and pleasure.

Enter COLONEL TIVY.

Col. Tivy. May I hope, madam, that your humble servant had some share in your last reverie?

Miss Tit. How is it possible to have the least knowledge of Colonel Tivy, and not make him the principal object of one's reflections?

Col. Tivy. That man must have very little feeling and taste, who is not proud of a place in the thoughts of the finest woman in Europe.

Miss Tit. O fye, Colonel! [Curtseys and blushes.]

Col. Tivy. By my honour, madam, I mean what I say.

Miss Tit. By your honour, Colonel! why will you pass off your encounters to me? don't I know that you fine gentlemen

gentlemen regard no honour but that which is given at the gaming table; and which indeed ought to be the only honour you should make free with.

Col. Tivy. How can you, Miss, treat me so cruelly? have I not absolutely forsworn dice, mistress, every thing, since I dar'd to offer myself to you?

Miss Tit. Yes, Colonel, and when I dare to receive you, you may return to every thing again, and not violate the laws of the present happy matrimonial establishment.

Col. Tivy. Give me but your consent, madam, and your life to come—

Miss Tit. Do you get my consent, Colonel, and I'll take care of my life to come.

Col. Tivy. How shall I get your consent?

Miss Tit. By getting me in the humour.

Col. Tivy. But how to get you in the humour?

Miss Tit. O, there are several ways; I am very good-natur'd.

Col. Tivy. Are you in the humour now.

Miss Tit. Try me.

Col. Tivy. How shall I?

Miss Tit. How shall I?—you a soldier, and not know the art military?—how shall I?—I'll tell you how;—when you have a subtle, treacherous, politic enemy to deal with, never stand shilly-shally, and lose your time in treaties and parlies, but cock your hat, draw your sword;—march, beat drum—dub, dub, a dub—present, fire, puff pauff—'tis done! they fly, they yield—Victoria! Victoria!

[Running off.

Col. Tivy. Stay, stay, my dear, dear angel!

[Bringing her back.

Miss Tit. No, no, no, I have no time to be killed now: besides, Lady Minikin is in the vapours, and wants you at chess, and my lord is low-spirited, and wants me at picquet, my uncle is in an ill humour and wants me to discard you, and go with him into the country.

Col. Tivy. And will you, Miss?

Miss Tit. Will I!—no, I never do as I am bid: but you ought—so go to my lady.

Col. Tivy. Nay, but Miss—

Miss Tit. Nay, Colonel, if you won't obey your commanding officer, you shou'd be broke, and then my maid won't

won't except of you ; so march, Colonel ! look'ee, sir, I will command before marriage, and do what I please afterwards, or I have been well educated to very little purpose.

[*Exit.*]

Col. Troy. What a mad devil it is ! now, if I had the least affection for the girl, I should be damnably vexed at this ! but she has a fine fortune, and I must have her if I can.—Tol, lol, lol, &c.

[*Exit singing.*]

Enter Sir JOHN TROTLEY and DAVY.

Sir John. Hold your tongue, Davy ; you talk like a fool.

Davy. It is a fine place, your honour, and I could live here for ever !

Sir John. More shame for you, live here for ever !—what, among thieves and pick-pockets ! what a revolution since my time ! the more I see, the more I've cause for lamentation ; what a dreadful change has time brought about in twenty years ! I should not have known the place again, nor the people ; all the signs that made so noble an appearance, are all taken down ; not a bob or tye-wig to be seen ! all the degrees from the parade in St James's Park, to the stool and brush at the corner of every street, have their hair tied up—the mason laying bricks, the baker with his basket, the post boy crying newspapers and the doctors prescribing physic, have all their hair tied up ! and that's the reason so many heads are tied up every month.

Davy. I shall have my head tied up to-morrow : Mr Whisp will do it for me—your honour and I will look like Philistines among 'em.

Sir John. And I shall break your head if it is tied up ; I hate innovations ; all confusion and no distinction ! the streets now are as smooth as a turnpike road ! no rattling and exercise in the hackney-coaches ; those who ride in 'em are all fast asleep ; and they have strings in their hands, that the coachman must pull to wake 'em, when they are to be set down—what luxury and abomination !

Davy. Is it so, your honour ? 'feekins, I lik'd it hugely.

Sir John. But you must hate and detest London.

Davy. How can I manage that your honour, when there is every thing to delight my eye, and cherish my heart ?

Sir John. 'Tis all deceit and delusion.

Davy.

ry. Such crowding, coaching, carting, and squeezing; power of fine sights, fine shops full of fine things; when such fine illuminations all of a row! and suchainty ladies in the streets, so civil and so graceful—they talk of country girls, these here look more healed rosy by half.

Jobn. Sirrah, they are prostitutes, and are civil to de-and destroy you: they are painted Jezabels, and they earken to 'em, like Jesabel of old, will go to the dogs; dare to look at 'em, you will be tainted; and if you to them, you are undone.

ry. Bless us, bless us! how does your honour know! were they as bad in your time?

Jobn. Not by half, Davy; in my time there was a decency in the worst of women; but the harlots catch like tygers for their prey; and drag you to lens of infamy—see, Davy, how they have torn my oth.

[*Shows his neckcloth.*]

ry. If you had gone civilly, your honour, they would ve hurt you.

Jobn. Well, we'll get away as fast as we can.

ry. Not this month; I hope, for I have not had half lly full yet.

Jobn. I'll knock you down, Davy, if you grow pro-: you shan't go out again to-night, and to-morrow n my room, and stay till I can look over my things, e they don't cheat you.

ry. Your honour then won't keep your word with

[*Sulkily.*]

Jobn. Why what did I promise you?

ry. That I shou'd take sixpen'orth of one of the s to-night, and a shilling place at the other to-mor-

Jobn. Well, Well, so I did: is it a moral piece,

ry. O yes, and written by a clergyman; it is called val Canaanites, or the Tragedy of Braggadocia.

Jobn. Be a good lad, and I won't be worse than my there's money for you—[*gives him some.*] but strait home, for I shall want to go to bed.

ry. To be sure, your honour—as I am to go so soon, ke a night of it.

[*Aside, and exit.*]

Sir

Sir John. This fellow wou'd turn rake and maccaroni if he was to stay a week longer—bless me, what dangers are in this town at every step; O, that I were once settled safe again at Trotley Place!—nothing but to save my country shou'd bring me back again; my niece Lucretia is so be fashion'd and be devil'd, that nothing, I fear, can save her; however, to ease my conscience, I must try; but what can be expected from the young woman of these times, but sallow looks, wild schemes, saucy words, and loose morals!—They lie a-bed all day, sit up all night; if they are silent, they are gaming, and if they talk, 'tis either scandal or infidelity; and that they may look what they are, their heads are all feather, and round their necks are twisted rattle snake tippetts—O tempora, O mores!

LORD MINIKIN *discover'd in his powdering gown, with JESSAMY and MIGNON.*

Lord Min. Pr'thee, Mignon, don't plague me any more; dost think that a nobleman's head has nothing to do but be tortur'd all day under thy infernal fingers? give me my clothes.

Mig. Ven you loss your monee, my Lor, you no goot humour, the devil may dress your cheveu for me! [*Exit.*]

Lord Min. That fellow's an impudent rascal, but he's a genius, so I must bear with him. Our beef and pudding enriches their blood so much, that the slaves in a month forget their misery and soup-maigre—O, my head!—a chair, Jessamy!—I must absolutely change my wine-merchant: I can't taste his champagne without disordering myself for a week!—heigho—[*sigs.*]

Enter Miss TITTUP.

Miss Tit. What makes you sigh, my Lord?

Lord Min. Because you were so near me, child.

Miss Tit. Indeed! I should rather have thought my lady had been with you—by your looks, my lord, I am afraid; fortune jilted you last night.

Lord Min. No, faith; our champagne was not good yesterday, and I am vapour'd like our English November; but one glance of my Tittup can dispel vapours like—like—

Miss Tit. Like something very fine to be sure; but pray

pray keep your smile for the next time ;—and hark'ee—a little prudence will not be amiss ; Mr Jessamy will think you mad, and me worse. [*Half aside.*]

Jess. O, pray don't mind me, madam.

Lord Min. Gad so, Jessamy, look out my domino, and I'll ring the bell when I want you.

Jess. I shall, my lord—Miss thinks that every body is blind in the house but herself. [*Aside and Exit.*]

Miss Tit. Upon my word, my lord, you must be a little more prudent, or we shall become the town-talk.

Lord Min. And so I will my dear ; and therefore to prevent surprise, I'll lock the door. [*Looks it.*]

Miss Tit. What do you mean, my lord ?

Lord Min. Prudence, child, prudence ; I keep all my jewels under lock and key.

Miss Tit. You are not in possession yet, my lord : I can't stay two minutes ; I only came to tell you that lady Minikin saw us yesterday in the hackney-coach ; she did not know me, I believe ; she pretends to be greatly uneasy at your neglect of her ; she certainly has some mischief in her head.

Lord Min. No intentions, I hope, of being fond of me ?

Miss Tit. No, no, make yourself easy ; she hates you most unalterably.

Lord Min. You have given me spirits, again.

Miss Tit. Her pride is alarm'd, that you should prefer any of the sex to her.

Lord Min. Her pride then has been alarm'd ever since I had the honour of knowing her.

Miss Tit. But, dear my lord, let us be merry and wise ; should she ever be convinc'd that we have a *tendre* for each other, she certainly would proclaim it, and then—

Lord Min. We shou'd be envy'd, and she wou'd be laught at my dear cousin.

Miss Tit. Nay, I wou'd have her mortify'd too—for tho' I love her ladyship sincerely, I cannot say, but I love, a little mischief as sincerely ; but then if my uncle Trotty shou'd know of our affairs, he is so old-fashion'd, prudish, and out of the way, he would either strike me out of his will, or insist upon my quitting the house.

Lord Min. My good cousin is a queer mortal, that's certain ;

JANE. I wish someone got her handsomely into the quagmire—she has got her tongue so loose in it!

Mrs. H. But that we have so regularly, as matters are in a regulated, that we may live then worse.

Lord Min. What manner do with the declaration

Mrs. T. I wish I could write the matter with I am really in love of him. I suppose, standing in house when I was in the country with him, and constantly associated with his elbows stuck to my arm and mine I am, however, not these foolish people.

Lord Min. That you must afford him as you get the better of him.

Sir John Trotter *entering at the door*

Sir John. My lord, my lord, are you home?

Mrs. T. I am, my lord, as the door

Mrs. T. How is it? Is that statement to me my

Lord Min. That is the end, my lord!

Mrs. T. What shall we do, my lord?

Sir John. *(A loud air.)* Now, my lord, my lord, you; may let me speak with you.

Lord Min. Ha, Sir John, is it you? I beg, y don, I'll put up my papers and open the door.

Mrs. T. Stay, stay, my lord, I would not meet I for the world; if he sees me here alone with y rave like a madman; put me up the chimney; any

Lord Min. *(aloud.)* I'm coming, Sir John: he got behind my great chair, he shan't see you, and y see all; I'll be short and pleasant with him.

(Puts her behind the chair, and opens t

Enter Sir JOHN.

[During this scene my lord turns the chair, as S moves to conceal Tittup.]

Sir John. You'll excuse me, my lord, that I have in upon you? I heard you talking pretty loud have you nobody with you? what were you about,

[Looking

Lord Min. A particular affair, Sir John; I alw

myself up to study my speeches, and speak 'em aloud for the sake of the tone and action.

Sir John. Ay, ay, 'tis the best way; I am sorry I disturb'd you; you'll excuse me, cousin!

Lord Min. I am rather oblig'd to you, Sir John; intense application to these things ruins my health; but one must do it for the sake of the nation.

Sir John. May be so, and I hope the nation will be the better for't—you'll excuse me!

Lord Min. Excuse you, Sir John I love your frankness; but why won't you be franker still? we have always something for dinner, and you will never dine at home.

Sir John. You must know, my lord, that I love to know what I eat;—I hate to travel, where I don't know my way; and since you have brought in foreign fashions and figaries, every thing and every body are in masquerade; your men and manners too are as much fritter'd and fricased, as your beef and mutton; I love a plain dish, my lord.

Miss Tit. (Peeping.) I wish I was out of the room, or he at the bottom of the Thames.

Sir John. But to the point;—I came, my lord, to open my mind to you about my niece Tittup; shall I do it freely?

Miss Tit. Now for it!

Lord Min. The freer the better; Tittup's a fine girl, cousin, and deserves all the kindness you can show her.

(Lord Minikin and Tittup make signs at each other.)

Sir John. She must deserve it tho', before she shall have it; and I wou'd have her begin with lengthening her petticoats, covering her shoulders, and wearing a cap upon her head.

Miss Tit. O, frightful!

(Aside.)

Lord Min. Don't you think a taper leg, falling shoulders, and fine hair, delightful objects, Sir John?

Sir John. And therefore ought to be conceal'd; 'tis their interest to conceal 'em; when you take from the men the pleasure of imagination, there will be scarcity of husbands; and then taper legs, falling shoulders, and fine hair, may be had for nothing.

Lord Min. Well said, Sir John; ha! ha!—your niece shall

wear a horseman's-coat and Jack-boots to please you—ha! ha!

Sir John. You may sneer, my lord, but for all that, I think my niece in a bad way; she must leave me in the country, forsooth, to travel and see good company and fashions; I have seen 'em too, and wish from my heart, that she is not much the worse for her journey—you'll excuse me!

Lord Min. But why in a passion, Sir John?—

[*My lord nods and laughs at Miss Tittup, who peeps from behind.*]

Don't you think that my Lady and I shall be able and willing to put her into the road?

Sir John. Zounds! my lord, you are out of it yourself; this comes of your travelling; all the town know how you and my lady live together; and I must tell you—you'll excuse me!—that my niece suffers by the bargain: prudence, my lord, is a very fine thing.

Lord Min. So is a long neckcloth nicely twisted in a button-hole, but I don't chuse to wear one—you'll excuse me!

Sir John. I wish that he who first chang'd long neckcloths, for such things as you wear, had the wearing of a twisted neckcloth that I wou'd give him.

Lord Min. Pry'thee, Baronet, don't be so horridly out of the way; prudence is a very vulgar virtue, and so incompatible with our present ease and refinement, that a prudent man of fashion is now as great a miracle as a pale woman of quality; we got rid of our *mauvais honte*, at the time that she imported our neighbour's rouge, and their morals.

Sir John. Did you ever hear the like! I am not surpriz'd my lord, that you think so lightly, and talk so vainly, who are so polite a husband; your lady, my cousin, is a fine woman, and brought you a fine fortune, and deserves better usage.

Lord Min. Will you have her, Sir John? she is very much at your service.

Sir John. Profligate! What did you marry her for, my lord?

Lord Min. Convenience—Marriage is not now-a-days, an affair of inclination, but convenience; and they who
marry

marry for love and such old-fashion'd stuff, are to me as ridiculous as those that advertise for an agreeable companion in a post-chaise.

Sir John. I have done, my lord; Miss Tittup shall either return with me into the country, or not a penny shall she have from Sir John Trotley, Baronet.

[Whistles and walks about.]

Miss Tit. I am frighten'd out of my wits!

[Lord Minikin sings and sits down.]

Sir John. Pray, my lord, what husband is this you have for her?

Lord Min. A friend of mine; a man of wit, and a fine gentleman.

Sir John. May be so, and yet make a damn'd husband for all that, You'll excuse me!—What estate has he pray?

Lord Min. He's a Colonel; his eldest brother, Sir Tan Tivy, will certainly break his neck, and then my friend will be a happy man.

Sir John. Here's morals! a happy man when his brother has broke his neck!—a happy man—mercy on me!

Lord Min. Why he'll have six thousand a year, Sir John—

Sir John. I don't care what he'll have, nor I don't care what he is, nor who my niece marries; she is a fine lady, and let her have a fine gentleman; I shan't hinder her; I'll away into the country to-morrow, and leave you to your fine doings; I have no relish for 'em, not I; I can't live among you, nor eat with you, nor game with you; I hate cards and dice, I will neither rob nor be robb'd; I am contented with what I have, and am very happy, my lord, though my brother has not broke his neck you'll excuse me!

[Exit.]

Lord Min. Ha, ha, ha! Come, fox, come out of your hole! Ha, ha, ha!

Miss Tit. Indeed, my lord, you have undone me; not a foot shall I have of Trotley Manor, that's positive!—but no matter, there's no danger of his breaking his neck, so I'll e'en make myself happy with what I have, and behave to him, for the future, as if he was a poor relation.

Lord Minikin. *[Kneeling, snatching her hand, and kissing it.]*

I must kneel and adore you for your spirit; my sweet heavenly Lucretia!

Re-enter Sir JOHN.

Sir John. One thing I had forgot—

[*starts.*

Miss Tit. Ha; he's here again!

Sir John. Why, what the devil!—heigho! my niece Lucretia, and my virtuous lord, studying speeches for the good of the nation.—Yes, yes, you have been making fine speeches, indeed, my lord; and your arguments have prevail'd, I see. I beg your pardon, I do not mean to interrupt your studies—you'll excuse me, my lord?

Lord Minikin. [*Smiling and mocking him.*

You'll excuse me, Sir John!

Sir John. O yes, my lord, but I'm afraid the devil won't excuse you at the proper time—Miss Lucretia, how do you, child? You are to be married soon—I wish the gentleman joy; Miss Lucretia; he is a happy man to be sure and will want nothing but the breaking of his brother's neck to be completely so.

Miss Tit. Upon my word, uncle, you are always putting bad constructions upon things; my lord has been soliciting me to marry his friend—and having that moment—extorted a consent from me—he was thinking—and—and—wishing me joy in his foolish manner. [*Hesitating.*

Sir John. Is that all!—but how came you here, child? did you fly down the chimney, or in at the window? for I don't remember seeing you when I was here before.

Miss Tit. How can you talk so, Sir John? You really confound me with your suspicions; and then you ask so many questions, and I have so many things to do, that—that—upon my word, if I don't make haste, I shan't get my dress ready for the ball, so I must run—You'll excuse me uncle!

[*Exit running.*

Sir John. A fine hopeful young lady that, my lord?

Lord Min. She's well-bred, and has wit.

Sir John. She has wit and breeding enough to laugh at her relations, and bestow favours on your lordship; but I must tell you plainly, my lord—you'll excuse me—that your marrying your cousin, to use her ill, and sending for my niece, your lady my cousin, to debauch her—

Lord Min. You're warm, Sir John, and don't know—the

the world, and I never contend with ignorance and a passion; live with me some time, and you'll be satisfied of my honour and good intensions to you and your family; in the mean time command my house; I must away to lady Filligree's—and I am sorry you won't make one with us—here, Jessamy, give me my domino, and call a chair; and don't let my uncle want for any thing: you'll excuse me Sir John; tol, lol, derol, &c. [Exit.]

Sir John. The world's at an end!—here's fine work! here are precious doings; this Lord is a pillar of the state too; no wonder that the building is in danger with such rotten supporters; heigho!—and then my poor lady Minikin, what a friend and husband she is bless'd with! let me consider!—should I tell the good woman of these pranks? I may only make more mischief, and mayhap go near to kill her, for she's as tender as she's virtuous;—poor lady! I'll e'en go and comfort her directly, and endeavour to draw her from the wickedness of this town into the country, where she shall have reading, fowling, and fishing to keep up her spirits, and when I die, I will leave her that part of my fortune, with which I intended to reward the virtues of Miss Lucretia Tittup, with a plague to her! [Exit.]

Lady MINIKIN's Apartments.

Lady MINIKIN and COLONEL TIVY discover'd.

Lady Min. Don't urge it, Colonel; I can't think of coming home from the masquerade this evening; tho' I should pass for my niece, it would make an uproar among the servants; and perhaps from the mistake break of your match with Tittup.

Col. Tivy. My dear lady Minikin, you know my marriage with your niece is only a secondary consideration; my first and principal object is you—you, Madam!—therefore, my dear lady, give me your promise to leave the ball with me; you must, lady Minikin; a bold young fellow and a soldier as I am, ought not to be kept from plunder when the town has capitulated.

Lady Min. But it has not capitulated, and perhaps never will; however, Colonel, since you are so curious, I must come to terms, I think—Keep your eyes upon me

at the ball, I think I may expect that, and when I drop my handkerchief, 'tis your signal for pursuing; I shall get home as fast as I can, you may follow me as fast as you can; my Lord and Tittup will be otherwise employed: Gyp will let us in the back way—No, no, my heart mis-gives me!

Col. Tivy. Then I am miserable!

Lady Min. Nay, rather than you should be miserable, Colonel, I will indulge your martial spirit; meet me in the field; there's my gauntlet. [*Throws down her glove.*]

Col. Tivy. [*Seizing it.*] Thus I accept your sweet challenge; and if I fail you, may I hereafter, both in love and war, be branded with the name of coward.

[*Kneels and kisses her hand.*]

Enter Sir JOHN opening the door.

Sir John. May I presume, cousin—

Lord Min. Ha!

[*Squalls.*]

Sir John. Mercy upon us, what are we at now!

[*looks astonished.*]

Lady Min. How can you be so rude, Sir John, to come into a lady's room without first knocking at the door? you have frighten'd me out of my wits!

Sir John. I am sure you have frighten'd me out of mine!

Col. Tivy. Such rudeness deserves death!

Sir John. Death indeed! for I shall never recover myself again—All pigs of the same sty! all studying for the good of the nation!

Lady Min. We must soothe him, and not provoke him.

[*Half aside to the Colonel.*]

Col. Tivy. I would cut his throat if you'd permit me.

[*Aside to lady Minikin.*]

Sir John. The devil has got his hoof in the house, and has corrupted the whole family; I'll get out of it as fast as I can, lest he should lay hold of me too. [*Going.*]

Lady Min. Sir John, I must insist upon your not going away in a mistake.

Sir John. No mistake, my lady, I am thoroughly convinced. Mercy on me!

Lady Min. I must beg you, Sir John, not to make any wrong constructions upon accident: you must know, that the

the moment you was at the door—I had promis'd the Colonel no longer to be his enemy in his designs upon Miss Titup—this threw him into such a rapture—that upon promising my interest with you—and wishing him joy—he fell upon his knees, and—and—(*laughing*) ha, ha, ha!

Col. Tivy. Ha, ha, ha! yes, yes, I fell upon my knees, and—and—

Sir John. Ay, ay, fell upon your knees, and—and—ha, ha! a very good, jokefaith: and the best of it is, that they are wishing joy all over the house upon the same occasion: and my lord is wishing joy, and I wish him joy, and you with all my heart.

Lady Min. Upon my word, Sir John, your cruel suspicions affect me strongly; and tho' my resentment is curb'd by my regard, my tears cannot be restrain'd; 'tis the only resource my innocence has left. [*Exit crying.*]

Col. Tivy. I reverence you, sir, as a relation to that lady, but as her slanderer I detest you: her tears must be dried, and my honour satisfied; you know what I mean: take your choice; time, place, sword, or pistol; consider it calmly, and determine as you please; I am a Soldier, Sir John.

Sir John. Very fine, truly! and so between the crocodile and the bully, my throat is to be cut; they are guilty of all sorts of iniquity, and when they are discovered, no humility, no repentance! the ladies have recourse to their tongues or their tears, and the gallants to their swords—That I may not be drawn in by the one, or drawn upon by the other, I'll hurry into the country while I retain my senses, and can sleep in a whole skin. [*Exit.*]

A C T II.

Enter Sir JOHN and JESSAMY.

Sir John. **T**HERE is no bearing this! what a land are we in! upon my word, Mr Jessamy, you should look well to the house, there are certainly rogues about it; for I did but cross the way just now to the pamphlet-shop, to buy a touch of the times, and they have taken my hanger from my side; ay, and had a pluck at my

watch too ; but I heard of their tricks, and had it sew'd to my pocket.

Jes. Don't be alarm'd, Sir John ; 'tis a very common thing, and if you walk the streets without convoy, you will be pick'd up by privateers of all kinds ; ha, ha !

Sir John. Not be alarm'd when I am robb'd ! why, they might have cut my throat with my own hanger : I shan't sleep a wink all night ; so pray lend me some weapon of defence, For I am sure if they attck me in the open street, they'll be with me at night again.

Jes. I'll lend you my own sword, Sir John ; be assur'd, there's no danger ; there's robbing and murder cry'd e-very night under my window ; but it no more disturbs me than the ticking of my watch at my bed's-head.

Sir John. Well, well, be that as it will, I must be upon my guard. What a dreadful place this is ! but 'tis all owing to the corruption of the times ; the great folks game, and the poor folks rob ; no wonder that murder ensues ; sad, sad, sad !—well let me but get over this night, and I'll leave this den of thieves to morrow—how long will your lord and lady stay at this masking and mummery before they come home ?

Jes. 'Tis impossible to say the time, sir ; that merely depends upon the spirits of the company and the nature of the entertainment ; for my own part, I generally make it myself till four or five in the morning.

Sir John. Why, what the devil do you make one at these masqueradings ?

Jes. I seldom miss, sir ; I may venture to say that nobody knows the trim and small talk of the place better than I do ; I was always reckon'd an incomparable mask.

Sir John. Thou art an incomparable coxcomb, I am sure. [*Aside.*]

Jes. An odd, ridiculous accident happen'd to me at a masquerade three years ago, I was in tip-top-spirits, and had drank a little too freely of the champaigne, I believe.

Sir John. You'll be hang'd, I believe. [*Aside.*]

Jes. Wit flew about—in short I was in spirits—at last, from drinking and rattling, to vary the pleasure, we went to dancing ; and w^ho do you think I danc'd a minuet with ? he ! he ! pray guess, Sir John ?

Sir John. Danc'd a minuet with !

[*Half aside.*
Jes.

Jes. My own lady, that's all; the eyes of the whole assembly were upon us; my lady dances well, and I believe I am pretty tolerable: after the dance I was running into a little coquetry and small talk with her.

Sir John. With your lady?—Chaos is come again!

[*Aside.*

Jes. With my lady—but upon my turning, my hand thus—(*Concededly*)—egad, she caught me; whisper'd me who I was: I would fain have laugh'd her out of it, but it wou'd not do; no, no, Jessamy, says she, I am not to be deceiv'd: pray wear gloves for the future; you may as well go bare-fac'd, as show that hand and diamond-ring.

Sir John. What a sink of iniquity!—Prostitution on all sides! from the lord to the pick-pocket. (*Aside.*) Pray, Mr Jessamy, among your other virtues, I suppose you game a little, eh, Mr Jessamy?

Jes. A little whist or so, but I am ty'd up from the dice: I must never touch a box again.

Sir John. I wish you were ty'd up—somewhere else. (*Aside.*) I sweat from top to toe! pray lend me your sword, Mr Jessamy; I shall go to my room; and let my lord and lady, and my niece Tittup know, that I beg they will excuse ceremonies; that I must be up and gone before they go to bed; that I have a most profound respect and love for them, and—and—that I hope we shall never see one another again as long as we live.

Jes. I shall certainly obey your commands—what poor ignorant wretches these country gentlemen are!

(*Aside and Exit.*

Sir John. If I stay in this place another day, it would throw me into a fever!—Oh!—I wish it was morning!—this comes of visiting my relations!

Enter DAVY, drunk.

So, you wicked wretch you—where have you been, and what have you been doing?

Davy. Merry-making, your honour—London for ever!

Sir John. Did I not order you to come directly from the play, and not be idling and raking about?

Davy. Servants don't do what they are bid in London.

Sir John. And did I not order you not to make a jack-anapes of yourself, and tye your hair like a monkey?

Davy. And therefore I did it—no pleasing the ladies without this—my lord's servants call you an old out-of-fashion'd Codger, and have taught me what's what.

Sir John. Here's an imp of the devil!—he is undone, and will poison the whole country—Sirrah, get every thing ready; I'll be going directly.

Davy. To bed, sir;—I want to go to bed myself, sir.

Sir John. Why how now—you are drunk too, sirrah.

Davy. I am a little, your honour, because I have been drinking.

Sir John. That is not all—but you have been in bad company sirrah!

Davy. Indeed, your honour's mistaken, I never kept such good company in all my life.

Sir John. The fellow does not understand me—where have you been, you drunkard?

Davy. Drinking to be sure, If I am a drunkard; and if you had been drinking too, as I have been, you wou'd not be in such a passion with a body—It makes one so good-natur'd.

Sir John. There is another addition to my misfortunes! I shall have this fellow carry into the country as many vices as will corrupt the whole parish.

Davy. I'll take what I can, to be sure, your worship.

Sir John. Get away, you beast you, and sleep off the debauchery you have contracted this fortnight, or I shall leave you behind, as a proper person to make one of his lordship's family.

Davy. So much the better—give me more wages, less work, and the key of the ale cellar, and I am your servant, If not, provide yourself with another. (*Struts about.*)

Sir John. Here's a reprobate!—this is the completion of my misery!—but hark'ee, villain—go to bed—and sleep off your iniquity, and then pack up the things, or I'll pack you off to Newgate, and transport you for life, you rascal you. (*Exit.*)

Davy. That for you, old Codger. (*Snaps his fingers*) I know the law better than to be frighten'd with moon-shine: I wish that I was to live here all my days,—this is life indeed! a servant lives up to his eyes in claver; they have wages.

wages, and board wages, and nothing to do, but to grow fat and saucy—they are as happy as their master, they play for ever at cards, swear like emperors, drink like fishes, and go a wenching with as much ease and tranquillity, as if they were going to a sermon. Oh! 'tis a fine life!

(*Exit reeling.*)

SCENE, *A Chamber in Lord MINIKIN's House.*

Lord MINIKIN and Miss TITTUP in masquerade dresses, lighted by JESSAMY.

Lord Min. Set down the candles, Jessamy; and shou'd your lady come home let me know—be sure you are not out of the way.

Jes. I have liv'd too long with your lordship to need the caution—who the devil have we got now? but that's my lord's business, and not mine. [*Exit.*]

Miss TITTUP. (*pulling off her mask.*)

Upon my word, my lord, this coming home so soon from the masquerade is very imprudent, and I will certainly be observ'd—I am most inconceivably frighten'd, I can assure you—my uncle Trotly has a light in his room; the accident this morning will certainly keep him upon the watch—pray, my lord, let us defer our meetings, till he goes into the country—I find that my English heart tho' it has ventur'd so far, grows fearful, and awkward to practise the freedom of warmer climes—(*My lord takes her by the hand.*) If you will not desist, my lord—we are separated for ever—the sight of the precipice turns my head, I have been giddy with it too long, and must turn from it while I can—pray be quiet, my lord, I will meet you to-morrow.

Lord Min. To-morrow! 'tis an age in my situation—let the weak, bashful, coyish whiner be intimidated with these faint alarms, but let the bold experienced lover kindle at the danger, and like the eagle in the midst of storms thus pronounce upon his prey. [*Takes hold of her.*]

Miss Tit. Dear, Mr. Eagle, be merciful, pray let the poor pigeon fly for this once.

G 5

Lord Min.

Lord Min. If I do, my dove, may I be curs'd to have my wife as fond of me, as I am now of thee.

[*Offers to kiss her.*]

Jes. (*Without knocking at the door.*) My lord my lord!

Miss Tit. (*screams.*) Ha!

Lord Min. Who's there?

Jes. (*Peeping.*) 'Tis I, my lord; may I come in?

Lord Min. Damn the fellow! what's the matter?

Jes. Nay, not much, my lord—only my lady's come home.

Miss Tit. Then I'm undone, what shall I do!—I'll run into my own room.

Lord Min. Then she may meet you—

Jes. There's a dark deep closet, my lord—Miss may hide herself there.

Miss Tit. For heaven's sake put me into it, and when her ladyship's safe, let me know, my lord: what an escape have I had!

Lord Min. The moment her evil spirit is laid, I'll let my angel out [*Puts her into the closet.*] lock the door on the inside—Come softly to my room Jessamy—

Jes. If a board creaks, your lordship shall never give me a lac'd waistcoat again.

[*Exeunt on tiptoes.*]

Enter GYMP lighting in Lady MINIKIN and Colonel TIVY in Masquerade dresses.

Gymp. Pray, my lady, go no farther with the Colonel, I know you mean nothing but innocence, but I'm sure there will be blood shed, for my lord is certainly in the house—I'll take my affidavit that I heard—

Col. Tivy. It can't be, I tell you; we left him this moment at the masquerade—I spoke to him before I came out.

Lady Min. He's too busy and too well employ'd to think of home—but don't tremble so *Gymp.* There is no harm, I assure you, the Colonel is to marry my niece, and it is proper to settle some matters relating to it—they are left to us.

Gym. Yes, yes, madam, to be sure it is proper that you talk together, I know you mean nothing but innocence, but indeed there will be blood-shed.

Col. Tivy. The girl's a fool. I have no sword by my side.

Gym.

Gym. But my lord has, and you may kill one another with that, I know you mean nothing but innocence, but I certainly heard him go up the back-stairs into his room, talking with Jessamy.

Lady Min. 'Tis impossible but the girl must have fancy'd this. Can't you ask Whisp, or Mignon, if their Master is come in?

Gym. Lord, my lady, they are always drunk before this, and asleep in the kitchen.

Lady Min. This frighten'd fool has made me as ridiculous as herself! hark!—Colonel, I'll swear there is something upon the stairs; now I am in the field I find I am a coward.

Gym. There will certainly be blood-shed.

Col. Tivy. I'll slip down with Gymp this back way then.

Gym. O dear my lady, there is something coming up ^{(going.} them too.

Col. Tivy. Zounds! I've got between two fires!

Lady Min. Run into the closet.

Col. Tivy. *(Runs to the closet.)* There's no retreat—The door is lock'd!

Lady Min. Behind the chimney board, Gymp.

Col. Tivy. I shall certainly be taken prisoner *(Gets behind the board.)* you'll let me know when the enemy's decamp'd.

Lady Min. Leave that to me—do you, Gymp, go down the back stairs, and leave me to face my lord, I think I can match him at hypocrisy. *[Sits down.]*

Enter Lord MINIKIN.

Lord Min. What is your ladyship so soon returned from lady Fillagree's?

Lady Min. I am sure, my lord, I ought to be more surprised at your being here so soon, when I saw you so well entertain'd in a *tete-a-tete* with a lady in crimson—such sights, my lord, will always drive me from my most favourite amusements.

Lord Min. You'll find at least, that the lady, whoever she was, cou'd not engage me to stay, when I found that your ladyship had left the ball.

Lady Min. Your lordship's sneering upon my unhappy
G 6 temper

temper may be a proof of your wit, but it is none of your humanity, and this behaviour is as great an insult upon me, as even your falsehood itself. [*Pretends to weep.*]

Lord Min. Nay, my dear lady Minikin, if you are resolved to play tragedy, I shall roar away too, and pull out my cambric handkerchief.

Lady Min. I think, my lord, we had better retire to our apartments; my weakness and your brutality will only expose us to our servants—Where is Tittup, pray?

Lord Min. I left her with the Colonel: a masquerade to young folks, upon the point of matrimony, is as delightful as it is disgusting to those who are happily married, and are wise enough to love home, and the company of their wives. [*Takes her hand.*]

Lady Min. False man! I had as lieve a toad touch'd me. [*Aside.*]

Lord Min. She gives me the frissonne—I must propose to stay, or I shall never get rid of her (*Aside.*) I am quite aguish to-night,—he—he—do my dear, let us make a little fire here, and have a family *tele-a-tete*, by way of novelty. [*Rings a bell.*]

Enter JESSAMY.

Jessamy let 'em take away that chimney-board, and light a fire here immediately.

Lady Min. What shall I do? (*Aside and greatly alarm'd.*) Here, Jessamy, there is no occasion—I am going to my own chamber, and my lord won't stay here by himself. [*Exit Jess.*]

Lord Min. How cruel it is, lady Minikin, to deprive me of the pleasure of a domestic duetto—A good escape, faith! [*aside.*]

Lady Min. I have too much regard for lord Minikin to agree to any thing that would afford him so little pleasure—I shall retire to my own apartment.

Lord Min. Well if your ladyship will be cruel, I must still, like the miser, starve and sigh, tho' possessed of the greatest treasure—(*bows*) I wish your ladyship a good night.

(*He takes one candle, and lady Minikin the other.*)

May I presume—

(*Salutes her.*)

Lady Min.

Lady Min. Your lordship is too obliging—nasty man!

(*aside.*

Lord Min. Disagreeable woman!

(*Aside.*

[*They wipe their lips and exeunt different ways ceremoniously.*

Miss Tit. (*Peeping out of the closet.*) All's silent now, and quite dark; what has been doing here I cannot guess, I long to be reliev'd, I wish my lord was come, but I hear a noise! [*She shuts the door.*

Col. Tivy. (*Peeping over the chimney board.*) I wonder my lady does not come, I wou'd not have Miss Tittup know of this, 'twould be ten thousand pounds out of my way, and I can't afford to give so much for a little gallantry.

Miss Tit. [*Comes forward.*] What would my Colonel say to find his bride, that is to be, in this critical situation?

Enter Lord MINIKIN at one door in the dark.

Lord Min. Now to relieve my prisoner.

[*Comes forward.*

Enter Lady MINIKIN at the other door.

Lady Min. My poor Colonel will be as miserable, as if he were besieg'd in garrison; I must release him.

(*Going towards the chimney.*

Lord Min. Hist! hist!

Miss Tit. *Lord Min. and Colonel Tivy.* Here! here!

Lord Min. This way.

Lady Min. Softly. (*They all grope till Lord Minikin has got Lady Minikin, and the Colonel Miss Tittup.*

Sir John. [*speaks without.*] Light this way, I say; I am sure there are thieves; get a blunderbuss.

Jess. Indeed you dreamt it; there is nobody but the family. [*All stand and stare.*

Enter Sir JOHN in his cap, and banger drawn with Jessamy.

Sir John. Give me the candle, I'll ferret them out. I warrant; bring a blunderbuss, I say: they have been skipping about that gallery in the dark this half hour; there must be mischief; I have watch'd 'em into this room; ho, ho! are you there? if you stir, you are dead men: (*they*

retire.

retire) and (*seeing the ladies*) women too! egad, ha! what's this? the same party again! and two couple they are of as choice mortals ever were hatch'd in this righteous town—you'll excuse me, cousins!

[*They all look confounded.*]

Lord Min. In the name of wonder, how comes all this about?

Sir John. Well, but hark'ee, my dear cousins, have you not got wrong partners?—here has been some mistake in the dark; I am mighty glad that I have brought you a candle, to set all to rights again—you'll excuse me, gentlemen and ladies!

Enter GYMP with a candle.

Gym. What in the name of mercy is the matter?

Sir John. Why the old matter, and the old game, Mrs Gymp; and I'll match my cousins here at it against all the world, and I sav done fi-st.

Lord Min. What is the meaning, Sir John, of all this tumult and consternation? may not Lady Minikin, and I, and the Colonel and your niece, be seen in my house, together without your raising the family, and making this uproar and confusion?

Sir John. Come, come, good folks, I see you are all confounded, I'll settle this matter in a moment. As for you, Colonel, though you have not deserv'd plain dealing from me, I will now be serious; you imagine this young lady has an independant fortune, besides expectations from me: 'tis a mistake, she has no expectations from me, if she marry you; and if I don't consent to her marriage, she will have no fortune at all.

Col. Tivy. Plain dealing is a jewel: and to show you, Sir John, that I can pay you in kind, I am most sincerely obliged to you for your intelligence, and I am, ladies, your most obedient humble servant.—I shall see you, my lord, at the club to-morrow. [*Exit Col. Tivy.*]

Lord Min. Sans doute, mon cher Colonel—I'll meet you there without fail.

Sir John. My lord, you'll have something else to do;

Lord Min. Indeed! what is that, good Sir John?

Sir John. You must meet your lawyers and creditors to-morrow, and be told, what you have always turn'd a deaf ear

ear to that dissipation of your fortune and morals must be followed by years of parsimony and repentance—as you are fond of going abroad, you may indulge that inclination without having it in your power to indulge any other.

Lord Min. The bumkin is no fool, and is damn'd satirical. *(Aside.)*

Sir John. This kind of quarantine for pestilential minds will bring you to your senses, and make you renounce foreign vices and follies, and return with joy to your country and property again; read that, my lord, and know your fate. *(Gives a paper.)*

Lord Min. What an abomination is this! that a man of fashion and a nobleman, shall be oblig'd to submit to the laws of his country.

Sir John. Thank heaven, my lord, we are in that country! You are silent, ladies; if repentance has subdu'd your tongues, I shall have hopes of you: a little country air might perhaps, do you well: as you are distress'd, I am at your service; what say you my lady?

Lady Min. However appearances have condemn'd me, give me leave to disavow the substance of those appearances. My mind has been tainted, but not profligate; your kindness and example may restore me to my former natural English constitution.

Sir John. Will you resign your lady to me, my lord, for a time?

Lord Min. For ever, dear Sir John, without a murmur.

Sir John. Well, miss, and what say you?

Miss Tit. Guilty, uncle. *(Curtseying.)*

Sir John. Guilty! the devil you are? of what?

Miss Tit. Of consenting to marry one whom my heart could not approve, and coquetting with another which friendship, duty, honour, morals, and every thing, but fashion, ought to have forbidden.

Sir John. Thus then, with the wife of one under this arm, and the mistress of another under this, I sally forth a knight errant, to rescue distress'd damsels from those monsters, foreign vices, and Bon Ton, as they call it; and I trust that every English hand and heart here will assist me in so desperate an undertaking—You'll excuse me, Sir!

HIGH

HIGH LIFE BELOW STAIRS.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lovel, a young West Indian of fortune, Mr O'Brien.
Freeman, his friend, Mr Parker.

Servants to Lovel.

Philip, Mr Yates.

Tom, Mr Mozeen.

Coachman, Mr Clough.

Kingston, a black, Mr Moody.

Kitty, Mrs Clive.

Cook, Mrs Bradshaw.

Clue, a black, Mrs Smith.

Visitors.

Duke's servant, Mr Palmer.

Sir Harry's Servant, Mr King.

Lady Bab's maid, Miss Hip-
pesley.

Lady Charlotte's maid, Mrs
Bennet.

Robert, servant to Freeman.
Mr Acinan.

Fidler, Mr Atkins.

SCENE, LONDON.

A C T I.

SCENE, *An apartment in FREEMAN'S House.*

FREEMAN and LOVEL, *entering.*

FREEMAN.

A Country boy! ha, ha, ha!—How long has this scheme been in your head?

Love. Some time.—I am now convinc'd of what you have often been hinting to me, that I am confoundedly cheated by my servants.

Free. Oh, are you satisfied at last, Mr Lovel? I always told you, that there is not a worse set of servants in the parish of St James's, than in your kitchen.

Lov. 'Tis with some difficulty I believe it now, Mr Freeman; though I must own, my expences often make me stare.—Philip, I am sure is an honest fellow; and I will swear for my blacks.—If there is a rogue among my folks, it is that surly dog Tom.

Free. You are mistaken in every one. Philip is a hypocritical rascal; Tom has a good deal of surly honesty.

RS. nesty about him; and for your blacks, they are as bad as your whites.

ith. *Lov.* Piithee, Freeman, how came you to be so well acquainted with my people? None of the wenches are handsome enough to move the affections of a middle-aged gentleman as you are—ha, ha, ha!

thre. *Free.* You are a young man, Mr Lovel, and take a pride in a number of idle unnecessary servants, who are the plague and reproach of this kingdom.

Hi. *Lov.* Charles, you are an old-fashion'd fellow. Servants a plague and reproach! ha, ha, ha! I would have forty more, if my house would hold them. Why, man in Jamaica, before I was ten years old, I had a hundred blacks kissing my feet every day.

Me. *Free.* You gentry of the Western Isles are high-mettled ones, and love pomp and parade.—I have seen it delight your soul, when the people in the street have stared at your equipage; especially if they whispered loud enough to be heard, "That is squire Lovel, the great West-Indian"—ha, ha, ha!

Me. *Lov.* I should be very sorry if we were as splenetic as you northern islanders, who are devoured with melancholy and fog—ha, ha, ha? No, Sir, we are children of the sun, and are born to diffuse the bounteous favour which our noble parent is pleased to bestow on us.

Free. I wish you had more of your noble parents regularity, and less of his fire. As it is, you consume so fast, that not one in twenty of you live to be fifty years old.

Lov. But in that fifty we live two hundred, my dear; mark that:—But to business—I am resolved upon my frolic—I will know whether my servants are rogues or not. If they are, I'll bastinado the rascals; if not, I think I ought to pay for my impertinence.—Pray tell me, is not your Robert acquainted with my people? Perhaps he may give a little light into the thing.

Free. To tell you the truth, Mr Lovel, your servants are so abandoned, that I have forbid him your house.—However, if you have a mind to ask him any question, He shall be forthcoming.

Lov. Let us have him.

Free. You shall: but it is an hundred to one if you get

get any thing out of him; for though he is a very honest fellow, yet he is so much of a servant that he'll never tell any thing to the disadvantage of another.—Who waits? (*Enter Servant.*) Send Robert to me. (*Exit Servant.*)—And what was it determin'd you upon this project at last.

Lov. This letter. It is an anonymous one, and so ought not to be regarded; but it has something honest in it, and put me upon satisfying my curiosity.—Read it. [*Gives the letter.*]

Free. I should know something of this hand—[*Reads.*]

“To Peregrine Lovel, Esq;

“Please your honour,

“I take the liberty to acquaint your honour, that you
“are sadly cheated by your servants.—Your honour
“will find it as I say—I am not willing to be known;
“whereof, if I am, it may bring one into trouble.

“So no more, from your honours

“Servant to command.”

—Odd and honest! Well—and now what are the steps you intend to take? [*Returns the letter.*]

Lov. I shall immediately apply to my friend the manager for a disguise.—Under the form of a gawky country boy, I will be an eye-witness of my servants behaviour.—You must assist me, Mr Freeman.

Free. As how, Mr Lovel?

Lov. My plan is this—I gave it out that I was going to my borough in Devonshire; and yesterday set out with my servant in great form, and lay at Basingstoke.—

Free. Well?

Lov. I ordered the fellow to make the best of his way down into the country, and told him that I would follow him; instead of that, I turn'd back, and am just come to town: *Ecce signum!* [*Points to his boots.*]

Free. It is now one o'clock.

Lov. This very afternoon I shall pay my people a visit.

Free. How will you get in?

Lov. When I am properly habited, you shall get me introduced to Philip as one of your tenants sons, who wants to be made a good servant of.

Free. They will certainly discover you.

Lov. Never fear; I'll be so countryfy'd, that you shall not

not know me.—As they are thoroughly persuaded I am many miles off, they will be more easily imposed on. Ten to one but they begin to celebrate my departure with a drinking bout, if they are what you describe them—

Free. Shall you be able to play your part?

Lov. I am surprised, Mr Freeman, that you who have known me from my infancy, should not remember my abilities in that way.—‘But you old fellows have short ‘memories.

‘*Free.* What should I remember?

‘*Lov.* How I play’d Daniel in the Conscious Lovers at school, and afterwards arriv’d at the distinguish’d character of the mighty Mr Scrub— [Mimicing.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! that is very well—Enough—Here is Robert.

Enter ROBERT.

Rob. Your honour ordered me to wait on you.

Free. I did, Robert.—Robert—

Rob. Sir—

Free. Come here.—You know, Robert, I have a good opinion of your integrity.—

Rob. I have always endeavour’d that your honour should.

Free. Pray have not you some acquaintance among Mr Lovel’s people.

Rob. A little, please your honour.

Free. How do they behave?—We have nobody but friends—you may speak it out.

Lov. Ay, Robert, speak out.

Rob. I hope your honours will not insist on my saying any thing in an affair of this kind.

Lov. Oh. but we do insist, if you know any thing—

Rob. Sir, I am—but a servant myself; and it would not become me to speak ill of a brother-servant.

Free. Psha! this is false honesty—speak out.

Rob. Don’t oblige me, good Sir.—Consider, Sir, a servant’s bread depends upon his *carackter*.

Lov. But if a servant uses me ill—

Rob. Alas, Sir! what is one man’s poison is another man’s meat.

Free. You see how they trim for one another,

Rob.

Rob. Service Sir, is no inheritance.—A servant that is not approv'd in one place, may give satisfaction in another. Every body must live, your honour.

Lov. I like your heartiness as well as your caution; but, in my case, it is necessary that I should know the truth.

Rob. The truth, Sir, is not to be spoken at all times; it may bring one into trouble, whereof if—

Free. (*Musing.*) "Whereof it?"—Pray, Mr Lovel, let me see that letter again.—(*Lovel gives the letter.*)—Ay—it must be so—Robert—

Rob. Sir—

Free. Do you know any thing of this letter?

Rob. Letter, your honour?

Free. Yes, letter.

Rob. I have seen the hand before.

Lov. He blushes!

Free. I ask you, if you were concerned in writing this letter? You never told me a lie yet, and I expect the truth from you now.

Rob. Pray your honour don't ask me.

Free. Did you write it?—Answer me.—

Rob. I cannot deny it.

[*Bowing.*]

Lov. What induc'd you to it?

Rob. I will tell truth.—I have seen such waste and extravagance, and riot and drunkenness, in your kitchen Sir, that, as my master's friend, I could not help discovering it to you.

Lov. Go on.

Rob. I am sorry to say it to your honour; but your honour is not only imposed on, but laughed at by all your servants especially by Philip, who is a—very bad man.

Lov. Philip? An ungrateful dog!—Well?

Rob. I could not presume to speak to your honour; and therefore I resolv'd, though but a poor scribe, to write your honour a letter.

Lov. Robert, I am greatly indebted to you.—Here—

[*Offers money.*]

Rob. On any other account than this, I should be proud to receive your honours bounty; but now I beg to be excus'd.

[*Refuses the money.*]

Lov. Thou hast a noble heart, Robert, and I'll not forget

forget you.—Freeman, he must be in the secret.—Wait your master's orders.

Rob. I will your honour.

[*Exit.*

Free. Well, Sir, are you convinc'd now?

Love. Convinc'd? Yes; and I'll be among the scoundrels before night.—You or Robert must contrive some way or other to get me introduc'd to Philip, as one of your cottagers boys out of Essex.

Free. Ha, ha, ha! you'll make a fine figure.

Lov. They shall make a fine figure.—It must be done this afternoon: walk with me across the park, and I'll tell you the whole.—My name shall be *Jemmy*;—and I am come to be a gentleman's servant—and will do my best, and hope to get a good *carackter*.

[*Mimicing.*

Free. But what will you do if you find them rascals?

Lov. Discover myself, and blow them all to the devil.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!—Bravo—Jemmy—Bravo, ha, ha!

[*Excunt.*

SCENE, *The Park.*

Duke's Servant.

What wretches are ordinary servants, that go on in the same vulgar track every day! eating, working, and sleeping!—But we, who have the honour to serve the nobility, are of another species. We are above the common forms, have servants to wait upon us, and are as lazy and luxurious as our masters.—Ha!—my dear Sir Harry—

(*Enter Sir Harry's Servant*)

—How have you done these thousand years?

Sir Har. My Lord Duke!—your grace's most obedient servant.

Duke. Well, baronet, and where have you been?

Sir Har. At Newmarket, my Lord.—We have had dev'lish fine sport.

Duke. And a good appearance, I hear—Pox take it, I should have been there; but our old duchess died, and we were obliged to keep the house, for the decency of the thing.

Sir Har. I pick'd up fifteen pieces.

Duke.

Duke. Psha ! a trifle !

Sir Har. The viscount's people have been bloodily
knew in this meeting.

Duke. Credit me, baronet, they know nothing of the
turf.

Sir Har. I assure you, my lord, they lost every match ;
for Crab was beat hollow, Careless, threw his rider, and
Miss Slammerkin had the distemper.

Duke. Ha, ha, ha ! I'm glad on't.——Taste this snuff
Sir Harry. [Offers his box.

Sir Har. 'Tis good rapee.

Duke. Right Strasburgh, I assure you ; and of my own
importing.

Sir Har. Aye !

Duke. The city people adulterate it so confoundedly,
that I always import my own snuff.—I wish my lord
would do the same ; but he is so indolent.—When did
you see the girls ? I saw Lady Bab this morning ; but
'fore Gad, whether it be love or reading, she look'd as
pale as a penitent.

Sir Har. I have just had this card from Lovel's people.
——(Reads.) “ Philip and Mrs Kitty, present their
“ compliments to Sir Harry, and desire the honour of
“ his company this evening, to be of a smart party, and
“ eat a bit of supper.”

Duke. I have the same invitation.—Their master, it
seems, is gone to his borough.

Sir Har. You'll be with us, my Lord ?——Philip's
a blood.

Duke. A buck of the first head. I'll tell you a secret ;
he's going to be married.

Sir Har. To whom ?

Duke. To Kitty.

Sir Har. No !

Duke. Yes ; he is ; and I intend to cuckold him.

Sir Har. Then we may depend upon your Grace for
certain. Ha, ha, ha !

Duke. If our house breaks up in a tolerable time, I'll
be with you.—Have you any thing for us ?

Sir Har. Yes, a little bit of poetry.—I must be
the Cocoa tree myself till eight.

Duke. Heigh ho !—I am quite out of spirits—I have
a dam

a damn'd debauch last night, baronet.—Lord Francis, Bob, the bishop, and I, tipt off four bottles of Burgundy a piece.—Ha! there are two fine girls coming! Faith—lady Bab—aye and Lady Charlotte.

[Takes out his glass.

Sir Har. We'll not join them.

Duke. O yes—Bab is a fine wench notwithstanding her complexion; though I should be glad she would keep her teeth cleaner.—Your English women are damn'd negligent about their teeth.—How is your Charlotte in that particular.

Sir Har. My Charlotte!

Duke. Ay, the world says you are to have her.

Sir Har. I own I did keep her company; but we are off my Lord.

Duke. How so?

Sir Har. Between you and me, she has a plaguy thick pair of legs.

Duke. Oh! damn it—that's insufferable.

Sir Har. Besides, she's a fool, and miss'd her opportunity with the old countess.

Duke. I am afraid, baronet, you love money.—Rot it, I never save a shilling.—Indeed I am sure of a place in the exercise.—Lady Charlotte is to be of the party to night; how do you manage that?

Sir Har. Why, we do meet at a third place; are very civil, and look queer, and laugh, and abuse one another, and all that.

Duke. A-la-mode, ha!—Here they are.

Sir Har. Let us retire.

[They retire.

Enter Lady Bab's Maid and Lady Charlotte's Maid.

L Bab. Oh, fie, lady Charlotte! you are quite indelicate; I am sorry for your taste.

L Char. Well, I say it again, I love Vauxhall.

L Bab. O my stars! Why, there's nobody there but filthy citizens.

L Char. We were in hopes the raising the price would have kept them out, ha, ha, ha!

L Bab. Ha, ha, ha!—Runelow for my money.

L Char. Now you talk of Runelow; when did you see the colonel, Lady Bab?

L Bab.

L Bab. The colonel! I hate the fellow.—He had the assurance to talk of a creature of Gloucestershire before my face.

L Cbar. He is a pretty man for all that.—Soldiers, you know, have their mistresses ev'ry where.

L Bab. I despise him.—How goes on your affair with the baronet?

L Cbar. The baronet is a stupid wretch, and I shall have nothing to say to him.—You are to be at Lovel's to-night, lady Bab?

L Bab. Unless I alter my mind—I don't admire visiting these commoners, lady Charlotte.

L Cbar. Oh, but Mrs Kitty has taste.

L Bab. She affects it.

L Cbar. The duke is fond of her, and he has judgment.

L Bab. The duke might shew his judgment much better.

[*Holding up her head.*]

L Cbar. There he is, and the baronet too.—Take no notice of them.—We'll rally them and by.

L Bab. Dull souls! Let us set up a loud laugh, and leave 'em.

L Cbar. Ay—let us be gone; for the common people do so stare at us—we shall certainly be mobb'd.

Both. Ha, ha, ha!—ha, ha, ha! [*Exeunt.*]

DUKE and Sir HARRY come forward.

Duke. They certainly saw us, and are gone off laughing at us.—I must follow.

Sir Har. No, no.

Duke. I must—I must have a party of raillery with them, a bon mot or so, Sir Harry, you'll excuse me. Adieu; I'll be with you in the evening, if possible;—though, hark ye! there is a bill depending in our house, which the ministry make a point of our attending; and so you know, mum! we must mind the stops of the great fiddle.—Adieu.

[*Exit.*]

Sir Har. What a coxcomb this is! and the fellow can't read. It was but the other day that he was cowboy in the country; then was bound apprentice to a periwig-maker, got into my lord dukes family, and now sets up for a fine gentleman: *O tempora, O mores!*

Re-enter

Re-enter Duke's Servant.

Duke. Sir-Harry, prithee what are we to do at Lovel's when we come there.

Sir Har. We shall have the fiddles, I suppose.

Duke. The fiddles ! I have done with dancing ever since the last fit of the gout. I'll tell you what, my dear boy I positively cannot be with them, unless we have a little—

[*Makes a motion as if with the dice-box.*]

Sir Har. Fie, my lord duke.

Duke. Look ye, baronet, I insist on it.—Who the devil of any fashion can possibly spend an evening without it !—But I shall lose the girls.—How grave you look, ha, ha, ha !—Well, let there be fiddles.

Sir Har. But, my dear lord, I shall be quite miserable without you.—

Duke. Well, I won't be particular ; I'll do as the rest do—Tol, lol, lol. [Exit singing and dancing.]

Sir Har. (*solus.*) He had the assurance, last winter, to court a tradesmah's daughter in the city, with two thousand pounds to her fortune,—and got me to write his love-letters. He pretended to be an ensign in a marching regiment ; so wheedled the old folks into consent, and would have carried the girl off, but was unluckily prevented by the washerwoman, who happened to be his first cousin.

Enter PHILIP.

—Mr Philip, your servant.

Pbil. You are welcome to England, Sir Harry ; I hope you received the card, and will do us the honour of your company.—My master is gone into Devonshire.

—We'll have a roaring night.

Sir Har. I'll certainly wait on you.

Pbil. The girls will be with us.

Sir Har. Is this a wedding-supper, Philip ?

Pbil. What do you mean, Sir Harry ?

Sir Har. The Duke tells me so.

Pbil. The Duke's a fool.

Sir Har. Take care what you say ; his grace is a bruiser

Pbil. I am a pupil of the same academy, and not afraid

of him, I assure you. Sir Harry, we'll have a noble batch
—I have such wine for you?

Sir Har. I am your man, Phil,

Phil. Evad the cellar shall bleed: I have some Burgundy that is fit for an emperor. — My master would have given his ears for some of it t'other day, to treat my lord what d'ye-call-him with; but I told him it was all gone—ha! charity begins at home, ha'—Odso, here is Mr Freeman, my master's intimate friend; he's a dry one—Don't let us be seen together—he'll suspect something.

Sir Har. I am gone.

Phil. Away, away;—remember—Burgundy is the word.

Sir Har. Right—Long corks! ha, Phil! [*Mimicks the drawing of a cork.*—[*Yours.* [*Exit.*

Phil. Now for a cast of my office—A starch Phil. a canting phrase, and as many lies as necessary.—Hem!

Enter FREEMAN.

Free. Oh, Philip—How do you do, Philip?—You have lost your master, I find.

Phil. It is a loss indeed. Sir.—So good a gentleman? —He must be nearly got into Devonshire by this time —Sir, your servant.

Free. Why in such a hurry, Philip?

Phil. I shall leave the house as little as possible, now his honour is away.

Free. You are in the right, Philip.

Phil. Servants at such times are too apt to be negligent and extravagant, Sir.

Free. True; the master's absence is the time to try a good servant in.

Phil. It is so, Sir.—Sir, your Servant. [*Going.*

Free. Oh, Mr Philip!—pray stay—you must do me a piece of service.

Phil. You command me, Sir— [*Bows.*

Free. I look upon you Philip, as one of the best behaved, most sensible, completest, (Philip bows) rascals in the world. [*Aside.*

Phil. Your honour is pleased to compliment.

Free. There is a tenant of mine in Essex, a very honest man

man——Poor fellow, he has a great number of children; and they have sent me one of 'em, a tall gawky boy, to make a servant of; but my folks say they can do nothing with him.

Pbil. Let me have him, Sir.

Free. In truth he is an unlick'd cub.

Pbil. I will lick him into something, I warrant you, Sir——Now my master is absent, I shall have a good deal of time upon my hands; and I hate to be idle, Sir: in two months I'll engage to finish him.

Free. I don't doubt it.

[*Aside.*

Pbil. I have twenty pupils in the parish of St James's; and for a table, or a side board, or behind an equipage or in the delivery of a message, or any thing——

Free. What have you for entrance?

Pbil. I always leave it to gentlemen's generosity.

Free. Here is a guinea——I beg he may be taken care of.

Pbil. That he shall, I promise you (*Aside.*) Your honour knows me.

Free. Thoroughly.

[*Aside.*

Pbil. When can I see him, Sir?

Free. Now; directly——Call at my house, and take him in your hand.

Pbil. Sir, I will be with you in a minute——I will but step into the market to let the tradesmen know they must not trust any of our servants, now they are at board-wages.——Humph!

Free. How happy is Mr Lovel in so excellent a servant!

[*Exit.*

Pbil. Ha, ha, ha! This is one of my master's prudent friends, who dines with him three times a-week, and thinks he is mighty generous in giving me five guineas at Christmas.——Damn all such sneaking scoundrels, I say.

[*Exit.*

SCENE, *The Servants Hall in Lovel's House.*

KINGSTON and COACHMAN drunk and sleepy.

[*A knocking at the door.*

Kings. somebody knocks——*Coachy,* go—go to the door, *Coachy*——

H 2

Coach.

Coach. I'll not go — do you go — you black dog,
Kings. Devil shall fetch me if I go. [Knocking.]

Coach. Why then let 'em stay. — I'll not go — damme
 — Ay, knock the door down, and let yourself in.

[Knocking.]

Kings. Ay, ay, knock again — knock again —

Coach. Master is gone into Devonshire — so he can't
 be there — so I'll go to sleep.

Kings. So will I — I'll go to sleep too.

Coach. You lie, devil — you shall not go to sleep till
 I am asleep — I am king of the kitchen.

Kings. No, you are not king; but when you are drunk
 you are sulky as hell. — Here is cooky coming — she
 is king and queen too.

Enter Cook.

Cook. Somebody has knocked at the door twenty
 times, and nobody hears. — Why, Coachman — Kings-
 ton — Ye drunken bears, why don't one of you go to the
 door.

Coach. You go, Cook; you go —

Cook. Hang me if I go —

Kings. Yes, yes, Cooky, go; Molsey, Polsey, go —

Cook. Out you, black toad — It is none of my busi-
 ness, and go I will not. [Sits down.]

Enter PHILIP with LOVEL disguis'd.

Phil. I might have staid at the door all night, as the
 little man in the play says, if I had not had the key of
 the door in my pocket — What is come to you all?

Cook. There is John Coachman and Kingston as drunk
 as two bears.

Phil. Ah, ah! my lads; — what! finish'd already?
 These are the very best of servants — Poor fellows, I
 suppose they have been drinking their master's good
 journey — ha, ha, ha!

Lov. No doubt on't.

[Aside.]

Phil. Yo ho! get to-bed, you dogs, and sleep your-
 selves sober, that you may be able to get drunk again by-
 and by. — They are as fast as a church — Jemmy.

Lov. Anon?

Phil. Do you love drinking?

Lov.

Lov. Yes—I loves ale.

Pbil. You dog, you shall swim in Burgundy.

Lov. Burgundy! what's that?

Pbil. Cook, wake those honest gentlemen, and send them to bed.

Cook. It is impossible to wake them.

Lov. I think I could wake 'em, Sir, if I might—
heh.—

Pbil. Do Jemmy, wake 'em, Jemmy—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Hip—Mr Coachman.

[*Gives him a great slap on the face.*]

Coach. Oh! oh!—What!—Zounds! Oh!—damn you!—

Lov. What, blackey! blackey! [*Pulls him by the nose.*]

Kings. Oh, oh!—What now? Curse you! Oh!—
'Cot tam you.'

Lov. Ha, ha, ha!

Pbil. Ha, ha, ha!—Well done, Jemmy,—Cook see those gentry to bed.

Cook. Marry come up, I say so too; not I indeed.—

Coach. She shan't see us to bed—We'll see ourselves to bed.

Kings. We got drunk together, and we'll go to bed together.

[*Exeunt reeling.*]

Pbil. You see how we live, boy.

Lov. Yes, I sees how you live.—

Pbil. Let the supper be elegant, Cook.

Cook. Who pays for it?

Pbil. My master, to be sure; who else? ha, ha, ha!
He is rich enough, I hope, ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Humph!

[*Aside.*]

Pbil. Each of us must take a part, and sink it in our next weekly bills; that is the way.

Lov. Soh!

[*Aside.*]

Cook. Prithee, Philip, what boy is this?

Pbil. A boy of Freeman's recommending.

Lov. Yes, I'm Squire Freeman's boy—heh—

Cook. Freeman is a stingy hound, and you may tell him I say so. He dines here three times a week, and I never saw the colour of his money yet.

Lov. Ha, ha, ha! that is good—Freeman shall have it.

[*Aside.*]

Cook.

Cook. I must step to the tallow-chandler's to dispose of some of my perquisites; and then I'll set about supper.

Pbil. Well said, Cook, that is right; the perquisite is the thing, Cook,

Cook. Cloe, Cloe! where are you, Cloe?—[*Calls.*

Enter CLOE.

Cloe. Yes, mistress—

Cook. Take that box and follow me. [Exit.

Cloe. Yes, mistress—(*Takes the box.*)—Who is this? (*sceing Lovel.*)—Hee, hee, hee.—Oh—This is pretty boy—Hee, hee, hee!—Oh—This is pretty red hair, hee, hee, hee!—You shall be in love with me by-and by—Hee, hee!

[Exit, chucking Lovel under the chin.

Lov. A very pretty amour—(*Aside.*)—Oh la! what a fine room is this!—is this the dining room, pray, Sir?

Pbil. No; our drinking room.

Lov. La, la! what a fine lady here is—This is madam, I suppose.

Pbil. Where have you been, Kitty?

Enter KITTY.

Kit. I have been disposing of some of his Honour's shirts, and other linen, which it is a shame his Honour should wear any longer.—Mother Barter is above, and waits to know if you have any commands for her.

Pbil. I shall dispose of my wardrobe to-morrow.

Kit. Who have we here? [Lovel bows.

Pbil. A boy of Freeman's; poor silly fool—

Lov. Thank you— [Aside.

Pbil. I intend the entertainment this evening as a compliment to you, Kitty.

Kit. I am your humble, Mr Phillip.

Pbil. But I beg I may see none of your airs, or hear any of your French gibberish with the Duke.

Kit. Don't be jealous, Phil. [Fawningly.

Pbil. I intend, before our marriage, to settle something handsome upon you; and with the five hundred pounds which I have already saved in this extravagant fellow's family—

Lov.

Lov. A dog! (*Aside*)—O la, la! what! have you got five hundred pounds?

Pbil. Peace, blockhead—

Kit. I'll tell you what you shall do, Phil.

Pbil. Ay, what shall I do?

Kit. You shall set up a chocolate-house, my dear—

Pbil. Yes, and be cuckolded—— [*Apart.*]

Kit. You know my education was a very genteel one.—I was a half-boarder at Chelsea, and I speak French like a native—*Comment vous portez vous, Monsieur.*

[*Awkwardly.*]

Pbil. Psha, psha!

Kit. One is nothing without French—I shall shine in the bar—Do you speak French, boy?

Lov. Anon—

Kit. Anon—O the fool! ha, ha, ha!—Come here do, and let me new-mould you a nidle—You must be a good boy, and wait upon the gentle folks to night.

[*She lies and powders his hair.*]

Lov. Yes, an't please you, I'll do my best.

Kit. His best! O the natural!—This is a strange head of hair of thine, boy—It is so coarse, and so car-rotty.

Lov. All my brothers and sisters be red in the pole.

Phil. Kit. Ha, ha, ha! [*Laugh.*]

Kit. There—Now you are something like—Come, Philip, give the boy a lesson, and then I'll lecture him out of The Servant's Guide.

Pbil. Come, Sir, first, Hold up your head—very well—Turn out your toes, Sir—very well—Now,—call coach—

Lov. What is call coach?

Pbil. Thus Sir,—Coach, coach, coach! [*Loud.*]

Lov. Coach, coach, coach! [*Imitating.*]

Pbil. Admirable!—the knave has a good ear—Now, Sir, tell me a lie.

Lov. O la! I never told a lie in all my life.

Pbil. Then it is high time you should begin now;—what is a servant good for that can't tell a lie?

Kit. And stand to it—Now, I'll lecture him (*Takes out a book.*) This is "The servants Guide to Wealth," by "Timothy Shoulderknot, formerly servant to several no-

" blemen, and now an officer in the customs ; necessary
 " for all servants."

Phil. Mind, Sir, what excellent rules the book contains
 and remember them well. — Come, Kitty, begin.

Kit. (*Reads.*) Advice to the footman.

" Let it for ever be your plan

" To be the master, not the man, —

" And do as little as you can.

Lov. He, he, he ! — Yes I'll do nothing at all
 not !.

Kit. " At market never think it stealing

" To keep with tradesmen *proper* dealing ;

" All stewards have a fellow-feeling.

Phil. You will understand that better one day or other,
 boy.

Kit. To the groom.

" Never allow your master able

" To judge of matters in the stable :

" If he should roughly speak his mind,

" Or to dismiss you seems inclin'd,

" Lame the best horse, or break his wind.

Lov. Oddines ! that's good — he, he, he !

Kit. To the coachman.

" If your good master on you doats,

" Ne'er leave his house to serve a stranger ;

" But pocket hay, and straw, and oats,

" And let the horses eat the manger.

Lov. Eat the manger ! — he, he, he !

Kit. I won't give you too much at a time — Here, boy
 take the book, and read it every night and morning be-
 fore you say your prayers.

Phil. Ha, ha, ha ! very good ; but now for business.

Kit. Right — I'll go and get one of the damask table-
 cloths, and some napkins ; and be sure, Phil, your side-
 board is very smart.

Phil. That it shall — Come, Jemmy —

Lov. Soh ! — soh ! — It works well.

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

[*Exit.*

ACT

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Servants Hall, with the Supper and Side-board, set out.*

PHILIP, KITTY, and LOVEL.

Kitty. Well, Phil, what think you? Don't we look very smart!—Now let 'em come as soon as they will, we shall be ready for 'em.

Pbil. 'Tis all very well; but—

Kit. But what?

Pbil. Why, I wish we could get that snarling cur Tom to make one.

Kit. What is the matter with him?

Pbil. I don't know—he is a queer son of a—

Kit. Oh, I know him; he is one of your sneaking half-bred fellows, that prefer's his master's interest to his own.

Pbil.—Here he is.

Enter Tom.

—And why won't you make one to-night, Tom?—Here's Cook and Coachman, and all of us.

Tom. I tell you again, I will not make one.

Pbil. We shall have something that's good.

Tom. And make your master pay for it.

Pbil. I warrant, now, you think yourself mighty honest—ha, ha, ha!

Tom. A little honestier than you, I hope, and not brag neither.

Kit. Hark you, Mr Honesty, don't be saucy—

Lov. This is worth listening to. [*Aside.*]

Tom. What, madam, you are afraid for your cully, are you?

Kit. Cully, sirrah, cully! Afraid, sirrah! afraid of what?

[*Goes up to Tom.*]

Pbil. Ay, Sir, afraid of what?

[*Goes up on the other side.*]

Lov. Ay, Sir, afraid of what? [*Goes up too.*]

Tom. I value none of you—I know your tricks.

Pbil. What do you know, Sirrah?

Kit. Ay, what do you know?

Lov. Ay, Sir, what do you know?

Tom. I know that you two are in fee with every tradesman belonging to the house—and that you, Mr Clodpole, are in a fair way to be hang'd——

[*Strikes Lovel.*

Pbil. What do you strike the boy for?

Lov. It is an honest blow.

[*Aside.*

Tom. I'll strike him again——'Tis such as you that brings a scandal upon us all.

Kit. Come, none of your impudence, Tom.

Tom. Egad, madam, the gentry may well complain, when they get such servants as you in their houses.—There's your good friend, mother Barter, the old clothes woman, the greatest thief in town, just now gone out with her apron full of his honour's linen.

Kit. Well, Sir, and did you never——ha?

Tom. No, never! I have lived with his honour four years, and never took the value of that (*Snapping his fingers.*)—His honour is a prince, gives noble wages, and keeps noble company: and yet you two are not contented; but cheat him wherever you can lay your fingers.—Shame on you?

Lov. The fellow I thought a rogue, is the only honest servant in my house.

[*Aside.*

Kit. Out you meally-mouth'd cur.

Pbil. Well go tell his honour, do——ha, ha, ha!

Tom. I scorn that—damn an informer!—But yet I hope his honour will find you two out one day or other,——that's all——

[*Exit.*

Kit. This fellow must be taken care of.

Pbil. I'll do his business for him, when his honour comes to town.

Lov. You, lie, you scoundrel, you will not,
——O la! here's a fine gentleman.

[*Aside.*

Enter DUKE's Servant.

Duke. Ah ma chere mademseile! Comment vous portez vous?

[*Salute.*

Kit. Fort bien, je vous remercie, Monsieur.

Pbil. Now we shall have nonsense by wholesale.

Duke. How do you, do Philip?

Pbil.

Phil. Your grace's humble servant.

Duke. But, my dear Kitty— [Talk apart.

Phil. Lemmy.

Lov. Anon.

Phil. Come along with me, and I'll make you free of the cellar.

Lov. Yes—I will—But won't you ask *be* to drink?

Phil. No, no; he will have his share by-and-by—
Come along.

Lov. Yes. [Exeunt Philip and Lovel.

Kit. Indeed I thought your grace an age in coming.

Duke. Upon honour our house is but this moment up.—You have a damn'd vile collection of pictures, I observe above stairs, Kitty.—Your squire has no taste.

Kit. No taste! that's impossible, for he has laid out a vast deal of money.

Duke. There is not an original picture in the whole collection—Where could he pick 'em up?

Kit. He employs three or four men to buy for him, and he always pays for originals.

Duke. Donnez moi votre eau de luce—My head aches confoundedly (*She gives a smelling bottle.*)—Kitty, my dear, I hear you are going to be married.

Kit. Pard'nez moi for that.

Duke. If you get a boy, I'll be godfather, faith—

Kit. How you rattle, duke!—I am thinking, my lord, when I had the honour to see you first.

Duke. At the play, Mademoiselle.—

Kit. Your grace loves a play?

Duke. No—it is a dull, old fashion'd entertainment; I hate it—

Kit. Well, give me a good tragedy.

Duke. It must not be a modern one then—You are devilish handsome, Kate—Kiss me— [Offers to kiss her.

Enter Sir HARRY's Servant.

Sir Har. Oho! are you thereabouts, my Lord duke? That may do very well by-and-by—However, you'll never find me behind hand. [Offers to kiss her.

Duke. Stand off, you are a commoner—Nothing under nobility approaches Kitty.

Sir Har. You are so devilish proud of your nobility—
Now, I think, we have more true nobility than you—
Let me tell you, Sir, a knight of the shire—

Duke. A knight of the shire! ha, ha, ha! a mighty honour, truly, to represent all the fools in the county.

Kit. O lud! this is charming, to see two noblemen quarrel.

Sir Har. Why, any fool may be born to a title, but only a wise man can make himself honourable.

Kit. Well said, Sir Harry, that is good morality.

Duke. I hope you make some difference between hereditary honours and the huzzas of a mob.

Kit. Very smart, my lord—Now, Sir Harry,

Sir Har. If you make use of your hereditary honours to screen you from debt.

Duke. Zounds, Sir, what do you mean by that?

Kit. Hold, hold! I shall have some fine old noble blood spilt here—Ha! done, Sir Harry—

Sir Har. Not I—Why, he is always valuing himself upon his upper house.

Duke. We have dignity.

Sir Har. But what becomes of your dignity, if we refuse the supplies? [Slow.]

Kit. Peace, peace—Heres lady Bab— [Quick.]

Enter Lady BAB's Servant in a chair.

—Dear lady Bab—

Lady Bab. Mrs Kitty, your servant—I was afraid of taking cold, and so ordered the chair down stairs. Well and how do you do?—My Lord Duke, your servant—and Sir Harry too—yours.

Duke. Your Ladyship's devoted—

Lady Bab. I'm afraid I have trespassed in point of time—(Looks on her watch.)—But I got into my favourite author.

Duke. Yes; I found her ladyship at her studies this morning—Some wicked poem—

Lady Bab. O you wretch!—I never read but one book.

Kit. What is your ladyship so fond of?

Lady Bab. *Shikspur.* Did you never read *Shikspur*?

Kit. *Shikspur*! *Shikspur*!—Who wrote it?—No, I never read *Shikspur*.

Lady Bab.

Lady Bab. Then you have an immense pleasure to come.

Kit. Well then, I'll read it over one afternoon or other—Here's Lady Charlotte.

Enter Lady CHARLOTTE's Maid in a Chair.

—Dear Lady Charlotte!

Lady Char. Oh, Mrs Kitty, I thought I never shou'd have reach'd your house—such a fit of the cholic seiz'd me—Oh, lady Bab, how long has your ladyship been here?—My chairmen were such drones—My Lord Duke! the pink of all good breeding.

Duke. O Ma'am—

[*Bowing.*

Lady Char. And Sir Harry!—Your servant, Sir Harry.

[*Formally.*

Sir Har. Madam, your servant—I am sorry to hear your ladyship has been ill.—

Lady Char. You must give me leave to doubt the sincerity of that sorrow, Sir—Remember the park.

Sir Har. The park! I'll explain that affair, Madam.

Lady Char. I want none of your explanations.

[*Scornfully.*

Sir Har. Dear lady Charlotte!

Lady Char. No, Sir; I have observ'd your coolness of late, and dispise you.—A trumpery baronet!

Sir Har. I see how it is; nothing will satisfy you but nobility—That sly dog the marquis—

Lady Char. None of your reflections, Sir—The marquis is a person of honour, and above inquiring after a lady's fortune, as you meanly did.

Sir Har. I—I—Madam? I scorn such a thing—I assure you, Madam, I never—that is to say—Egad I am confounded—My Lord Duke, what shall I say to her?—Pray help me out.

[*Aside.*

Duke. Ask her to shew her legs—ha, ha, ha!—

[*Aside.*

Enter PHILIP and LOVEL, loaded with bottles.

Phil. Here, my little peer—here is wine that will ennoble your blood—Both your ladyship's most humble servant.

Lov. (*Affecting to be drunk.*) Both your Ladyship's most humble servant,

Kit.

Kitty. Why, Philip, you have made the boy drunk.

Phil. I have made him free of the cellar—ha, ha, ha!

Lov. Yes, I am free—I very free—

Phil. He has had a smack of every sort of wine, from humble port to imperial Tokay.

Lov. Yes, I have been drinking Kokay.

Kit. Go, get you some sleep, child, that you may wait on their lordships by and by.

Lov. Thank you, Madam—I will certainly wait on their lordships and their ladyships.

[*Aside and exit.*]

Phil. Well, ladies, what say you to a dance, and then to supper? Have you had your tea?

All. I wanted a dance—fine tea—no tea.

Phil. Here, fidler—(calling)—I have provided a very good hand, you see.

[*Enter Fidler with a wooden leg.*]

Sir Harry. None will legg'd, Mr. Philip.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Duke. Le diable!—Hark ye, Mr.—which leg do you beat time with?

All. ha, ha, ha! [*Loud laugh.*]

Sir Harry. What can you play, Domino?

Fid. Any thing, an't please your honour, from a jig to a sonata.

Phil. Come here—Where are all our people?—

[*Enter Coachman, Cook, Kingston, Glee.*]

Phil. I'll couple you—My lord duke will take Kitty,

Lady Bab. will do me the honour of her hand; Sir Harry

and lady Charlotte—Coachman and Cook, and the

two devils dance together—ha, ha, ha!

Duke. With submission, the country dances by and-

by.

Lady Char. Ay, ay, French dances before supper, and country-dances after.—I beg the Duke and Mrs Kitty may give us a minuet.

Duke. Dear lady Charlotte, consider my poor gout—

Sir Harry will oblige us. [*Sir Harry bows.*]

All. Minuet, Sir Harry—minuet, Sir Harry—

Fid. What minuet wou'd your honour's please to have?

Kit.

Kit. What minuet!—Let me see!—Play Marshal Thingumbob's minuet!

[*A minuet by Sir Harry and Kitty, awkward and uncalled.*]

Lady Char. Mrs Kitty dances sweetly.

Phil. And Sir Harry delightfully.

Duke. Well enough for a commoner.

Phil. Come, now to supper.—A gentleman and a lady—Here, fidler, (gives money), wait without.

Fid. Yes, an't please your honour.

[*Exit with a tankard.*]

Phil. (They sit down.) We will set the wine on the table—Here is Claret, Burgundy, and Champagne, and a bottle of Tokay for the ladies. There are tickles on every bottle.—If any gentleman chooses, sit and

Duke. 'Tis only fit for a dram.

Kit. Lady Bab what shall I send you?—Lady Charlotte, pray be free: the more free the more welcome, as they say in my country.—The gentlemen will be so good as to take care of themselves.

Duke. Lady Charlotte, a Hobler nob!

Lady Char. Done—my Lord—in Burgundy, if you please.

Duke. Here's your sweetheart and mine, and the friends of the company.

Phil. Come, ladies and gentlemen, a bumper all round—I have a health for you—“Here's to the a-

“mendment of our masters and mistresses.”

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [Loud laugh.]

Kit. Ladies, pray what is your opinion of a single gentleman's service?

Lady Char. Do you mean an old single gentleman?

All. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! [Loud laugh.]

Phil. My lord Duke, your toast.

Duke. Lady Betty—

Phil. Oh no—A health and a sentiment.

Duke. A health and a sentiment!—No, no, let us have a song—Sir Harry, your song—

Sir Har. Would you have it?—Well then—Mrs Kitty, we must call upon you—Will you honour my muse?

All

All. A song, a song; ay, ay; Sir Harry's song—Sir Harry's song—

Duke. A song to be sure—but first—prelude,—
(*Kisses Kitty.*)—Pray gentlemen, put it about.

Kissing round—*Kingston kisses Cloe* heartily.

Sir Har. See how the devils kiss!

Kit. I am really hoarse; but—hem—I must clear up my pipes—hem—This is Sir Harry's song: being a new song, intitled and called, *The Fellow-servant; or, All in a Livery.* (*Sings.*)

I.

Come here, fellow-servant, and listen to me,
I'll shew you how those of superior degree
Are only dependants, no better than we.

Chor. Both high and low in this do agree,

'Tis here fellow-servant,

And there fellow-servant.

And all in a livery.

II.

See yonder fine spark in embroidery drest,
Who bows to the great, and if they smile is blest,
What is he i' faith, but a servant at best.

Chor. Both high, &c.

III.

Nature made all alike, no distinction she craves:
So we laugh at the great world, its fools and its knaves;
For we are all servants, but they are all slaves.

Chor. Both high, &c.

IV.

The fat-shining glutton looks up to the shelf,
The wrinkled lean miser bows down to his pelf,
And the curl-pated beau is a slave to himself.

Chor. Both high, &c.

V.

The gay sparkling belle, who the whole town alarms,
And with eyes, lips, and necks, sets the smarts all in arms,
Is a vassal herself, a mere drudge to her charms.

Chor. Both high, &c.

VI.

VI.

Then we'll drink like our betters, and laugh, sing, and love.

And when sick of one place, to another we'll move;
For, with little and great, the best joy is to rove,
Both high and low in this do agree;
That tis here fellow-servant,
And there fellow-servant,
And all in a livery.

Phil. How do you like it, my lord Duke?

Duke. It is a damned vile composition.

Phil. How so?

Duke. O very low, very low indeed!

Sir Har. Can you make a better?

Duke. I hope so.

Sir Har. That is very conceited.

Duke. What is conceited, you scoundrel?

Sir Har. Scoundrel!—You are a rascal—I'll pull you by the nose—

Duke. Look ye, friend, don't give yourself airs, and make a disturbance among the ladies—If you are a gentleman, name your weapons,

Sir Har. Weapons!—What you will—Pistols—

Duke. Done—behind Montague house.

Sir Har. Done—with seconds.

Duke. Done—

Phil. Oh, for shame, gentlemen!—My Lord Duke—Sir Harry, the ladies!—fie!

[*Duke and Sir Harry affect to sing.*]

Phil. (*A violent knocking.*) What the devil can that be, Kitty?

Kit. Who can it possibly be?

Phil. Kingston, run up stairs and peep. (*Exit Kingston.*) It sounds like my masters rap.—Pray Heaven it is not he!—(*Enter Kingston.*)—Well, Kingston, what is it?

King. It is master and Mr Freeman—I peep'd through the keyhole, and saw them by the lamp-light—Tom has just let them in—

Phil.

Phil. The devil he has! What can have brought him back?

Kit. No matter what—Away with the things—

Phil. Away with the wine—Away with the plate—
Here Coachman Cook, Cloe, Kingston, bear a hand—
Out with the candles—Away, away.

[They carry away the table.]

Visitors. What shall we do? What shall we do?

[They all run about in confusion.]

Kit. Run up stairs, ladies.

Phil. No, no, no!—He'll see you then—

Sir Har. What the devil had I to do here!

Duke. Pox take it, face it out.

Sir Har. Oh no; these west Indians are very fiery.

Phil. I would not have him see any of you for the world.

Lov. (without.) Philip—Where's Philip?

Phil. O the devil? he's certainly coming down stairs
—Sir Harry, run down into the cellar—My Lord
Duke, get into the pantry—Away, away!

Kit. No, no! do you put their ladyships into the pantry,
and I'll take his grace into the coal-hole,

Visitors. Any where, any where—Up the chimney,
if you will.

Phil. There—in with you.

[They all go in to the pantry.]

Lov. (without.) Philip—Philip—

Phil. Coming, Sir—*(Aloud.)*—Kitty, have you never
a good book to be reading of?

Kit. Yes, here is one.

Phil. Egad, this is black Monday with us—Sit down
—Seem to read your book—Here he is, as drunk
as a piper—

[They sit down.]

*Enter LOVEL with pistols, affecting to be drunk; FREE-
MAN following.*

Lov. Philip, the son of Alexander the great, where are
all my myrmidons!—What the devil makes you up so
early this morning?

Phil. He is very drunk indeed—*(Aside.)*—Mas Kitty
and I had got into a good book, your honour.

Free. Ay, ay, they have been well employed, I dare
say—ha, ha, ha!

Lov.

Lov. Come, sit down, Freeman—Lie you there——
(*Lays his pistols down.*) I come a little unexpectedly, per-
haps, Philip.

Phil. A good servant is never afraid of being caught,
Sir——

Lov. I have some accounts that I must settle——

Phil. Accounts, Sir!—To night?

Lov. Yes, to-night—I find myself perfectly clear—
You shall see I'll settle them in a twinkling.

Phil. Your honour will go into the parlour?

Lov. No, I'll settle 'em all here.——

Kit. Your honour must not sit here——

Lov. Why not?

Kit. You will certainly take cold, Sir; the room has
not been washed above an hour.

Lov. What a cursed lie that is!

[*Aside.*

Duke. Philip——Philip——Philip.

[*Peeping out.*

Phil. Pox take you!——hold your tongue——

[*Aside.*

Free. You have just nick'd them in the very minute.

[*Aside to Lovel.*

Lov. I find I have——Mum—— [*Aside to Freeman,*
Get some wine, Philip——(*Exit Philip.*)——I thought I
must eat something before I drink——Kitty, what have
you got in the pantry?

Kit. In the pantry? Lard, your honour! we are at
board-wages.——

Free. I could eat a morsel of cold meat.

Lov. You shall have it——Here——(*Rises.*)——Open the
pantry-door—I'll be about your board-wages!——I
have treated you often, now you shall treat your ma-
ster.——

Kit. If I may be believed, Sir, there is not a scrap of
any thing in the world in the pantry. [*Opposing him.*

Lov. Well, then, we must be contented, Freeman. —
Let us have a crust of bread and a bottle of wine.

[*Sits down again.*

Kit. Sir, had not my master better go to bed?——

Makes signs to Freeman that Lovel is drunk.

Lov. Bed! not I——I'll sit here all night——'Tis ve-
lueasant; and nothing like variety in life.

Sir Har. (peeping.) Mrs Kitty——Mrs Kitty——

Kit. Peace, on your life.

[*Aside.*

Lov.

Lov. Kitty, what voice is that?

Kit. Nobody's Sir—Hem—

Lov. (Philip brings wine) Soh—very well—
Now, do you two march of—March off, I say.—

Phil. We can't think of leaving your honour—For, egad, if we do, we are undone. [Aside.]

Lov. Begone—My service to you, Freeman—This is good stuff—

Free. Excellent. [Somebody in the pantry sneezes.]

Kit. We are undone; undone. [Aside.]

Phil. Oh that is the Duke's damn'd rappee. [Aside.]

Lov. Didn't you hear a noise, Charles?

Free. Somebody sneez'd, I thought.

Lov. Damn it, there are thieves in the house—I'll be among 'em.— [Takes a pistol.]

Kit. Lack-a-day, Sir, it was only the cat—They sometimes sneeze for all the world like a Christian—Here, Jack Jack—He has got cold, Sir—Puss—puss—

Lov. A cold :—then I'll cure him—Here, Jack, Jack—puss, puss—

Kit. Your honour wont be so rash—Pray, your Honour, don't— [Opposing.]

Lov. Stand off—Here, Freeman—here's a barrel for business, with a brace of slugs, and well prim'd, as you see—Freeman, I'll hold you five to four—nay, I'll hold you two to one, I hit the cat through the key-hole of that pantry-door.

Free. Try, try; but I think it impossible.

Lov. I am a damn'd good marksman (cocks the pistol, and points it at the pantry door.)—Now for it! (A violent shriek, and all is discovered.)—Who the devil are these?—One—two—three—four—

Phil. They are particular friends of mine, Sir; servants to some noblemen in the neighbourhood.

Lov. I told you there were thieves in the house.

Free. Ha, ha, ha!

Phil. I assure your honour they have been entertained at our own expence, upon my word.

Kit. Yes, indeed, your Honour, if it was the last word I had to speak—

Lov. Take up that bottle—(Philip takes up a bottle with

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with a ticket to it, and is going off)—Bring it back.
—Do you usually entertain your company with Tokay, Monsieur?

Pbil. I Sir, treat with wine!

Lov. O yes, from humble Port to imperial Tokay too.
Yes, I loves Kokay. [Mimicking himself.

Pbil. How! Jemmy, my master!

Kit. Jemmy!—the devil!

Pbil. Your honour is at present in liquor—but in the morning, when your Honour is recovered, I will set all to rights again.

Lov. (*changing his countenance.*) We'll set all to rights now—There, I am sober, at your service—What have you to say, Philip: (*Philip starts.*)—You may well start—Go, get out of my sight.

Duke. Sir—I have not the honour to be known to you, but I have the honour to serve his Grace the Duke of—

Lov. And the impudence familiarity to assume his title—Your Grace will give me leave to tell you, That is the door—And if you ever enter there again, I assure you, my Lord Duke, I will break every bone in your Grace's skin—Begone—

Duke. (*Aside.*) Low-bred fellows. [Exit.

Lov. I beg your Ladyship's pardon—perhaps they cannot go without chairs—ha, ha, ha!

Free. Ha, ha, ha! [Sir Harry steals off.

Lady Char. *This comes of visiting commoners.* [Exit.

Lady Bab. They are downright *Hottentots*, [Exit.

Pbil and Kit. I hope your honour will not take a way our bread.

Lov. "Five hundred pounds will set you up in a "chocolate house—You'll shine in the bar, Madam."—I have been an eye-witness of your roguery, extravagance, and ingratitude.

Pbil and Kit. Oh, Sir—Good Sir!

Lov. You, Madam, may stay here till to-morrow morning—And there, Madam, is the book you lent me, which I beg you'll read "night and morning before" you say your prayers."

Kit. I am ruin'd and undone. [Exit.

Lov. But you, Sir, for your villainy, and (what I hate worse) your hypocrisy, shall not stay a minute longer in this

this house; and here comes an honest man to shew you the way out.—Your keys, Sir—

[Philip gives the key.

Enter Tom.

Tom. I respect and value you—You are an honest servant, and shall never want encouragement—Be so good, Tom, as to see that gentleman out of my house, (*Points to Philip*)—and then take charge of the cellar and plate.

Tom. I thank your honour; but I would not rise on the ruin of a fellow-servant.

Lov. No remonstrances, Tom; it shall be as I say.

Phil. What a cursed fool have I been!

[*Exeunt servants.*

Lov. Well Charles, I must thank you for my frolic—it has been a wholesome one to me—Have I done Right?

Free. Entirely—No judge could have determin'd better.—As you punish'd the bad, it was but justice to reward the good.—

* Lov. A faithful servant is a worthy character.

* Free And can never receive too much encouragement.

* Lov. Right.

* Free. You have made Tom very happy.

* Lov. And I intend to make your Robert so too.—

* Every honest servant should be made happy.*

Free. But what an insufferable piece of assurance is it in some of these fellows, to affect and imitate their masters manners?

Lov. What manners must these be which they can imitate?

Free. True.

Lov. If persons of rank would act up to their standard, it would be impossible that their servants could ape them—But when they affect every thing that is ridiculous, it will be in the power of any low creature to follow their example.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.

Sir Patrick O'Neale, Mr
Moody.
Whittle, Mr Parsons.
Nephew, Mr Cautherly.
Bates, Mr Baddeley.

Kecksey, Mr Dodd.
Thomas, Mr Weston.
Footman, Mr Griffiths.

W O M E N.

Widow Brady Mrs Barry.

A C T I.

S C E N E I. *Whittle's House.*

Enter BATES and SERVANT.

BATES.

Is he gone out? his card tells me to come directly—I did but lock up some papers, take my hat and cane, and away I hurried.

Serv. My master desires you will sit down, he will return immediately—he had some business with his lawyer, and went out in great haste, leaving the message I have deliver'd. Here is my young master. [*Exit Servant.*]

Enter NEPHEW.

Bates. What lively Billy!—hold, I Beg your pardon—melancholy William, I think—Here's a fine revolution—I hear your uncle, who was last month all gravity, and you all mirth, have chang'd characters; he is now all spirit, and you are in the dumps, young man.

Neph. And for the same reason—This journey to Scarborough will unfold the riddle.

Bates. Come, come, in plain English, and before your uncle comes—explain the matter.

Neph. In the first place I am undone.

Bates.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

Bates. In love, I know—I hope your uncle is not undone too—that would be the devil!

Neph. He has taken possession of him in every sense. In short, he came to Scarborough to see the lady I had fallen in love with —

Bates. And fell in love himself?

Neph. Yes, and with the same lady.

Bates. That is the devil indeed!

Neph. O, Mr Bates! when I thought my happiness complete, and wanted only my uncle's consent, to give me the independance he so often has promis'd me, he came to Scarborough for that purpose, and wish'd me joy of my choice; but, in less than a week, his approbation turn'd into a passion for her: he now hates the sight of me, and is resolv'd, with the consent of the father, to make her his wife directly.

Bates. So he keeps you out of your fortune, won't give his consent, which his brother's foolish will requires, and he would marry himself the same woman, because, right, title, conscience, nature, justice, and every law, divine and human, are against it.

Neph. Thus he tricks me at once both of wife and fortune, without the least want of either.

Bates. Well said, friend Whittle! but it can't be, it shan't be, and it must not be—this is murder and robbery in the strongest sense, and he shan't be hang'd in chains to be laugh'd at by the whole town, if I can help it.

Neph. I am distracted, the widow is distress'd, and we both shall run mad.

Bates. A widow too! 'gad a mercy, threescore and five!

Neph. But such a widow? She is now in town with her father, who wants to get her off his hands: 'tis equal to him who has her, so she is provided for—I hear somebody coming—I must away to her lodgings, where she waits for me to execute a scheme directly for our delivery.

Bates. What is her name, Billy?

Neph. Brady.

Bates. Brady! is not she daughter to Sir Patrick O' Neale?

Neph. The same. She was sacrific'd to the most senseless

less drunken profligate in the whole country: He lived to run out his fortune; and the only advantage she got from the union was, he broke that and his neck before he had broke her heart.

Bates. The affair of marriage is, in this country, put upon the easiest footing; there is neither love or hate in the matter; necessity brings them together; they are united at first for their mutual convenience, and separated ever after for their particular pleasures—O rare matrimony!—Where does she lodge?

Neph. In Pall-Mall, near the hotel.

Bates. I'll call in my way, and assist at the consultation; I am for a bold stroke, if gentle methods should fail.

Neph. We have a plan, and a spirited one, if my sweet widow is able to go through it—pray let us have your friendly assistance—ours is the cause of love and reason.

Bates. Get you gone, with your love and reason, they seldom pull together now-a-days—I'll give your uncle a dose first, and then I'll meet you at the widow's—What says your uncle's privy councillor, Mr Thomas, to this?

Neph. He is greatly our friend, and will enter sincerely into our service—he is honest, sensible, ignorant, and particular, a kind of half coxcomb, with a thorough good heart—but he's here.

Bates. Do you go about your business, and leave the rest to me. [Exit Nephew.]

Enter THOMAS.

Mr Thomas, I am glad to see you; upon my word: you look charmingly—you wear well, Mr Thomas.

Tbo. Which is a wonder, considering how times go, Mr Bates—they'll wear and tear me too, If I don't take care of myself—my old master has taken the nearest way to wear himself out and all that belong to him.

Bates. Why surely this strange story about town is not true, that the old gentleman is fall'n in love?

Tbo. Ten times worse than that!

Bates. The devil!

Tbo. And his horns going to be married!

Bates. Not if I can help it.

Tbo. You never saw such an alter'd man in your born days!—he's grown young again; he frisks, and prances and runs about, as if he had a new pair of legs,—he has left off his brown camlet surtcut, which he wore all surt

mer, and now, with his hat under his arm, he goes open breasted, and he dresses, and powders, and smirks, so that you would take him for the mad Frenchman in Bedlam—something wrong in his upper story—Would you think it?—he wants me to wear a pig-tail!

Bates. Then he is far gone indeed!

Tho. As sure as you are there, Mr Bates, a pig-tail!—we have had sad work about it—I made a compromise with him to wear these ruffled shirts which he gave me; but they stand in my way—I am not so listless with them—though I have tied up my hands for him, I won't tie up my head, that I am resolute.

Bates. This it is to be in love, Thomas?

Tho. He may make free with himself, he shan't make a fool of me—he has got his head into a bag, but I won't have a pig-tail tack'd to mine—and so I told him.—

Bates. What did you tell him?

Tho. That as I, and my father, and his father before me, had wore their own hair as heaven had sent it, I thought myself rather too old to set up for a monkey at my time of life, and wear a pig-tail—he! he! he!—he took it.

Bates. With a wry face for it was wormwood.

Tho. Yes, he was frump'd, and call'd me old block head, and would not speak to me the rest of the day—but the next day he was at it again—he then put me into a passion—and I could not help telling him, that I was an Englishman born, and had my prerogative as well as he; and that as long as I had 'breath in my body I was for liberty, and a strait head of hair!

Bates. Well said Thomas—he could not answer that.

Tho. The poorest man in England is a match for the greatest, if he will but stick to the laws of the land, and the statute books, as they are delivered down from us to our forefathers.

Bates. You are right—we must lay our wits together, and drive the widow out of your old master's head, and put her into your young masters hands.

Tho. With all my heart—nothing can be more meritorious—marry at his years! what a terrible account would he make of it, Mr Bates!—Let me see—on the debtor side sixty-five—and per contra creditor a buxom widow of twenty

twenty three—He'll be a bankrupt in a fort-night—he! he! he!

Bates. And so he would, Mr Thomas—what have you got in your hand?

Tbo. A pamphlet my old gentleman takes in—he has left off buying histories and religious pieces by numbers, as he used to do: and since he has got the widow in his head, he reads nothing but the Amorous Repository, Cupid's Revels, Call to Marriage, Hymen's Delights, Love lies a Bleeding, Love in the Suds, and such like tender compositions.

Bates. Here he comes, with all his folly about him.

Tbo. Yes, and the first fool from vanity-fair—Heav'n help us—love turns man and woman topsy turvey!

[*Exit Thomas.*]

Whittle. (*without.*) Where is he? where is my good friend?

Enter WHITTLE.

Ha! here he is—give me your hand.

Bates. I am glad to see you in such spirits, my old gentleman.

Whit. Not so old neither—no man ought to be called old, friend Bates, if he is in health, spirits, and—

Bates. In his senses—which I should rather doubt, as I never saw you half so frolicsome in my life.

Whit. Never too old to learn, friend; and if I don't make use of my philosophy now, I may wear it out in twenty years—I have been always banter'd as of too grave a cast—you know when I studied at Lincoln's Inn, they used to call me Young Wisdom.

Bates. And if they should call you Old Folly, it will be a much worse name.

Whit. No young jackanapes, dares to call me so, while I have this friend by my side. (*Touches his sword.*)

Bates. A hero too! what in the name of common sense is come to you, my friend?—high spirits, quick honour, a long sword, and a bag!—you want nothing but to be terribly in love, and then you may sally forth Knight of the Woeful Countenance. Ha! ha! ha!

Whit. Mr Bates—the ladies, who are the best judges of countenances, are not of your opinion; and unless you'll

be a little serious, I must beg pardon for giving you this trouble, and I'll open my mind to some more attentive friend.

Bates. Well, come unlock then, you wild, handsome, vigorous young dog you—I will please you if I can.

Whit. I believe you never saw me look better, Frank, did you.

Bates. O yes, rather better forty years ago.

Whit. What, when I was at Merchant Taylors School?

Bates. At Lincoln's-Inn, Tom.

Whit. It can't be—I never disguise my age, and next February I shall be fifty-four.

Bates. Fifty-four! why I am sixty, and you always lick'd me at school—though I believe I could do as much for you now, and 'ecod I believe you deserve it too.

Whit. I tell you I am in my fifty-fifth year.

Bates. O, you are—let me see—we were together at Cambridge, Anno Domino twenty-five, which is near fifty years ago—you came to the college, indeed, surprisingly young; and, what is more surprising, by this calculation you went to school before you was born—you was always a forward child.

Whit. I see there is no talking or consulting with you in this humour; and so Mr Bates, when you are in temper to show less of your wit, and more of your friendship, I shall consult with you.

Bates. Fare you well, my old boy—young fellow, I mean—when you have done sowing your wild oats, and have been blistered into your right senses; when you have half kill'd yourself with being a beau, and return to your woollen caps, flannel waistcoats, worsted stockings, cork soles, and gaillochies, I am at your service again. So bon jour to you, Monsieur Fifty-four, ha! ha! [*Exit.*]

Whit. He has certainly heard of my affair—but he is old and peevish—he wants spirits and strength of constitution to conceive my happiness—I am in love with the widow, and must have her; Every man knows his own wants—let the world laugh, and my friends stare; let 'em call me imprudent and mad, if they please—I live in good times, and among people of fashion; so none of my neighbours,

THE IRISH WIDOW.

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bours, thank Heaven; can have the assurance to laugh at me.

Enter OLD KECKSEY.

Keck. What, my friend Whittle! joy! joy! to you, old boy—you are going, a going! a going! a fine widow has bid for you, and will have you—hah, friend? all for the best—there is nothing like it—hugh! hugh! hugh!—a good wife is a good thing, and a young one is a better—hah—who's afraid? If I had not lately married one, I should have been at death's door by this time—hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. Thank, thank you, friend!—I was coming to advise with you—I am got into the pound ag in—in love up to the ears—a fine woman, faith; and there's no love lost between us—Am I right, friend?

Keck. Right! ay, right as my leg, Tom! Life's nothing without love—hugh! hugh!—I am happy as the day's long! my wife loves gadding, and I can't stay at home; so we are both of a mind—she's every night at one or other of the garden places; but among friends, I am a little afraid of the damp; hugh! hugh! hugh! she has got an Irish gentleman, a kind of cousin of hers, to take care of her; a fine fellow; and so good natur'd—It is a vast comfort to have such a friend in a family! Hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You are a bold man, cousin Kecksey.

Keck. Bold! ay to be sure; none but the brave deserve the fair—Hugh! hugh! who's afraid?

Whit. Why your wife is five feet ten.

Keck. Without her shoes. I hate your little shrimps; none of your lean meagre French frogs for me; I was always fond of the Majestic: give me a slice of a good English sarjoin; cut and come again; hugh! hugh! hugh! that's my taste.

Whit. I'm glad you have so good a stomach—And so you would advise me to marry the Widow directly?

Keck. To be sure—you have not a moment to lose; I always mind what the poet says,

'Tis folly to lose time,

When man is in his prime:

Hugh! hugh! hugh!

Whit. You have an ugly cough, cousin.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

Keck. Marriage is the best lozenge for it.

Whit. You have raised me from the dead—I am glad you came—Frank Bates had almost killed me with his jokes—but you have comforted me, and we will walk through the park; and I will carry you to the Widow in Pall-mall.

Keck. With all my heart—I'll raise her spirits, and yours too—Courage, Tom—come along—who's afraid?
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE, the Widow's Lodgings.

Enter WIDOW, NEPHEW, and BATES.

Bates. Indeed, madam, there is no other way but to cast off your real character, and assume a feign'd one; it is an extraordinary occasion, and requires extraordinary measures; pluck up a spirit, and do it for the honour of your sex.

Neph. Only consider, my sweet Widow, that our all is at stake.

Wid. Could I bring my heart to act contrary to its feelings, would not you hate me for being a hypocrite, though it is done for your sake?

Neph. Could I think myself capable of such ingratitude—

Wid. Don't make fine speeches; you men are strange creatures; you turn our heads to your purposes, and then despise us for the folly you teach us; 'tis hard to assume a character contrary to my disposition: I cannot get rid of my unchangeable prejudices. Till I have been married in England some time, and lived among my betters.

Neph. Thou charming adorable woman! what shall we do then? I never wish'd for a fortune till this moment.

Wid. Could we live upon affection, I would give your fortune to your uncle, and thank him for taking it; and then—

Neph. What then, my sweet Widow?

Wid. I would desire you to run away with me as fast as you can—What a pity it is, that this money, which my heart despises, should hinder its happiness, or that for want of a few dirty pence a poor woman must be made miserable, and sacrificed twice to those who have them.

Neph.

Neph. Heaven forbid! these exquisite sentiments endear you more to me, and distract me with the dread of losing you.

Bates. Young folks; let an old man, who is not quite in love, and yet will admire a fine woman to the day of his death, throw in a little advice among your flames and darts.

Wid. Though a woman, a widow, and in love too, I can hear reason, Mr Bates.

Bates. And that's a wonder—You have no time to lose; for want of a jointure you are still your father's slave; he is obstinate, and has promis'd you to the old man: Now, madam, if you will not rise superior to your sex's weakness, to secure a young fellow instead of an old one, your eyes are a couple of hypocrites.

Wid. They are a couple of traitors I'm sure, and have led their mistress into a toil, for which all her wit cannot release her.

Neph. But it can, if you will but exert it; my uncle adored and fell in love with you for your beauty, softness, and almost speechless reserve. Now, if amidst all his rapturous ideas of your delicacy, you would bounce upon him a wild, ranting, buxom widow, he will grow sick of his bargain, and give me a fortune to take you off his hands.

Wid. I shall make a very bad actress.

Neph. You are an excellent mimic; assume but the character of your Irish female neighbour in the country, with which you astonished us so agreeably at Scarborough; you will frighten my uncle into terms, and do that for us which neither my love nor your virtue can accomplish without it.

Wid. Now for a trial—(*Mimicking a strong brogue*)—Fait and trót, if you will be after bringing me before the old Joutleman, if he loves music, I will trate his ears with a little of the brogue, and some dancing too into the bargain, if he loves capering—O bless me! my heart tals na, and I am frightened out of my wits: I can never go through it.

[*Nephew and Bates both laugh.*]

Nephew, kneeling and kissing her hand.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

O 'tis admirable! love himself inspires you, and we shall conquer. What say you, Mr Bates?

Bates. I'll insure you success; I can scarce believe my own ears; such a tongue and a brogue would make Hercules tremble at five-and-twenty: but away, away, and give him the first broadside in the Park; there you'll find him hobbling with that old cuckold, Kecksey.

Wid. But will my dress suit the character I play?

Neph. The very thing. Is your retinue ready, and your part got by heart?

Wid. All is ready; 'tis an act of despair to punish folly and reward merit; 'tis the last effort of pure honourable love; and if every woman would exert the same spirit for the same out-of-fashion rarity, there would be less business for Doctors Commons. Now let the critics laugh at me if they dare. [Exit with spirit.]

Neph. Brava? bravissima! sweet widow!

[Exit after her.]

Bates. Huzza! huzza!

[Exit.]

SCENE, the Park.

Enter WHITTLE and KECKSEY.

Whit. Yes, yes, she is Irish; but so modest, so mild, and so tender, and just enough of the accent to give a peculiar sweetness to her words, which drop from her in monosyllables, with such a delicate reserve, that I shall have all the comfort, without the impertinence of a wife.

Keck. There our taste differs, friend, I am for a lively smart girl in my house, hugh! hugh! to keep up my spirits, and make me merry: I don't admire dumb waiters, not I, no still-life for me; I love the prittle prattle; it sets me to sleep, and I can take a sound nap, while my Sally and her cousin are running and playing about the house like young cats.

Whit. I am for no cats in my house; I cannot sleep with a noise; the Widow was made on purpose for me; she is so bashful, has no acquaintance, and she never would stir out of doors, if her friends were not afraid of a consumption, and so force her into the air: Such a delicate creature! you shall see her; you were always for a
tall

tall, chattering, frisky wench; now for my part I am with the old saying,

Wife a mouse,

Quiet house;

Wife a cat,

Dreadful that.

Keck. I don't care for your sayings—who's afraid?

Whit. There goes Bates, let us avoid him, he will only be joking with us: when I have taken a serious thing into my head, I can't bear to have it laugh'd out again. This way, friend Kecksey—What have we got here?

Keck. (*looking out.*) Some fine prancing wench, with her lovers and footmen about her; she's a gay one by her motions.

Whit. Were she not so flaunting, I should take it for—No, it is impossible; and yet is not that my nephew with her? I forbid him speaking to her; it can't be the Widow; I hope it is not.

Enter WIDOW followed by NEPHEW, three FOOTMEN, and a black BOY.

Wid. Don't bother me, young man, with your darts, your cupids, and your pangs; if you had half of 'em about you, that you swear you have, they would have cur'd you, by killing you long ago. Would you have me faithful to your uncle, hah! young man? Was not I faithful to you, 'till I was order'd to be faithful to him? but I must know more of your English ways, and live more among the English ladies, to learn how to be faithful to two at a time—and so there's my answer for you.

Neph. Then I know my relief, for I cannot live without you. [*Exit.*]

Wid. Take what relief you please, young jontleman, what have I to do with dat? he is certainly mad, or out of his senses, for he swears he can't live without me, and yet he talks of killing himself? how does he make out dat? If a countryman of mine had made such a blunder, they would have put it into all the newspapers, and Faulkner's Journal beside; but an Englishman may look over the hedge, while an Irishman must not stare a horse.

Keck. Is this the Widow, friend Whittle?

Whit. I don't know, (*sighing*) it is, and it is not.

Wid. Your servant Mr Whittol; I wish you would spake to your nephew not to be whining and dangle after me all day in his green coat like a parrot: It is not for my reputation that he should follow me about like a beggar-man, and ask me for what I had given him long ago, but have since bestowed upon you, Mr Whittol.

Whit. He is an impudent beggar, and shall be really so for his disobedience.

Wid. As he can't live without me, you know, it will be charity to starve him: I wish the poor young man dead with all my heart, as he thinks it will do him a grate dale of good.

Keck. (to *Whittle.*) She is tender, indeed! and I think she has the brogue a little—hugh! hugh!

Whit. It is stronger to-day than ever I heard it.

Wid. And are you now talking of my brogue? It is always the most fullest when the wind is easterly; it has the same effect upon me as upon stammering people—they can't speak for their impediment, and my tongue is fix'd so loose in my mouth, I can't stop it for the life of me.

Whit. What a terrible misfortune, friend Kecksey!

Keck. Not at all; the more tongue the better, say I.

Wid. When the wind changes I have no brogue at all, at all. But come, Mr Whittol, don't let us be vulgar and talk of our poor relations: It is impossible to be in this metropolis of London, and have any thought but of operas, plays, masquerades, and pantaons, to keep up one's spirits in the winter; and Ranelagh, Vauxhall, and Marybone fireworks, to cool and refresh one in the summer.
—La! la! la!

Whit. I protest she puts me into a sweat: we shall have a mob about us.

Keck. The more the merrier, I say—who's afraid?

Wid. How the people stare! as if they never saw a woman's voice before; but my vivacity has got the better of my good manners. This, I suppose, this strange gentleman, is a near friend and relation; and as such, notwithstanding his apparence, I shall always trate him, though I might dislike him upon a nearer acquaintance.

Keck. Madam, you do me honour; I like your frankness, and I like your person, and I envy my friend Whittle;

tle and if you were not engaged, and I were not married, I would endeavour to make myself agreeable to you, that I would—hugh! hugh!

Wid. And indeed, Sir, it would be very *agrabable to me*; for if I should hate you as much as I did my first dear husband; I should always have the comfort, that in all human probability my torments would not last long.

Keck. She utters something more than monosyllables, friend; this is better than bargain; She has a fine bold way of talki. g.

Whit. More bold than welcome! I am sick all of a heap!

Wid. What are you low-spirited, my dear Mr Whittol? When you were at Scarbrough, and winning my affections, you were all mirth and gaiety; and now you have won me, you are as thoughtful about it as if we had been married some time.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I can't but say I am a little thoughtful—we take it by turns; you were very sorrowful a month ago for the loss of your husband, and that you could dry up your tears so soon naturally makes me a little thoughtful.

Wid. Indeed, I could dry up my tears for a dozen husbands when I was sure of having a thirteenth like Mr Whittol: that's very natural sure, both in England and Dublin too.

Keck. She won't die of a consumption; she has a fine full-ton'd voice, and you'll be very happy, Tom—Hugh! hugh!

Whit. O yes, very happy.

Wid. But come, don't let us be melancholy before the time: I am sure I have been mop'd up for a year and a half—I was obliged to mourn for my first husband, that I might be sure of a second; and my father kept my spirits in subjection, as the best receipt, (he said) for changing a widow into a wife; but now I have my arms, and legs at liberty, I must and will have my swing; Now I am out of my cage I could dance two nights together, and a day too, like any singing bird; and I'm in such spirits that I have got rid of my father, I could fly over the moon without wings, and back again, before dinner. Bless my eyes, and don't I see there, Miss Nancy O'Flarty, and her brother captain O'Flarty? he was one of my dying Stre

phons at Scarborough—I have a very great regard for him, and must make him a little miserable with my happiness. (curtseys.)

Come along Skips (*to the servants.*) don't you be going there; show your liveries, and bow to your master that is to be, and to his friend, and hold up your heads, and trip after me as lightly as if you had no legs to your feet. I shall be with you again, Jontleman, in the crack of a fan—O, I'll have a husband, ay, marry. [*Exit singing.*]

Keck. A fine buxom widow, faith! no acquaintance—delicate reserve—mopes at home—forc'd into the air—inclin'd to a consumption—What a description you gave of your wife! Why she beats my Sally, Tom.

Whit. Yes, and she'll beat *me* if I don't take care! What a change is here! I must turn about, or this will turn my head: Dance for two nights together, and leap over the moon! you shall dance and leap by yourself, that I am resolved.

Keck. Here she comes again; it does my heart good to see her—You are in luck, Tom.

Whit. I'd give a finger to be out of such luck.

Enter WIDOW, &c.

Wid. Ha! ha! ha! the poor captain is marched off in a fury; he can't bear to hear that the town is capitulated to you, Mr Whittol. I have promised to introduce him to you: He will make one of my dangles to take a little exercise with me, when you take your nap in the afternoon.

Whit. You shan't catch me napping, I assure you. What a discovery and escape have I made! I am in a sweat with the thought of my danger! [*Aside.*]

Keck. I protest, cousin, there goes my wife, and her friend Mr Mac Brawn. What a fine stately couple they are! I must after 'em, and have a laugh with them—now they giggle and walk quick, that I may n't overtake 'em. Madam, your servant. You're a happy man, Tom. Keep up your spirits, old boy. Hugh! hugh!—who's afraid!

[*Exit.*]

Wid. I know Mr Mac Brawn extremely well—He was very intimate at our house in my first husband's time; a great comfort he was to me to be sure! He would very often leave

leave his claret and companions for a little conversation with me: He was bred at the Dublin university; and, being a very deep scholar, has fine talents for a taste a taste.

Whit. She knows him too! I shall have my house overrun with the *Mac Brawns*, *O'Shoulders*, and the blood of the *Buckwells*: Lord have mercy upon me!

Wid. Pray, Mr Whittol, is that poor spindle-legg'd crater of a cousin of yours lately married? ha! ha! ha! I don't pity the poor crater his wife, for that agreeable cough of his will soon reward her for all her sufferings.

Whit. What a delivery! a reprieve before the knot was tied. [*Aside.*

Wid. Are you unwell, Mr Whittol? I should be sorry you would fall sick before the happy day. Your being in danger afterwards would be a great consolation to me, because I should have the pleasure of nursing you myself.

Whit. I hope never to give you that trouble, Madam.

Wid. No trouble at all, at all; I assure you, Sir, from my soul, that I shall take great delight in the occasion.

Whit. Indeed, Madam, I believe it.

Wid. I don't care how soon, the sooner the better; and the more danger the more honour: I spake from my heart.

Whit. And so do I from mine, Madam. (*sighs.*)

Wid. But don't let us think of future pleasure, and neglect the present satisfaction. My mantua-maker is waiting for me to choose my clothes, in which I shall forget the sorrows of Mrs Brady in the joys of Mrs Whittol. Though I have no fortune myself, I shall bring a tolerable one to you, in debts, Mr Whittol; and which I will pay you tifold in tinderness: Your deep purse, and my open heart, will make us the envy of the little grate ones, and the grate little ones; the people of quality with no souls, and grate souls with no cash at all. I hope you'll meet me at the pantaon this evening. Lady Rantiton, and her daughter Miss Nettledown, and Nancy Tittup, with half a dozen *Maccaroonies*, and two *Savoury Vivers*, are to take me there: and we propose a grate dale of chat and merriment, and dancing all night, and all other kind of recreations. I am quite another kind of a crater, now I am a bird in the fields; I can junket about a week together: I have a fine constitution, and am never molested with your nasty vapours.

poins. Are you extra troubled with vapours, Mr Whittol?

Whit. A little now and then, Madam.

Wid. I'll rattle 'em away like smoke! there are no vapours where I come. I hate your dumps, and your nerves, and your megrims: and I had much rather break your rest with a little racketting, than let any thing get into your head that should not be there, Mr Whittol?

Whit. I will take care that nothing shall be in my head, but what ought to be there: What a deliverance!

(*aside.*)

Wid. (*looking at her watch.*) Bless me! how the hours of the clock creep away when we are plas'd with our company: but I must lave you, for there are half hundred people waiting for me to pick your pocket, Mr Whittol. And there is my own brother. Lieutenant O'Neale, is to arrive this morning; and he is so like me, you would not know us asunder when we are together; you will be very fond of him, poor lad! He lives by his wits, as you do by your fortune, and so you may assist one another. Mr Whittol, your obadient, 'till we meet at the pantaon. Follow me, Pompey; and Skips, do you follow him.

Pomp. The Baccararo whiteman no let blacky boy go first after you, missis; they pull and pinch me.

Foot. It is a shame, your Ladyship, that a black negro should take place of English Christians—We can't follow him, indeed.

Wid. Then you may follow one another out of my sarvice; if you follow me, you shall follow him, for he shall go before me: Can't I make him your superior, as the laws of the land have made him your equal? therefore resign as fast at you please; you shan't oppose government and keep your places too, that is not good politics in England or Ireland either; so come along Pompey, be after going before me—Mr Whittol, most tinderly vours. [*Exit.*]

Whit. Most tinderly yours! (*mimics her.*) 'Ecod I believe you are, and any body's else. O what an escape have I had! But how shall I clear myself of this business? I'll serve her as I would bad money, put her off into other hands: My Nephew is fool enough to be in love with her, and if I give him a fortune he'll take the good and the bad together—He shall do so or starve. I'll send for

Bates

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Bates directly, confess my folly, ask his pardon, send him to my Nephew, write and declare off with the Widow, and so get rid of her tinderness as fast as I can. [Exit.

A C T II.

S C E N E, *A Room in WHITLE'S House.*

Enter BATES and NEPHEW.

Nephew, (taking him by the hand.)

WE are bound to you for ever, Mr Bates: I can say no more; words but ill express the real feelings of the heart.

Bates. I know you are a good lad, or I would not have meddled in the matter; but the business is not yet completed till *Sigdatum & Sigillatum*.

Neph. Let me fly to the Widow, and tell her how prosperously we go on.

Bates. Don't be in a hurry, young man; she is not in the dark I assure you, nor has she yet finish'd her part; so capital an actress should not be idle in the last act.

Neph. I could wish that you would let me come into my uncle's proposal at once, without vexing him farther.

Bates. Then I declare off. Thou silly young man, are you to be dup'd by your own weak good nature, and his worldly craft? This does not arise from his love and justice to you, but from his own miserable situation; he must be tortur'd into justice: he shall not only give up your whole estate, which he is loth to part with, but you must now have a premium for agreeing to your own happiness. What, shall your Widow, with wit and spirit, that would do the greatest honour to our sex, go thro' her task cheerfully; and shall your courage give way, and be outdone by a woman's?—fie for shame!

Neph. I beg your pardon, Mr Bates; I will follow your directions: be as hard-hearted as my uncle, and vex his body and mind for the good of his soul.

Bates. That's a good child: and remember that your own and the Widow's future happiness depends upon your

Your both going through this business with spirit; make your uncle feel for himself, that he may do justice to other People. Is the Widow ready for the last experiment?

Neph. She is; but think what anxiety I shall feel while she is in danger?

Bates. Ha! ha! ha! she'll be in no danger; besides, shan't we be at hand to assist her. Hark! I hear him coming: I'll probe his callous heart to the quick; and, if we are not paid for our trouble, say I am no politician. Fly; now we shall do! [Exit Nephew.]

Enter WHITTLE.

Whit. Well, Mr Bates, have you talk'd with my Nephew? is not he overjoy'd at the proposal?

Bates. The demon of discord has been among you, and has untun'd the whole family; you have screw'd him too high: the young man's out of his senses, I think; he stares and mopes about, and sighs—looks at me indeed, but gives very absurd answers. I don't like him.

Whit. What's the matter, think you?

Bates. What I have always expected. There is a crack in your family, and you take it by turns! you have had it, and now transfer it to your Nephew; which, to your shame be it spoken, is the only transfer you have ever made him.

Whit. But am not I going to do him more than justice?

Bates. As you have done him much less than justice hitherto, you can't begin too soon.

Whit. Am not I going to give him the lady he likes, and which I was going to marry myself?

Bates. Yes, that is, you are taking a perpetual blister off your own back, to clap it upon his: what a tender uncle you are?

Whit. But you don't consider the estate which I shall give him.

Bates. Restore to him, you mean—'tis his own, and you should have given it up long ago; you must do more, or Old Nick will have you. Your nephew won't take the Widow off your hands without a fortune—throw him ten thousand into the bargain.

Whit. Indeed but I shan't; he shall run mad, and I'll marry her myself rather than do that. Mr Bates, be a
true

true friend, and soothe my Nephew to consent to my proposal.

Bates. You have rais'd the fiend, and ought to lay him; however, I'll do my best for you: When the head is turn'd, nothing can bring it right again so soon as ten thousand pounds. Shall I promise for you?

Whit. I'll sooner go to Bedlam myself. [*Exit Bates.*]

Why, I'm in a worse condition than I was before! If this Widow's father will not let me off without providing for his daughter, I may lose a great sum of money, and none of us to be the better for it. My Nephew half mad; myself half married; and no remedy for either of us.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Sir Patrick O'Neale is come to wait upon you; would you please to see him?

Whit. By all means, the very person I wanted; don't let him wait. [*Exit Servant.*]

I wonder if he has seen my letter to the Widow; I will sound him by degrees, that I may be sure of my mark before I strike the blow.

Enter Sir PATRICK.

Sir Pat. Mr Whizzle, your humble servant. It gives me grate pleasure, that an old Jontleman of your property, will have the honour of being united with the family of the O'Neales: We have been too much Jontlemen to spend our estate, as you have made yourself a kind of Jontleman by getting one. One runs out one way, and t'other runs in another; which makes them both meet at last, and keeps up the balance of Europe.

Whit. I am much oblig'd to you, Sir Patrick; I am an old gentleman, you say true; and I was thinking—

Sir Pat. And I was thinking if you were ever so old, my daughter can't make you young again: She has as fine rich tick blood in her veins as any in all Ireland, I wish you had a dare swate crater of a daughter like mine, that we might make a double cross of it.

Whit. That would be a double cross, indeed! (*aside.*)

Sir Pat. Though I was miserable enough with my first wife, who had the devil of a spirit, and the very model of her daughter; yet a brave man never shrinks from danger, and I may have better luck another time.

Whit. Yes, but I am no brave man, Sir Patrick; I begin to shrink already.

Sir

Sir Pat. I have bred her up in great subjection; she is as tame as a young colt, and as tender as a sucking chicken. You will find her a true Jontlewoman; and so knowing, that you can teach her nothing: She brings every thing but money, and you have enough of that, if you have nothing else; and that is what I call the balance of things.

Whit. But I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and my great age——

Sir Pat. She is a charming cratur; I would venture to say that, if I was not her father.

Whit. I say, Sir, as I have been considering your daughter's great deserts, and as I own I have great demerits——

Sir Pat. To be sure you have, but you can't help that: And if my daughter was to mention any thing of a fleering at your age, or your stinginess, by the balance of power, but I would make her repate it a hundred times to your face, to make her asham'd of it. But mum, old gentleman the devil a word of your infirmities will she touch upon: I have brought her up to softness, and to gentleness, as a kitten to new milk; she will spake nothing but *no*, and *yes*, as if she were dumb; and no tame rabbit or pigeon will keep house, or be more inganious with her needle and tambourine.

Whit. She is vastly altered then, since I saw her last, or I have lost my senses; and in either case we had much better, since I must speak plain, not come together.

Sir Pat. 'Till you are married, you mean—With all my heart, 'tis the more gentale for that, and like our family: I never saw lady O'Nale, your mother-in-law, who poor cratur is dead, and can never be a mother-in-law again till the week before I married her; and I did not care if I had never seen her then; which is a comfort too in case of death, or accidents in life.

Whit. But you don't understand me, Sir Patrick. I say——

Sir Pat. I say, how can that be, when we both spake English?

Whit. But you mistake my meaning and don't comprehend me.

Sir Pat. Then you don't comprehend yourself, Mr Whizzle, and I have not the gift of prophecy to find out, after you have spoke, what never was in you.

Whit

Whit. Let me intreat you to attend to me a little.

Sir Pat. I do attend, man; I don't interrupt you—out with it.

Whit. Your daughter—

Sir Pat. Your wife that is to be. Go on—

Whit. My wife that is *not* to be,—Zounds! will you hear me?

Sir Pat. To be, or *not* to be, is that the question? I can swear too, if it wants a little of that.

Whit. Dear Sir Patrick, hear me. I confess myself unworthy of her; I have the greatest regard for you Sir Patrick; I should think myself honour'd by being in your family; but there are many reasons—

Sir Pat. I'd be sure there are many reasons why an old man should not marry a young woman: but that was your business, and not mine.

Whit. I have wrote a letter to your daughter, which I was in hopes you had seen, and brought me an answer to it.

Sir Pat. What the devil, Mr Whizzle! do you make a letter-porter of me? Do you imagine, you dirty fellow, with your cash, that Sir Patrick O'Nale would carry your letters? I would have you know that I despise letters, and all that belong to 'em; nor would I carry a letter to the king, heaven bless him! unless it came from myself.

Whit. But, dear Sir Patrick, don't be in a passion for nothing.

Sir Pat. What, is it nothing to make a penny-post man of me? But I'll go to my daughter directly, for I have not seen her to day; and if I find that you have written any thing that I won't understand, I shall take it as an affront to my family, and you shall either let out the noble blood of the O'Nales, or I will spilt the last drop of the red puddle of the Whizzles. *(Going and returns.)* Harkee, you Mr Whizzle, Whezzle, Whistle, what's your name? You must not stir till I come back; if you offer to ate, drink, or sleep, till my honour is satisfy'd, 'twill be the worst male you ever took in your life; you had better fast a year, and die at the end of six months than dare to lave your house. So now, Mr Weezle, you are to do as you please.

[Exit.]

Whit. Now the devil is at work indeed! If some miracle don't save me, I shall run mad like my nee hew, and have

a long

a long Irish sword through me into the bargain. While I am in my senses I won't have the woman; and therefore he that is out of them shall have her, if I give half my fortune to make the match. Thomas.

Enter THOMAS.

Whit. Sad work, Thomas!

Tbo. Sad work, indeed! why would you think of marrying? I knew what it would come to.

Whit. Why, what is it come to?

Tbo. It is in all the papers.

Whit. So much the better; then nobody will believe it.

Tbo. But they come to me to enquire.

Whit. And you contradict it.

Tbo. What signifies that? I was telling Lady Gabble's footman at the door just now, that it was all a lie; and your nephew looks out of the two-pair-of-stairs window, with eyes all on fire, and tells the whole story: Upon that there gather'd such a mob!

Whit. I shall be murder'd, and have my house pull'd down into the bargain!

Tbo. It is all quiet again. I told them the young man was out of his senses, and that you were out of town: so they went away quietly, and said they would come and mob you another time.

Whit. Thomas, what shall I do?

Tbo. Nothing you have done, if you will have matters mend.

Whit. I am out of my depth, and you won't lend me your hand to draw me out.

Tbo. You were out of your depth to fall in love; swim away as fast as you can, you'll be drown'd if you marry.

Whit. I'm frighten'd out of my wits. Yes, yes, 'tis all over with me; I must not stir out of my house; but am order'd to stay to be murder'd in it, for aught I know. What are you muttering, Thomas? prithee speak out and comfort me.

Tbo. It is all a judgment upon you; because your brother's foolish will says, the young man must have your consent, you won't let him have her, but will marry the widow

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widow yourself; that's the dog in the manger; you can't eat the oats, and won't let those who can.

Whit. But I consent that he shall have both the widow and the fortune, if we can get him into his right senses.

Tbo. For fear I should lose mine, I'll get out of bedlam as soon as possible; you must provide yourself with another servant.

Whit. The whole earth conspires against me! you shall stay with me till I die, and then you shall have a good legacy; and I won't live long I promise you.

[Knocking at the door.]

Tbo. Here are the undertakers already. [Exit.]

Whit. What shall I do? My head can't bear it; I will hang myself for fear of being run thro' the body.

Tbo. (returns with bills.) Half a score people I never saw before with these bills and draughts upon you for payment, sign'd Martha Brady.

Whit. I wish Martha Brady was at the bottom of the Thames! What an impudent extravagant baggage, to begin her tricks already! Send them to the devil, and say I won't pay a farthing.

Tbo. You'll have another mob about the door.

[Going.]

Whit. Stay, stay, Thomas; tell them I am very busy, and they must come to-morrow morning. Stay, stay, that is a promising payment. No, no, no—tell 'em they must stay till I am married, and so they will be satisfied, and trick'd into the bargain.

Tbo. When you are trick'd we shall all be satisfied.

[Aside.]

[Exit Thomas.]

Whit. That of all dreadful things I should think of a woman, and that woman should be a widow, and that widow to be an Irish one; *quem Deus vult perdere*—Who have we here? another of the family, I suppose.

[Whittle retires.]

Enter WIDOW as Lieutenant O'NEALE, seemingly fluster'd, and putting up his sword, THOMAS following.

Tbo. I hope you are not hurt, Captain.

Wid. O not at all, at all; 'tis well they run away, or I should have made them run faster; I shall teach them how

to

to snigger, and look through glasses at their betters. These are your *Maccaroons*, as they call themselves: my soul but I would have stood still till I had overtaken the. These whipper-snappers look so much more like girls breeches than those I see in petticoats, that fait and true it is a pity to hurt 'em: The fair sex in London he seem the most masculine of the two. But to business friend, where is your master?

Tbo. There, Captain; I hope he has not offended you.

Wid. If you are impertinent, Sir, you will offend me. Leave the room.

Tbo. I value my life too much not to do that—What rawbon'd tartar! I wish he had not been caught and sent here. [*Aside to his master, and Exit*

Wbit. Her brother, by all that's terrible! and as like her as two tigers! I sweat at the sight of him. I'm sorry Thomas is gone—He has been quarrelling already.

Wid. Is your name Whittol?

Wbit. My name is Whittle, not Whittol.

Wid. We shan't stand for trifles—And you were born and christen'd by the name of Thomas?

Wbit. So they told me Sir.

Wid. Then they told no lies, fait; so far, so good.

(*Takes out a letter.*)

Do you know that hand-writing?

Wbit. As well as I know this good friend of mine, who helps me upon such occasions.

(*Showing his right hand, and smiling.*)

Wid. You had better not show your teeth, Sir, till we come to the jokes—the hand-writing is yours?

Wbit. Yes, Sir, it is mine.

(*Sighs.*)

Wid. Death and powder! What do you sigh for? are you ashamed or sorry for your handy-works?

Wbit. Partly one, partly t'other.

Wid. Will you be pleas'd, Sir, to read it aloud, that you may know it again when you have it.

Wbit. (*takes his letter, and reads.*) Madam—(*reads.*)

Wid. Would you be pleas'd to let us know what Madam you mean? for woman of quality, and woman of no quality, and woman of all qualities, are so mixt together, that you don't know one from t'other, and are all called *Madams*.

You should always read the subscription before the letter.

[I beg your pardon, Sir. I don't like this ceremony.] To Mrs Brady in Pall-Mall.

Now prosade—Fire and powder, but I would—Sir! what's the matter?

Nothing at all Sir; pray go on.

(reads) Madam—as I prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my own passions—

will not prefer your happiness to the indulgence of my own passions—Mr Whittol, rade on.

I must confess that I am unworthy of your charms—

Very unworthy, indeed. Rade on, Sir.

I have for some days had a severe struggle between duty and my passion—

I have had no struggle at all: My justice and passion agreed.

The former has prevail'd; and I beg leave to return with all your accomplishments, to some more dutiful and more admiring servant, than your most dutiful and devoted. Thomas whittle.

And miserable and devoted you shall be—To the lady; rade on.

Postscript: Let me have your pity, but not your

In answer to this love epistle, your pitiful fellow, presents you with her tenderest wishes; and assures you, that you have, as you desire, her pity, and she slyly throws her contempt, too, into the bargain.

I'm infinitely oblig'd to her.

I must beg leave, in the name of all our family, to return the same to you.

I am ditto to all the family.

But as a brache of promise to any of our family who suffer'd without a brache into somebody's body, I fix'd upon myself to be your operator; and I beg at you will find that I have as fine a hand at this and will give you as little pain, as any in the three kingdoms.

[Sits down and looses her knee-bands.

. For Heaven's sake, captain, what are you about?

Wid.

Wid. I always loosen my garters for the advantage of lunging: it is so for your sake as well as my own; for I will be twice through your body before you shall feel me once.

Whit. What a bloody fellow it is! I wish Thomas would come in.

Wid. Come, Sir, prepare yourself; you are not the first by half a score that I have run through and through the heart, before they knew what was the matter with them.

Whit. But, captain, suppose I will marry your sister.

Wid. I have not the least objection, if you recover of your wounds. Callagoun O'Conner lives very happy with my great aunt, Mrs Deborah O'Neale, in the county of Galloway; except a small asthma he got by my running him through the lungs at the Currough. He would have forsaken her, if I had not stopp'd his perfidy, by a famous family stiptic I have here. O ho! my little old boy, but you shall get it. [Draws.]

Whit. What shall I do?—Well, Sir, if I must, I must: I'll meet you to-morrow morning in Hyde-Park, let the consequence be what it will.

Wid. For fear you might forget that favour, I must beg to be indulged with a little pushing now. I have set my heart upon it: and two birds in hand is worth one in the bushes, Mr Whittol—Come, Sir.

Whit. But I have not settled my matters.

Wid. O we'll settle 'em in a trice, I warrant you.

[Puts herself in a position.]

Whit. But I don't understand the sword: I had rather fight with pistols.

Wid. I am very happy it is in my power to oblige you. There, Sir, take your choice; I will please you if I can.

[Offers pistols.]

Whit. Out of the pan into the fire! there's no putting him off: If I had chosen poison, I dare swear he had arsenic in his pocket. Look'ee, young gentlemen, I am an old man, and you'll get no credit by killing me; but I have a nephew as young as yourself, and you'll get more honour in facing him.

Wid. Ay, and more pleasure too—I expect ample satisfaction from him, after I have done your business, Prepare, Sir.

Whit.

Whit. What the devil! won't one serve your turn! I can't fight; and I won't fight: I'll do any thing rather than fight. I'll marry your sister. My Nephew shall marry her: I'll give him all my fortune. What would the fellow have? Here Nephew! Thomas!! murder! murder!

(He flies and she pursues.)

Enter BATES and NEPHEW.

Neph. What's the matter Uncle?

Whit. Murder, that's all: That ruffian there would kill me, and eat me afterwards.

Neph. I'll find a way to cool him! Come out, Sir, I am as mad as yourself. I'll match you I warrant you.

(Going out with him.)

Wid. I'll follow you all the world over.

(Going after him.)

Whit. Stay, stay, Nephew; you shan't fight: We shall be expos'd all over the town; and you may lose your life, and I shall be curs'd from morning to night. Do, Nephew, make yourself at home happy; be the olive-branch, and bring peace into my family; Return to the Widow. I will give you my consent and your fortune, and a fortune for the Widow; five thousand pounds! Do persuade him, Mr Bates.

Bates. Do, Sir, this is a very critical point of your life. I know you love her; 'tis the only method to restore us all to our senses.

Neph. I must talk in private first with this hot young gentleman.

Wid. As private as you please, Sir.

Whit. Take their weapons away, Mr Bates; and do you follow me to my study to witness my proposal: It is all ready, and only wants signing. Come along, come along.

[Exit.]

Bates. Victoria! victoria! give me your swords and pistols: And now do your worst, you spirited loving young couple; I could leap out of my skin!

[Exit.]

Tho. (Peeping in.) Joy, joy to you, ye fond charming pair! the fox is caught, and the young lambs may skip and play. I leave you to your transports!

[Exit.]

Neph. O my charming Widow! what a day have we gone through?

THE IRISH WIDOW.

Wid. I would go through ten times as much, to deceive an old amorous spark like your Uncle, to purchase a young one like his Nephew.

Neph. I listen'd at the door all this last scene; my heart was agitated with ten thousand fears. Suppose my Uncle had been stout, and drawn his sword.

Wid. I should have run away as he did. When two cowards meet, the struggle is who shall run first; and sure I can beat an old man at any thing.

Neph. Permit me thus to seal my happiness; (*kisses her hand.*) and be assur'd that I am as sensible as I think myself undeserving of it.

Wid. I'll tell you what, Sir; were I not sure you deserv'd some pains, I would not have taken any pains for you; and don't imagine now, because I have gone a little too far for the man I love, that I shall go a little too far when I'm your wife. Indeed I shant: I have done more than I should before I am your wife, because I was in despair; but I won't do as much as I may when I am your wife, though every Irish woman is fond of imitating English fashions.

Neph. Thou divine adorable woman!

[*Kneels, and kisses her hand.*]

Enter WHITTLE and BATES.

(*Whittle starts.*)

Bates. Confusion!

(*Aside.*)

Whit. (*turning to Bates.*) Hey day! I am afraid his head is not yet right! he was kneeling and kissing the Captain's hand.

(*Aside to Bates.*)

Bates. Take no notice, all will come about.

(*Aside to Whittle.*)

Wid. I find, Mr Whittle, your family loves kissing better than fighting; He swears I am as like my sister as two pigeons. I could excuse his raptures, for I had rather fight the best friend I have than slobber and salute him a la Françoise.

Enter Sir PATRICK O'NEALE.

Sir Pat. I hope, Mr Whizzle, you'll excuse my coming back to give you an answer without having any to give, I hear a grate deal of news about myself, and came to
know

know if it be true. They say my son is in London, when he tells me himself by letter here that he's at Limerick; and I have been with my daughter to tell her the news, but she would not stay at home to receive it, so I am come—*O gra ma chree, my little din ousil craw*, what have we got here? a piece of mummary! here is my son and daughter too, fait: What, are you waring the breeches, Pat, to see how they become you when you are Mrs Weezel.

Wid. I beg your pardon for that, Sir! I wear them before marriage, because I think they become a woman better than after.

Whit. What, is not this your son? (*Astonished.*)

Sir Pat. No, but it is my daughter, and that's the same thing.

Wid. And your Niece, Sir, which is better than either.

Whit. Mighty well! and I suppose you have not lost your wits, young man!

Neph. I sympathize with you, Sir; we lost 'em together, and found 'em at the same time.

Whit. Here's villainy! Mr Bates, give me the paper. Not a farthing shall they have 'till the law gives it 'em.

Bates. We'll cheat the law and give it them now.

(*Gives Nephew the paper.*)

Whit. He may take his own, but he shan't have a sixpence of the five thousand pounds I promis'd him.

Bates. Witness, good folks, he owns to the promise.

Sir Pat. Fait I'll witness dat, or any thing else in a good cause.

Whit. What am I chous'd again!

Bates. Why should not my friend be chous'd out of a little justice for the first time? Your hard usage has sharpen'd your Nephew's wits; therefore beware, don't play with edge-tools—you'll only cut your fingers.

Sir Pat. And your trote too, which is all one: Therefore, to make all azy, marry my daughter first, and then quarrel with her afterwards; that will be in the natural course of things.

Whit. Here, Thomas! where are you?

Enter THOMAS.

Whit. Here are fine doings! I am deceiv'd, trick'd and cheated!

Tbo. I wish you joy, Sir; the best thing could have happen'd to you; and, as a faithful servant, I have done my best to check you.

Whit. To check me?

Tbo. You were galloping full speed, and down hill too: and, if we had not laid hold of the bridle, being a bad jockey, you would have hung by your horns in the stirrup, to the great joy of the whole town.

Whit. What, have you help'd to trick me?

Tbo. Into happiness. You have been foolish a long while, turn about and be wise; he has got the woman and his estate: Give them your blessing, which is not worth much, and live like a Christian for the future.

Whit. I will if I can: But I can't look at 'em; I can't bear the sound of my voice, nor the sight of my own face. Look ye, I am distress'd and distracted! and can't come too yet: I will be reconcil'd, if possible; but don't let me see or hear from you, if you would have me forget and forgive you—I shall never lift up my head again!

Wid. I hope, Sir Patrick, that my preferring the Nephew to the Uncle will meet with your approbation: Though we have not so much money, we shall have more love; one mind and half a purse in marriage, are much better than two minds and two purses. I did not come to England, nor keep good company, till it was too late to get rid of my country prejudices.

Sir Pat. You are out of my hands, Pat; so if you won't trouble me with your afflictions, I shall sincerely rejoice at your felicity.

Neph. It would be a great abatement of my present joy, could I believe that this lady should be assisted in her happiness, or be supported in her afflictions, by any one but her lover and husband.

Sir Pat. Fine notions are fine things, but a fine estate gives every thing but ideas: and them too, if you'll appale to those who help you to spend it—What say you Widow?

Wid.

THE IRISH WIDOW.

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Wid. By your and their permission, I will tell my mind to this good company; and for fear my words should want ideas too, I will add an Irish tune, that may carry off a bad voice and bad matter.

SONG.

A Widow bewitch'd with her passion,
Tho' Irish, is now quite asham'd,
To think that she's so out of fashion,
To marry, and then to be tam'd;
'Tis love the dear joy,
That old-fashion'd boy,
Has got in my breast with his quiver;
The blind richin he,
Struck the *Cush la maw chree*,
And a husband secures me forever!
Ye *fair ones* I hope will excuse me,
Though vulgar, pray do not abuse me
I cannot become a fine lady,
O love has bewitch'd Widow Brady.

II.

Ye critics to murder so willing,
Pray see all our errors with blindness;
For once change your method of killing,
And kill a fond Widow with kindness.
If you look so severe,
In a fit of despair,
Again I will draw forth my steel, Sirs
You know I've the art,
To be twice through your heart,
Before I can make you to feel, Sirs.
Brother *Soldiers* I hope you'll protect me;
Nor let cruel critics dissect me;
To favour my cause be but ready,
And grateful you'll find Widow Brady.

III.

Ye *Leaders* of dress and the fashions,
Who gallop post-haste to your ruin,
Whose taste has destroy'd all your passions,
Pray what do you think of my wooing?

THE IRISH WIDOW.

You call it damn'd low,
 Your heads and your arms so, (*mimicks her.*)
 So listless, so loose, and so lazy;
 But pray what can you
 That I cannot do?
 O fie *my dear creatures be azy.*
 Ye *Patriots* and *Courtiers* so hearty,
 To speech it and vote for your party;
 For once be both constant and steady,
 And vote to support Widow Brady.

IV.

To all that I see here before me,
 The bottom, the top, and the middle;
 For music we now must implore you,
 No wedding without pipe and fiddle.
 If all are in tune,
 Pray let it be soon;
 My heart in my bosom is prancing!
 If your hands should unite,
 To give us delight,
 O that's the best piping and dancing!
 Your plaudits to me are a treasure,
 Your smiles are a dow'r for a lady;
 O joy to you all in full measure,
 So wishes and prays Widow Brady.



M A Y - D A Y :

OR THE

LITTLE GIPSY.

A MUSICAL FARCE,

OF ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.	Dozey, Mr Weston,
Furrow, a rich farmer, Mr	Crier, Mr Wrighten.
Parsons.	W O M E N.
William his son, Mr Vernon.	Little Gypsy, Miss Abrams.
Clod, his servant, Mr Bannister.	Dolly, Miss Wrighten.

Country Lads and Lassses.

S C E N E I.

Enter WILLIAM and DOLLY.

Wil. **G**O on, dear sister Dolly—And so my sweet girl was brought to the Widow Gady's, as a relation of her's from Shropshire, and went by the name of Belton?

Dol. Yes, yes—you had not been gone to London two days before your father, and she met me in the widow's garden. I was with him; he was very inquisitive indeed, and was struck with her lively manner. I could hardly get him home to dinner.

Wil. Why this was beyond expectation; and so, Dolly—

Dol. Yes, his liking went much beyond my expectation or your wishes: In a week he fell in love with her and is at this time a very dangerous rival.

Wil. I am sure to have some mischief happen in all my schemes.

K-4

Dol.

Dol. Her singing and twenty little agreeable scolderies, she puts on, have bewitched him: Her mimicking the pipsies has so enchanted him that he has prevailed upon her to come to the May-pole to day among the holiday lads and lasses and tell their fortunes. She has dress'd up herself often, and been among 'em, without their knowing who she is — In short, she has bewitch'd the whole village — I am to be there too as her mother. My father will have it so.

Wil. So much the better; while you are telling fortunes, I may talk to her without being observ'd. Send but a fortune-teller, to a mount bank, among country people, and they have no eyes nor ears for any thing else. Where is my father now?

Dol. Upon some knotty point with Roger Dozey, the clerk — I must go and prepare for the fete. Don't be near church; it is the worst that can happen is to marry the girl without your father's consent, turn gipsy with your wife, and send your children to steal his poultry.

Wil. But hark ye, Dolly, who is to have Mr Goodwill's May-day legacy? A hundred pounds is a tolerable foundation to build upon. What is become of George, Dolly?

Dol. I have not time to tell you. — He is a rogue like the rest of you, but as I have a heart that can make an honest man happy that justifies it, so if has a spirit within it to despise a knave or a coxcomb.

Would women do as I do,
With spirit and no defection;

The men no arts could fly to;

They'd keep 'em in subjection.

But if we sigh or simper,

The love sick farce is over;

They'll bring us soon to whimper,

And then good-night the lover.

Would women do as I do,

No knaves or fools could cheat 'em;

They'd passion bid good-bye to,

And trick for trick would meet 'em;

But if we sigh or simper,

The love-sick farce is over;

They'll bring us soon to whimper,

And then good night the lover.

Wil.

Wil. Well said, Dolly!—but I am afraid, in my situation, I must give up all hope.

Dol. Then you'll give up the best friend you have; make much of her, or, with a true female spirit, like mine, she'll leave you the moment you seem to neglect her.

[*Exit Dolly.*]

William.

How can my heart rest, when I see from the land

Fanny's arms open'd wide to receive me?

If hope cast her anchor to fix on the sand,

The winds and the waves both deceive me.

My love to its duty still constant and true,

Tho' of fortune and tempest the sport,

Shall beat round the shore, the dear object in view,

Till it sinks, or is safe in the port.

SCENE, *A ball in FURROW's house.*

Enter FURROW and DOZEY.

Fur. Well, but Dozey, think a little, and hear a little before you speak, and understand my question.

Doz. Put it. —

Fur. You know that Walter Goodwill, Esq; left a legacy of one hundred pounds to the couple who shall be married upon certain conditions, in this parish, on the first day of May.

Doz. I have 'em in my hand here, a true copy.

Fur. You told me so before.

Doz. Truth may be told at any time.

Fur. Zounds! hold your tongue, or we shall keep talking all day.

Doz. Keep your temper, which is a better thing.

Fur. But I can't, if you won't hear me.

Doz. I say nothing, and will say nothing.

[*twirling his thumbs.*]

Fur. I know you are my friend Dozey, and I have been your friend—I found you a good companion, and a scholar, and got you rais'd from sexton to clerk.

Doz. Necessity! There was but one person more in

the parish beside myself who could read, and he stammer'd.

Fur. Well, well, no matter, we shall never come to the point.

Doz. Never, if you travel out of the way so.

Fur. I say then——

Doz. And I am silent.

Fur. I am over head and ears in love.

Doz. You had better be over head and ears in your horse-pond, for that might cool you——Put no more upon an old horse than he can bear——An excellent saying!

Fur. You put more upon me than I can bear; I want no advice but your opinion. If I marry Fanny Belton, may I demand Squire Goodwill's hundred pound legacy?

Doz. I will read it. [*Searching for his spectacles.*]

Fur. Zounds, I have read it a thousand times; and the bellman cries it all about the parish.

Doz. Are you her free choice?

Fur. To be sure I am, as she is mine.

Doz. What age has she?

Fur. About twenty.

Doz. Has she her senses perfect?

Fur. To be sure.

Doz. I doubt it!—A girl of twenty marry threescore and five, a free choice, and in her senses; it can't be.

Fur. You are grown old and stupid.

Doz. She must be young and stupid, which is worse.

Fur. May I claim the legacy if I marry her?

Doz. You say the choice is free?

Fur. I do.

Doz. But it is not *fit*, another of the condition——The choice must be both *free* and *fit*——Ergo, I say you can't have a penny of it.

Fur. Why will you vex me so, Roger Dozey? I am always helping you out of scrapes and difficulties, and why won't you assist me?

Doz. I am getting you out of a scrape now, by preventing your marrying.

Fur. I'll tell you what, Roger——there is something so perverse about you, that tho' I am your friend, you are always thwarting me.

Doz.

Doz. Because you're always wrong—You are so blinded with passion, that you wou'd thrust your hand in the fire, if I did not take care that you should not burn your fingers.

Fur. Well, but dear Dozey, you are the fore-horse of this parish, and can lead the rest of the team as you please: Pray now con over this matter by yourself: you shall sit in my little smoaking room, and have a bottle of my best October to help your study, and when you have finished the bottle, and settled your mind with a dram afterwards, meet me at the may-pole, and give your opinion. I shall be there by that time, to claim the girl and the legacy—If it is mine a good large fee out of it shall be yours. Remember that,— [Exit.

Doz. It is the only thing you have said worth remembering—Let me see—a large fee, and a good bottle of October will do wonders—And yet to make the union of one-and twenty with sixty-five *fit*, will require more fees than his purse can furnish, and more October than ever was, or ever will be, in his cellar—However, not to be rash—I'll drink the bottle, and consider the case. [Exit.

S C E N E II.

A country Prospect:

A Village and a May-Pole, with a Garland.

Lads and Lasses are discover'd dancing, while others are playing on the ground.

After the Dance, they surround the May-pole and sing the following:

C H O R U S.

O lovely sweet May!

The first of sweet May!

Spring opens her treasure,

Of mirth, love and pleasure

The earth is dress'd gay,

We see all around, and we hear from each spray,

That nature proclaims it a festival day.

Clod. Well sung my lises—which of you all will have 'Squire Goodwill's legacy? I don't believe that any of you are in the right road to it—It must be turned over to the next year, and then I shall marry one of you out of pity, and get double by it.

Bet. I'll assure your Goodman Clod—I would not have you for double, and double, and double—

Clod. The grapes are sour, *Betty*—

Nan. What a sin and a shame is it—that a poor girl should miss such a fine fortune for want of a sweetheart.

Bet. It's a sin and a shame that there's no young fellow to be had for love or money—The devil is in 'em I believe.

Nan. They are like their betters in London—They marry, as they would do any thing for money—But then they yawn, and had rather let it alone.

Clod. What the deuce, have we got any maccatonies in the country?

Bet. Maccatonies! what are them, Clod?

Clod. Tho' I saw a power of 'em when I was up among 'em, yet I hardly know what to make of 'em.—

Bet. What, were they living creatures?

Clod. Yea, and upon two legs too—Such as they were.

Nan. What, like christians?

Clod. 'Ecod I dont know what they're alike, not I—they look like something—and yet they are nothing—I heard a person say I sat next to at the show-play (for I would see every thing), that these maccatonies say themselves they have no souls, and I sav they have no bodies; and so we may well say that they look like something and are nothing, 'ecod.

Bet. Come, prithee Clod, let's hear all about what you saw in London, and about the fine ladies too; what did they look like pray?

Clod. Like a hundred things all in one day; but my song that I got there will tell you better all about it than I can.

I.

What's a poor simple clown

To do in the town,

Of

MAY-DAY.

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Of their freaks and fagaries I'll none;
The folks I saw there,
Two faces did wear;
An honest man ne'er has but one.

CHORUS.

Let others to London go, rooms;
I love my neighbour,
To sing and to labour,
To me there's nothing like country and home.

II.

Nay, the ladies, I vow,
I cannot tell how,
Were now white as curd and now red;
Law! how would you stare
At their huge crop of hair,
'Tis a haycock o' top of their head!
Cbo. Let others, &c.

III.

Then 'tis so dizen'd out,
An with trinkets about,
With ribbands and flippets between;
They so noddle and toss,
Just like a fore horse,
With tassels and bells in a team.
Cbo. Let others, &c.

IV.

Then the fops are so fine,
With look wasted chine,
And a little skimp bit of a hat;
Which from sun, wind, and rain,
Will not shelter their brain;
Tho' there's no need to take care of that.
Cbo. Let others, &c.

V.

"Would you these creatures ape
"In looks and their shape,
"Teach

" Teach a calf on his hind legs to go ;

" Let him waddle in gait,

" A skim-dish on his pate,

" And he'll look all the world like a Beau.

Cho. Let others, &c.

VI.

" To keep my brains right,

" My bones whole and tight,

" To speak, nor to look, would I dare ;

" As they bake they shall brew,

" Old Nick and his crew,

" At London keep Vanity fair,

Cho. Let others, &c.

All. Well sung, Clod—

Bet. But, tell us, Clod—How did young Will Furrow behave in London?—He rak'd it about, I suppose, and that makes him so scornful to us.

Clod. Poor lad ! he was more mopp'd than I was ; he's not scornful—His Father, shame upon him, cross'd him in love, and he sent him there to forget it.

Nan. And he ought to be cross'd in love. What does he mean by taking his love out of the parish ? If he has lost one there, he may find another here, egad, and I had lik'd to have said a better.

Clod. Ay, but that's as he thinks—If he loves lamb, he won't like to be cram'm'd with pork—Ha, ha, ha !

Bet. His father wou'd send him to the market-town to make a schollard of him ; which only gave him a hankering to be proud, to wear a tucker, and despise his neighbours.

Clod. Here he comes, and let him speak for himself—he looks as gay as the best of us.

Enter WILLIAM.

Wil. My sweet lasses, a merry May to you all—I must have the privilege of the day—Kisses and the first of May have ever gone together in our village, and I hate to break thro' a good old custom. [*Kisses 'em.*]

Bet. Old customs are good all the year round, and there can't be a better than this—

[*Curtseys and kisses him.*]

[*The*

M A Y - D A Y :

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[*The tabor and pipe is heard.*]

Clod. Come, come, adon with your kissing, for here comes the crier to proclaim 'Squire Goodwill's legacy.

Enter CRIER, tabor and pipe playing.

Cri. O yes ! O yes ! O yes ! Be it known to all lads and lasses of this village of couple-Well, that George Goodwill, Esq ; late of Bounty-hall, in this county, has made the following bequest—You, my lads, open your ears, and you, my lasses, hold your tongues, and hear his worship's legacy.

Clod. Silence——Silence.

Crier reads.

Is there a maid, and maid she be,
But how to find her out, who knows ?

Clod. Who knows indeed !

Cri. Silence, and don't disturb the court.

Is there a maid, and maid she be,
But how to find her out, who knows ?

(*Reads.*

Who makes a choice that's *fit* and *free*,
To buy the wedding clothes ;

If such rare maid and match be found
Within the parish bound,

The first of May

Shall be the day,

I give this pair a hundred pound,

God save the king !

[*Exit Crier, the lads and lasses buzzing !*

Wil. Well, my good girls, and which of you is to have the hundred pounds legacy ?

Nan. Any of us, if you will give us a right and title—
What say you to that Mr William ? The money ought not to go out of the parish.

Bet. Ay come now—Here are choice ; you must be very nice indeed, if one of us, and a hundred pound, won't satisfy you.

Clod. 'Ecod but he knows a trick worth two of that,

(*Aside.*

Bet. Well, what say you, Mr Will ?

Wil. I like you all so well, that I can't find in my heart to take one of you without the others.

Nan.

Nan. What, would you make a great Turk of us, and live like a heathen in a serallery?

WILLIAM.

I.

Yes, I'll give my heart away
To her will not forsake it.
Softly, maidens, softly pray,
You must not snatch,
Nor fight nor scratch,
But gently, gently take it.

II.

Ever constant, warm, and true,
The toy is worth the keeping;
'Tis not spoil'd with fashions new;
But full of love,
It will not rove——
The corn is worth the reaping.

III.

Maidens, come, put in your claim,
I will not give it blindly:
My heart a lamb, tho' brisk is tame;
So let each lass
Before me pass;
Who wins, pray use it kindly.

IV.

All have such bewitching ways,
To give to one would wrong ye;
In turns to each my fancy strays;
So let each fair
Take equal share.
I throw my heart among ye.

Clod. You may as well throw your hat among 'em, Master William: these lasses cannot live upon such slender fare as a bit of your heart.

Wil. Then they must fast, Clod; for I have not even a bit of my heart to give them. (*Aside.*) What in the name

name of May, neighbours comes tripping through Farmer Danby's gate, and looks like may from top to toe.

Clod. As I hope to be marry'd 'tis the little Gypsy that has got a bit of your father's heart; aye, and a good bit too, and holds it fast.

Jen. I'll be hang'd if she's not going to the Grange now—Your father casts a sheep's eye at her—He hinders his own son from wedding lawfully, while he is running after this little Gypsy—I hope she'll run away with his silver tankard.

Wil. Upon my word I think my father has a good taste. How long has she been amongst you? who is she? what is she? and whence comes she?

Jen. That we neither know nor can guess—She always comes out of 'Squire Graily's copse, but nobody knows how she gets there—Clod dug'd her 'tother night, but she took care to throw something in his eyes that struck fire and half-blinded him.

Clod. Ay, feath did she; and while I was rubbing them, she vanished away, and left me up to my middle in a bog.

Wil. Poor Clod! you paid dearly for peeping.

Bet. I wish she would sing! she's a perfect nightingale.

Wil. Hush! hark! I hear something—let's go back, or she may be sham'd for't—Eie's very young, and seems very modest—True merit is always bashful, and should never want for encouragement. She comes this way—let us keep back a little. *(They retire.)*

Enter Little Gipsy.

GIPSY.

Hail, Spring! whose charms make nature gay,

O breathe some charm on me,

That I may bless this joyful day,

Inspir'd by Love, and thee!

O Love! be all thy magic mine,

Two faithful hearts to save;

The glory as the cause be thine,

And heal the wounds you gave.

What a character am I oblig'd to support? I shall certainly be discover'd—the country folks I see are retir'd to watch me, and my sweet heart among 'em—I am more
afraid

afraid of a discovery from these than from wiser people—Cunning will very often overshoot the mark, while simplicity hits it. I must rely upon my dress and manner—If I can but manage to tell other peoples fortune, tho' but falsely, I may really make my own.

Clod. She mutters something to herself; I wish I could hear what she is mandring about.

Wil. Fortune-tellers always do so—the devil must be always talk'd to very civilly, and not loud, or he won't be at their elbow.

Clod. Lord bless her, there no harm in her—I wish I was the devil to be so talk'd to.

Gip. What a frolic have I begun! should I succeed, our present distress will double our succeeding happiness—

[The country people come forward.]

Your servant, pretty maids, and to you also young men, if you are good; for naughtiness, they say, has found its way into the country—I hope none of you have seen it.

Will. O yes, I have seen enough of it; it hangs about one like a pest; and for fear my clothes should be infested, I order'd that they should be burnt before I left London.

Clod. Ay, ay, wickedness there sticks to a body like pitch.

Gip. Then I'll fly away from the infection. *[Going.]*

Wil. No, no, you little Gipsy, that wont' do; we must hear that sweet voice again, and have our fortunes told before you go away. *(They lay bold upon her.)*

Jen. I vow, neighbours, I think I have seen this face before.

Gip. It is not worth looking upon a second time.

Wil. Indeed but is, I could look at it for ever.

Clod. 'Ecod, and so could I, and buss it into the bargain.

Bet. Law, don't make such a fuss with the poor girl, as if Nobody was worth kissing but a Gypsy—Sing away child, and don't mind them.

Gip. No more I will, mistress.

(Curtseys' Gipsy.)

Gipsy.

I.

ad thy rich mantle, sweet May, o'er the ground.
 ve the blasts of keen winter away ;
 e birds sweetly carol, thy flow'rets smile round,
 let us with all nature be gay.

II.

een, spight, and envy, those clouds of the mind,
 lispers'd by the sun-shine of joy ;
 leasures of Eden had bless'd human kind,
 no fiend enter'd there to destroy.

III.

y with her sunshine could warm the cold heart,
 each fair with the season improve ;
 lows restor'd from their mourning to mirth,
 hard-hearted maids yield to love.

IV.

he treasures of spring let the village be dress'd,
 boys let the season impart ;
 rapture swells high, and o'erflows from each breast
 the May of the mind and the heart.

Now you have charm'd our ears one way, my
 Gipsy, delight our hearts by telling us our fortunes.
 Here are fine cross doings in my hand.

[*Showing it.*

Pray look into mine first. [*Cleaning her band.*

Here's a hand for you, Gipsy! (*Showing hers.*

I never saw a worse in all my life ; bless me ! here
 rights me to see it !

Then I am sure it will fright me to hear it ; so
 till another time.

Little pretty Gipsy, what say you to mine ?

(*Looking into his band.*) You have a dozen lasses
 with you, and are in love with none of em.

. There's a little witch for you !

There you are out, Gipsy ; I do love one truly
 cerely.

Gip.

Gip. As much as you love me—Don't believe him, lasses—Come, come, let me see your hand again—By the faith of a Gipsy, you are in love, and the lass that you love—

All. Who is she? [*Getting about her.*]

Gip. She is in this parish, and not above twenty yards from the may-pole.

Clod. The dickens she is! who, who is it?

[*All looking out.*]

Wil. Say no more, Gipsy; you know nothing at all of the matter: you should be whipp'd for fibbing.

Clod. And I'll be the constable; but 'ecod I would not hurt her.

Gip. Ay, but I do know, and she is about my size.

[*They all measure with her.*]

Wil. Hold your tongue I say—here comes your mother I suppose.

Enter DOLLY like an old Gipsy.

Dol. What, did you run away from me, you little baggage? Have I not warn'd you from wandering in the fields by yourself these wicked times?

Gip. Pray, mother, don't be angry; the morning was so fine, the fields so charming, and the lads and lasses so merry, I could not stay at home, and I knew you'd come limping after—

Dol. Hussy, hussy! have not I told you, that when the kid wanders from it's dam, the fox will have a breakfast.

Clod. 'Ecod, and a good breakfast too—it makes my mouth water.

Dol. I don't much like the company you are in—Who is that young rake there?

Wil. One that hates kid, mo her, and is only giving your daughter a little good advice.

Dol. Indeed the young fellows of this age are not so rampant as they were in my days.—Well, my lads and lasses, who among you longs to know their fortunes? I am the oldest, and the best fortune-teller under the sun.

[*They all gather about her.*]

Wil. Now, my dear little Gypsy, you must tell me my fortune.

[*They retire, and the rest get about Dolly.*]

Jer.

Jen. Now for it, mother.

Dolly.

Young maids, and young swains, if you're curious to know

What husbands you'll have, and what wives;

From above I can know what you'll do here below,

And what you have done all your lives:

Don't blush and don't fear,

As I'm old I am wise,

And I read in your eyes—

I must whisper the rest in your ear.

If you, a false man, should betray a fond maid,

I'll read what the stars have decreed;

If you a fond maid, should be ever betray'd,

You'll be sorry that page I should read,

Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

If youth weds old age, tho' it wallows in gold,

With sattins, and silks, and fine watch;

Yet when for base gold youth and beauty is sold,

The devil alone makes the match.

Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

"If an old man's so rash to wed a young wife,

"Or an old woman wed a young man;

"For such husband and wife I read danger and strife,

"For nature detests such a plan.

"Don't blush, and don't fear, &c.

Clod. There's a slap o' the chaps for old measter, 'ecod,
I wish he was here to take it.

Jen. But now come to particulars, good gipsy.

Nan. Ay, ay, to particulars; we must have particulars.

Clod. Ay, zooks, let's understand your gibberish,

Dol. Let me sit down upon the bench under yonder
tree, and I'll tell you all I know.

Clod. And he that desires to know more is a fool—
Come along, Dam. Deal-Devil.

[*They retire with Dolly, and then William
and Gipsy come forward.*]

Wil. May heaven prosper what love has invented; and
may this joyful day finish our cares for ever!

D U E T T O.

D U E T T O .

William and Gipsy.

Passion of the purest nature
 Glows within this faithful breast,
 While I gaz'd on each lov'd feature,
 Love will let me know no rest.
 Thus the ewe her lamb caressing,
 Watches with a mother's fear,
 While she eyes her little blessing,
 Thinks the cruel wolf is near.

Fur. (Without.) Where is the Gipsy? where is my little Gipsy, I say?

Wil. The wolf is near indeed, for here comes my father;

Gip. What shall we do?

Enter FURROW.

Fur. Where are the lads and lasses, and what are you two doing here alone?

Wil. Had I my will, we should not long have been here alone: I would have put her into the hands of the constable, and sent her to her parish. *(Gipsy looks grave.)*

Fur. She has cheated him too—That's excellent! this is a rare frolic, faith *(Aside.)* You send her to the constable, you booby!—I should have put you in the stocks if you had, Sirrah—Don't be grave, my little pretty Gipsy, that bumpkin shan't hurt you—What a fine May-game this is!—I love her more than ever!—I'll marry her her to-day, and have the hundred pounds too— *[Aside.]*

Gip. I'll go home directly, I can't bear to see that young man look so cross. *(Going.)*

Fur. You shall go to my home, my dainty sweet Gipsy and make him look crosser.

Wil. I wonder, father, you are not asham'd of yourself, to be impos'd upon by such a little pilfering creature; she ought to be whipp'd from village to village, and made an example of.—

Fur. How the fool is taken in!—I'm out of my wits *(Aside.)* I'll make an example of you, rascal, if you don't speak more tenderly to that lady.

Wil. Lady! a fine lady! ha! ha! ha!

Gip.

Gip. Don't put yourself into a rage with him, he is mad they say, mad for love.

Fur. So am I too—I am his father, and have more right to be mad than he has.

Wil. A lady!—A Gipsy lady!—ha ha, ha!

Fur. And what is more, Mr Impudence, she shall be my lady—And then what will you say to that, rascal?

Wil. That you've got a fine lady.

Fur. Have I given you a good education, you ungrateful whelp you, to laugh at me? Get out of my sight, or I'll spoil your mummery,—I will—

(Holding up his stick.)

Wil. I am gone, Sir,—one word if you please—You prevented me from being happy with the choice of my heart, and to one superior to her sex in every quality of the mind; and now without the excuse of youth on your part, or the least merit on hers—as you have made me miserable with great cruelty, you are going to make yourself so without reason. And so, Sir, I am yours, and that fair lady's, very humble servant—Ha, ha! ha!

[Exit William.]

Fur. If I had not resolv'd to be in a passion this first of May, the festival of our village, I should have sent him to the bottom of our horse-pond; but I can't help laughing neither, you have done it so fealty—How the poor boy was taken in; he! he! he!—fine frolic, faith! And now, Miss, I will open my mind more to you; why should we lose a hundred pounds?—I'll marry you to-day—The better day the better deed—What say you, my little Gipsy?

Gip. It will make a great noise!

Fur. I love a noise—What is any body good for without noise—Besides, we shall be the happiest couple for a hundred miles round.

Gip. Not while your son is miserable—make him happy first, and then nobody can blame you.

Fur. What a sweet creature you are! Don't trouble your head about such a fellow; I'll turn him out of the house to seek his fortune, and so he'll be provided for,

Gip. If he is not happy I shall be miserable; nor would be a Queen at the expence of anothers happiness for all the world.

Fur. What a sweet creature you are! And how happy
(Shall)

shall I be ; the rascal shall know your kindness to him, and how little he deserves it—it shall be done, and the village shall know it is all your doings. And here they come ! now for it ! I am ten times happier than I was this morning !

Enter all the Lads and Lasses.

Come, where is my son, where is Scapegrace ?

Clod. Here, Master William !

Enter WILLIAM.

Here's Scapegrace, Sir.

Fur. Now you shall know what a fine lady this is, or rather how unlike a fine lady she is. This pilferer, wretch baggage, and so on—she vows not to be made happy till you are so—and so being prevail'd upon by her—and her alone—I give you my consent to marry the girl you were so fond of, or any girl of character, and before all my neighbours here, on this joyful holiday, the first of May ; and I likewise consent to give you the Bilberry-farm to maintain her and my grand children.

Wil. If you indulge, my inclination, I have no right to find fault with yours—Be my choice where it will, you will be satisfy'd.

Fur. More than satisfy'd—I will rejoice at it, and reward it—Name the party, boy.

(The girls stand all round with great seeming anxiety.)

Wil. I always did obey you, and will now.

[Looking at, and passing by the other girls.]

This—this is my choice.

Takes the Little Gipsy by the band.

Clod. Zooks ! here's a fine overturn in a horse-pond.

[Aside.]

Fur. He's crack'd, sure !

Wil. I was, Sir, and almost broken hearted ; but your kindness, consent, and generosity, have made me a man again, and thus we thank you. *(They kneel to him.)*

Fur. This is some May-game—Do you know her—And does she know you ?

Wil. We have known each other long—This is she, father, I saw, lov'd, and was betroth'd to ; but your command separated us for a time—In my absence to London, she

she was here under the name of Belton ; you saw her oft ten, and lik'd her, nay lov'd her—It was our innocence, that you might see her merits, and not think 'em unworthy of your son—You over-run our expectations, and we delay'd the discovery till this, we hope, happy moment.

Clod. You must forgive 'em, Measter.

All. To be sure.

Fur. I can't—I am trick'd and cheated—I cant recal the farm ; but I can, and I will——

[*Walks about angrily.*]

Clod. Be more foolish if you please—You have trick'd and cheated yourself, Measter—But heav'n has been kind to you, and set all to rights again——

Gipsy.

[*Addressing herself to Furrow.*]

I.

Love reigns this season, makes his choice,
And shall not we with birds rejoice ?
O calm your rage, hear nature say,
Be kind with me *the first of May*.

II.

Would you, like misers, hate to bless,
Keep wealth from youth you can't possess ?
To nature, hark, you'll hear her say,
Be kind with me *the first of May*.

III.

Oh ! then, be bounteous, like the spring,
Which makes creation sport and sing ;
With nature let your heart be gay,
And both be kind *this first of May*.

Fur. I won't be sung out of my senses——

Enter DOZEY, drunk.

Doz. Where is he ? where is the bridegroom ? I have it, I have it—October has done it !—It has inspir'd me ! and the legacy shall be old George Furrows, or I will

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never

never taste October again—I have got you the money, old boy!

[Claps him on the shoulder.

Fur. You are got drunk, you old fool, and I don't want the money.

[Sulky.

Doz. What, you are sick of marriage, and don't want the wife perhaps—Did not I tell you it was not *fit*? was not I *free* enough to tell you so?—it is not *fit*.

Fur. This drunken old fool completes my misery.

Doz. Old fool! what, Mr Pot, do you abuse your friend kettle?—Old fool am I? Now judge, neighbours.—I have been drinking *October* to make this a joyful *May-day*, and he wants to marry a young girl to turn it into sackcloth and ashes—Who's old fool now?

Fur. Take him away.

Doz. I shall take myself away—Lasses, if any of you long for the legacy, and are not engag'd, I am your man—that old fellow there would have married a child in sober sadness; but I have been courting a good bottle of *October*; and now, having lost my senses, I am *free* and *fit* to marry any body—

[Exit reeling.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Fur. Where's Dolly?—was she in this plot?

Wil. In that part of it you gave her: she perform'd the Old Gipsy to a miracle, as these lasses can testify, and then went home to prepare the *May* feast.

Fur. I will have no feast.

[Sulky.

Jen. Was she the old Gipsy?

Bet. It is all a dream to me!

Fur. I can't come to rights again.

(The lads and lasses push the Gipsy and William towards him, saying—to him, to him.

Clod. Never was known such a thing as ill-nature and unkindness in our village, on the first of *May*, for these ten thousand years.

F I N A L E.

Clod. Shall our hearts on *May-day*.

Lack and-a-well-a-day!

Want their recreation

No, no, no, it can't be so,

Love with us must bud and blow,

Unblighted by vexation.

Wil.

Will. Shall a maid on May-day,
 Lack and a-well-a-day!
 Die of desperation?
 No, no, no; for pity's sake
 To your care a couple take,
 And give 'em consolation.

Gip. Shall a youth on May-day,
 Lack and a-well-a-day!
 Lament a separation?
 No, no, no; the lad is true,
 Let him have of love his due,
 Indulge his inclination.

Fur. Shall my heart on May-day,
 Lack and a-well-a-day,
 Refuse its approbation?
 No, no, no, within our breast,
 Rage, revenge, and such like guests,
 Should ne'er have habitation.
William and Gipsy.

We no more on May-day,
 O, what a happy day!
 Shall never know vexation;
 No, no, no, your worth we'll sing,
 Join your name to bounteous spring,
 In kind commemoration!

GRAND CHORUS.

" Cold winter will fly,
 " When spring's warmer sky,
 " The charms of young nature display;
 " When the heart is unkind,
 " With the frost of the mind,
 " Benevolence melts it like May."

L 2



THE
THEATRICAL CANDIDATES.

A
MUSICAL PRELUDE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

M E N.
Mercury, Mr Vernon.
Harlequin, Mr Dodd.

W O M E N.
Tragedy, Mrs Smith.
Comedy, Mrs Wrighten.

Followers of Tragedy, Comedy, and Harlequin.

Enter MERCURY.

MERCURY.

I GOD of Wits and Thieves—birds of a feather,
(For Wit and Thieving often go together)
Am sent to see this House's transformation,
Ask if the Critics give their approbation;
Or, as in other cases—"Yawn at alteration."
Old Lady Drury, like some other ladies,
To charm by false appearances, whose trade is,
By help of paint, new boddice, and new gown,
Hopes a new face to pass upon the town:
By suchlike art, stale roasts and Maccaronies,
Have made out many a Venus and Adonis:
To business now—Two Rival Dames above,
Have pray'd for leave to quit their father Jove;
And hearing in the papers—we have there,
Morning and Evening as you have 'em here;
Juno loves scandal, as all good wives do,
If it be fresh, no matter whether true;
Momus writes paragraphs, and I find squibs,
And *Pluto* keeps a press to print the fibs:
Hearing this house was now made as good as new,
And thinking each that she was sure of you;
They came full speed, these Rival Petticoats,

To

To canvas for your int'rest and your votes :
 They will not join, but sep'rate beg your favour,
 To take possession and live here for ever.
 Full of their merits, they are waiting near ;
 Is it your pleasure that they now appear ?
 I'll call 'em in ; and while they urge their claims,
 And Critics, you examine well the dames,
 I'll to Apollo, and beg his direction ;
 The God of Wisdom's new at an election !

S O N G.

Hark ! the pipe, the trumpet, drum ;
 See, the Sister Muses come !

'Tis time to haste away !

When the female tongues begin,

Who has ears to hear the din,

And wings to fly, will stay ?

I'll away, I'll away.

When the female tongues begin,

Who has ears to hear the din,

And wings to fly, will stay ?

[Runs off.]

Enter TRAGEDY and Followers to a March.

Trag. Britons, your votes and int'rest both I claim ;
 They're mine by right, — *Melpomene* by name.

S O N G.

If still your hearts can swell with glory,

Those passions feel your Sires have known,

Can glow with deeds of ancient story,

Or beat with transport at your own !

Success is mine,

My rival must resign,

And here I fix my empire and my throne !

My nobler pow'rs shall Britons move,

If Britons still they are ;

And softer passions melt the fair,

To pity, tenderness, and love !

My merits told—who dares contend with me ?

Enter COMEDY and Followers.

Com. I dare, proud Dame ; my name is *Comedy* !

Think you, your strutting, straddling, puffy pride,

Yd 3

L 3

Your

248 THEATRICAL CANDIDATES.

Your rolling eyes, arms kimbo'd, tragic stride,
Can frighten me?—Britons 'tis yours to choose,
That murd'ring lady, or this laughing muse?
Now make your choice:—with smiles I'll strive to win ye:
If you choose Her, she'll stick a dagger in ye!

S O N G.

'Tis wit, love, and laughter, that Britons controul.
Away with your dungeons, your dagger, and bowl:
Sportive humour is now on the wing!

'Tis true comic mirth,
To pleasure gives birth,
As sunshine unfolds the sweet buds of the spring:
No grief shall annoy

Our hearts light as air;
In full tides of joy

We drown sorrow and care:

Away with your dungeons, &c.

Trag. Such flippant flirts, grave Britons will despise,

Com. No, but they won't;—they're merry and are wise:

Trag. You can be wise too: nay, a *thief* can be!

Wise with stale sentiments all stol'n from me:

Which long cast off, from my heroic verses,

Have stuff'd your motley, dull sententious farces:

The town grew sick!

Com. For all this mighty pother,

Have you not laugh'd with one eye, cry'd with t'other?

Trag. In all the realms of nonsense, can there be
A monster like your comic-tragedy?

Com. O yes, my dear!—your tragic-comedy.

D U E T T O.

Trag. Wou'd you lose your power and weight?
With this flirt-girl laugh and prate.

Com. Let this lady rage and weep;
Wou'd you choose to go to sleep?

Trag. You're a thief, and whipp'd shou'd be.

Com. You're a thief, have stol'n from me.

Both. { Ever distant will we be,
{ Never can, or will agree.

Trag. I beg relief—such company's a curse!

Com. And so do I—I never yet kept worse!

Trag.

Trag. Which will you choose ?

Com. Sour Her, or smiling Me?

There are but two of us.

Enter HARLEQUIN, &c.

Har. O yes, we're three !

Your votes and int'rest, pray, for me ! *(to the pit.*

Trag. What fall'n so low to cope with thee ?

Har. Ouy, Ouy !

Com. Alas, poor We !

(shrugs her shoulders and laughs.

Har. Tho' *this* maid scorns me, *this* with passion flies out,

Tho' *you* may laugh, and *you* may cry your eyes out ;

For all your airs, sharp looks, and sharper nails,

Draggled you were, till I held up your tails :

Each friend I have above, whose voice so loud is ;

Will never give me up for two such dowdies ;

She's grown so grave, and *she* so cross and bloody,

Without my help your brains will all be muddy :

Deep thought and politics so stir your gall,

When you come here you should not think at all ;

And I'm the best for that ; be my protectors !

And let friend *Punch* here talk to the electors.

I.

Shou'd Harlequin be banish'd hence,

Quit the place to wit and sense,

What wou'd be the consequence ?

Empty houses,

You and spouses,

And your pretty children dear,

Ne'er wou'd come,

Leave your home,

Unless that I came after ;

Frisking here,

Whisking there ;

Tripping, skipping, ev'ry where,

To crack your sides with laughter.

II. Tho.

II.

Tho' Comedy may make you grin,
 And Tragedy move all within,
 Why not poll for Harlequin?
 My patch'd jacket
 Makes a racket,
 O the joy when I appear!
 House is full,
 Never dull!
 Brisk, wanton, wild and clever!
 Frisking here,
 Whisking there,
 Tripping, skipping, every where,
 Harlequin for ever!

: Enter MERCURY out of breath.

Mer. Apollo! God of wisdom and this isle,
 Upon your quarrel, Ladies, deigns to smile;
 With your permission, Sirs, and approbation,
 Determines thus, this sister altercation. —

You, Tragedy, must weep, and love, and rage,
 And keep your turn, but not engross the stage!
 And you, gay Madam, gay to give delight,
 Must not, turn'd prude, encroach upon her right:
 Each separate charm: you grave, you light as feather,
 Unless that Shakespear bring you both together;
 On both, by nature's grant, that conqueror seizes,
 To use you *when*, and *where*, and *how*, he pleases.

For you, Monsieur! (*to Har.*) whenever farce or
 song

Or sick or tir'd—then you, without a tongue,
 Or with one if you please—in Drury-Lane,
 As Locum Tenens, may hold up their train.

Thus spoke Apollo—but he added too,
 Vain his decrees until confirm'd by you!

SONG AND CHORUS.

Mer. The muses may sing and Apollo inspire,
 But fruitless their song and his lyre,
 Till you shall their raptures proclaim:
 Tis you must decree,
 For your praise is the key,
 To open the Temple of Fame.

Mel.

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Melp. My thunders may roll and my voice shake the stage,

But fruitless my tears and my rage,
Till you shall my triumphs proclaim,
'Tis you must decree, &c.

Tbal. Tho' poignant my wit, and my satire is true,
My fable and characters new;

'Tis you must my genius proclaim!
'Tis you must decree, &c.

Har. With heels light as air tho' about I may frisk,
No monkey more nimble and brisk,

Yet you must my merits proclaim;
'Tis you must decree,

You may send me to be
Tom Fool to the Temple of Fame.







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